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The Scotch-American Girl
Types of American Beauty Drawn by
NEYSA McMEIN

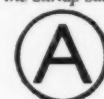
ETHEL M. DELL'S New Novel *Begins in This Issue*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



Look for the
CIRCLE "A"
trademark on
the burlap back



THE woman who planned this room didn't take for granted that brown wood floors or yellow wood floors were the only ones to be had.

She realized that there were such floors as linoleum floors, and that these were better for her purpose because she had a decorative color plan in mind.

Somewhere she had seen a plain color linoleum in a rich, deep blue, and the color fascinated her. She determined

upon it as the color scheme of her room. So the color scheme of that room started with the floor, exactly what happens when interior decorators plan their own color schemes.

So, filled with enthusiasm, she set to work. Her floor was to be the deepest blue in the room, the hangings lighter, the walls lightest of all. All were in harmony; and when she saw what she had done she was overjoyed. And she realized that such a room was impossible with a floor of wood with its invariable brown or yellow.

When you desire floors that are part of the color scheme of your rooms, write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice and colorplates that will assist you.

And when you are ready, visit a nearby merchant and look over the new types of Armstrong's Linoleum floors: Jaspés (two-toned effects) in blue, brown, gray, and sage green; the rich plain colors; the flowered

YELLOW WOOD FLOORS WOULD HAVE SPOILED THIS ROOM

carpet inlaid; marble tile inlaid; and many other tile and color effects.

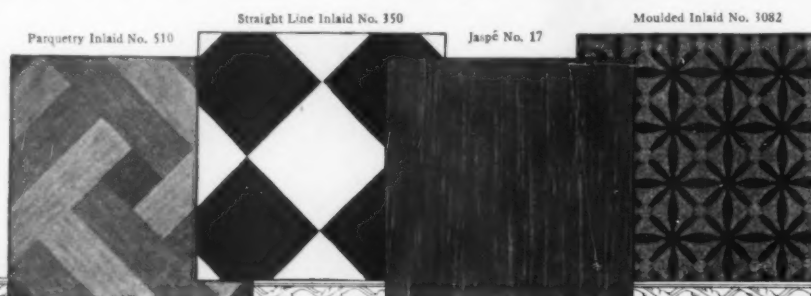
Inquire as to the best methods of laying such floors—for fine linoleum deserves more careful laying than can be done with tacks. You will naturally be willing to pay a reasonable price to have so beautiful a floor laid properly.

Once laid, such a floor is not only beautiful; it is permanent. It lies as flat as a book-cover, without wrinkles or open seams. It is warm because the felt beneath it is warm. It is springy and comfortable. It is waterproof and easy to

proper laying. This is most important. Go to the merchant who makes a specialty of this service. Third, color harmony between floor and room. Send for our book—

"THE ART OF HOME FURNISHING
AND DECORATION" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. You can get a copy of this book from us, with de luxe color plates of home interiors, for only twenty cents. In addition, if you desire, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will give you individual advice and suggestions. There is no charge for this service.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
822 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

A Word About the Bible

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous Author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost,"
"The White Flag," etc.

Illustrated by Meade Schaeffer

IN THE days of my childhood I was accustomed to hearing my father, frequently refer to "fools who rush in where angels fear to tread" and I have wondered if there might not be those who would think that I am putting myself in this class when I undertake to write about the Bible. For this reason, it may be a good idea to present my credentials.

My father was an ordained minister of the gospel and his mind was of such calibre and so trained that he could repeat not only the entire Bible from memory, with the exception of the books of the generations, which he said were a waste of gray matter to learn, but he could, offhand, quote any verse or chapter desired. He had a sister who, twice in her life, repeated the entire Bible from memory before a committee. I used to be afraid to put these statements into print until John Muir in his book entitled "My Boyhood and Youth" recorded that his father and several of their Scotch neighbors could perform the same feat.

Every morning and evening in our home Father brought out the Bible and read a chapter, commenting on it if he thought it contained any obscure or involved passages. Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, we were taken to public prayer meetings at the church. On Sunday the day began with an early morning prayer meeting. Then there was the regular church service, followed once a month by communion service. In the afternoon there was Sunday School, in preparation for which we had to memorize largely from the Bible. Then followed an informal gathering called "class meeting" and at night the regular church services.

When we finished with home and church instruction, there still remained the schools. In my school days the majority ruled, and in any school I ever attended fully one-half of the pupils and their parents were members of the Methodist Church. Of the remaining half, about one-half were Presbyterians, the other being divided among Campbellites, Baptists, Catholics and Jews. All of these denominations used the same Bible with the exception of the Catholics and the Jews, and both of these combined numbered three out of from sixty to seventy-five who used the King James Bible. School opened with the reading of a chapter from the Bible and a word of prayer. Frequently the teachers commented upon what they read, so I had further Bible education during all my school life.

After I began scientific study of the birds and other natural history subjects that came to my attention in practically a life time of field work, the exquisite things that were recorded in the Bible concerning the birds began to stand forth with especial significance, and in time so impressed themselves upon me that I spent seven years in making a detailed study of every Biblical reference to birds, no matter how abstract or metaphorical. This search led me through the earliest literature of the world and ended in my finding for one of the illustrations of my book the oldest picture in the history of the world.

By the time I had finished my book, I had so equipped myself that when the New International Biblical Encyclopedia, edited by Dr. James Orr of the University of Edinburgh, the associate editor being Doctor Harper of Cincinnati, was projected, I was asked to do the

bird work for the volumes. I was the only woman contributor to this monumental work and I have in my possession a letter from Doctor Harper in which he wrote that the material I sent him was the "freshest, the most interesting and comprehensive" of any produced for the compilation of the volumes.

I have recently completed a poem in blank verse entitled "Jesus of the Emerald" which has made necessary



"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not"

FOR THE LIST OF THE BEST STORIES AND ARTICLES OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS THIS MONTH IN AMERICA SEE PAGE 64

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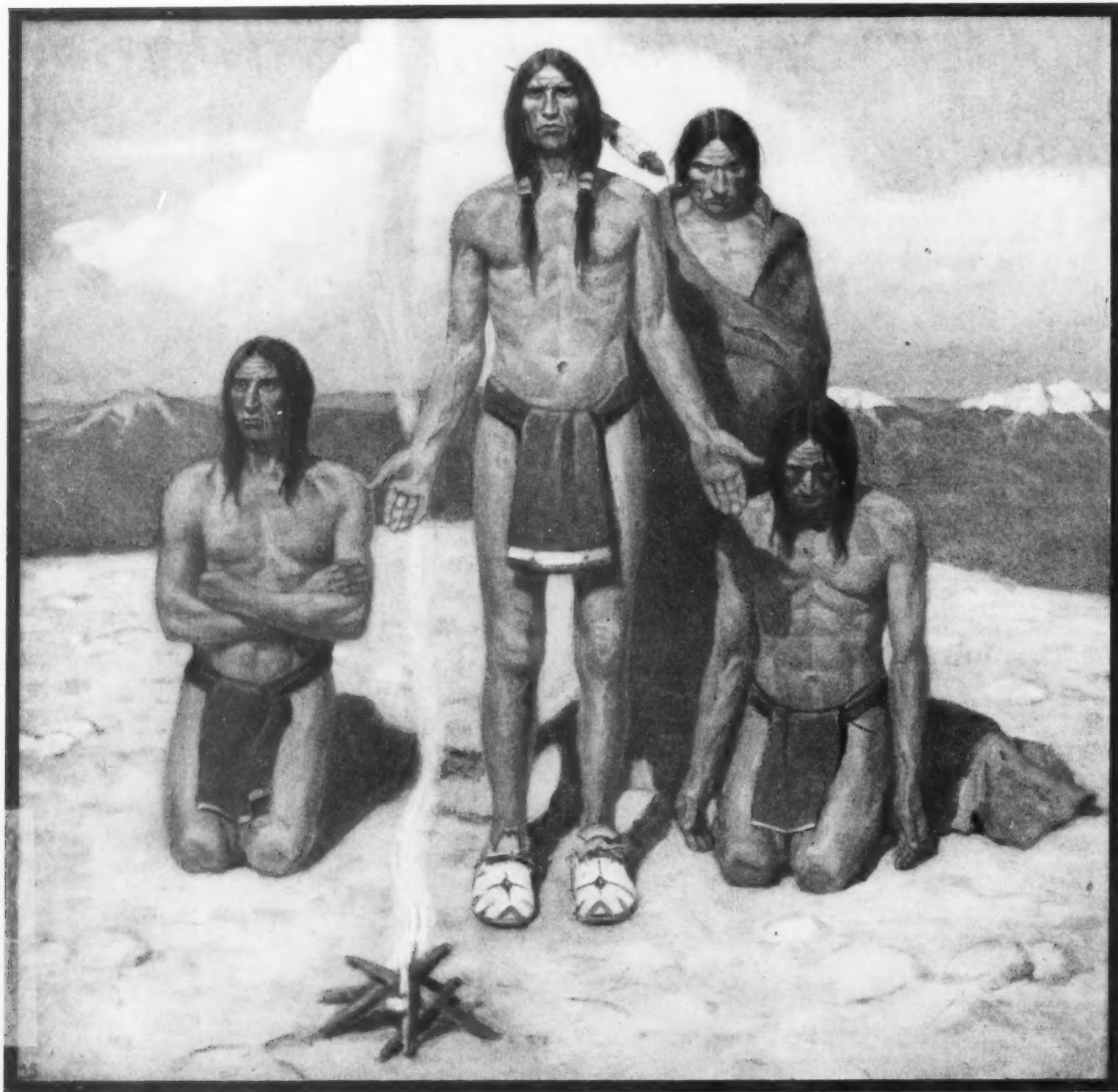
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"I like to include the unwritten Bible of the North American Indians, because they transmit as beautiful a conception of God as any religion in the world"

two years further research in Biblical history as well as the contemporary history of Italy, Greece, India, Palestine and Persia, and of the writings of any nation on ancient history. My library contains half a dozen different editions of the King James' version of the Bible. I have, also, all those manuscripts which were rejected in the King James' version for the simple reason that they cannot be traced to Hebraic or even Semitic source. They are undoubtedly old, undoubtedly contemporary, most likely tales circulated in other lands after the crucifixion. The parts relating to the childhood of Jesus are most interesting and probably have some foundation. They were accepted until the time of Martin Luther, who rejected them because they were not of Hebraic origin and were tradition rather than history. Luther very properly felt that the four gospels written so shortly after the ascension and the letters and records of the disciples known to be authentic were the foundations upon which to base a religion rather than documents of unknown sources highly tinged with Aryan thought.

There are nine different attempts in the libraries of the world to compile Bibles for the different nations. Many of these I have in my possession, while in giving the number I always like to make it ten and include the unwritten Bible of our North American Indians, because

Is the Bible getting old-fashioned? Some persons profess to think so; and several "modern" versions of the time-honored King James translation are now on the market. Mrs. Porter has just read these, and comments thereon in the accompanying article in a way that will hold the attention of every reader of McCall's

from generation to generation they transmit as beautiful a conception of God, of duty, of immortality as any attempt at religion in the world.

Surrounding and supporting these different Bibles, I have been interested in Tristram's "Natural History of the Bible." I find things in Pliny, Aristotle, and Aristophanes that prepare the way for and confirm much Biblical history. I am intensely interested in a little book by Nicholas Notovitch entitled "The Unknown Life of Christ." Through my father I was familiar with the writing of Flavius Josephus, Rolland, Ferguson's "Rome,"

Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Mythology," and Havell's "Republican Rome." To these I added later research in Latimer's "Judea from Cyrus to Titus," Lodge's "History of the Nations," Merrivale's "History of the Romans," Mommsen's "Story of Rome," the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Catholic Encyclopedia, "The Procurator of Judea," by Anatole France, as well as "The History of the Decline and Fall of Rome," by Gibbon. I also have access to the public library of the city of Los Angeles, rich in ancient history.

Now, in the hope that I have proved my right at least to an opinion on the subject, I come to the point of what I have to say concerning the Bible at the present minute. As we advance in this world it is quite true that we advance in knowledge, in research, in invention. Again there are times when it is equally true that we tear up and destroy and do not produce anything superior to work that already has been done. My intimacy with the Bible is based on the King James' version. I think possibly it is true that there are a few instances in this book in which the exact meaning of the original text is not conveyed by the translation. I can think of no better illustration of this than the "caritas" of the "Faith, hope and charity" verse, which never should have been translated "charity" because the [Turn to page 40]

Each Victrola is made as though we made but one

We have made millions of Victrola instruments and hundreds of millions of Victor Records. This enormous demand is the result of superior Victor quality. We realize that it will continue only so long as superiority of Victor quality is unquestioned, so we treat each instrument and record as the only thing by which we will be judged. Thus quantity production guarantees higher quality in all Victor products.



© Miskin

McCORMACK
Victor Artist

John McCormack and his Victor Records interpret in music the heart of the American people, and this famous artist's popularity is equalled only by the popularity of his Victor Records. The reason is that the Victor Records are John McCormack's other self. His voice is easy to record because his tones are so perfectly produced. Out of not less than one hundred and sixty-six records we can only mention:

	Double-faced	
Dear Love, Remember Me	754	\$1.50
I Hear You Calling Me		
Dear Old Pal of Mine	755	1.50
Little Mother of Mine		
Ah! Moon of My Delight	6197	2.00
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes		



© Miskin

GLUCK
Victor Artist

Alma Gluck's ninety-eight Victor Records proclaim her opinion of Victor recording and afford triumphantly beautiful examples of lyric song, sung in a voice of classic perfection, clear and cool as a mountain stream. She has made some splendid duets, with Caruso, Homer and Reimers, and the following, whether the solo, the solo with chorus, or with obligato, are of extraordinary charm.

	Double-faced	
My Old Kentucky Home	6143	\$2.00
Aloha Oe		
Home, Sweet Home	6142	2.00
Listen to the Mocking Bird		
Darling Nelly Gray	653	1.50
Nelly Was a Lady		



RACHMANINOFF
Victor Artist

Rachmaninoff knows music; knows how to compose it, how to play it, and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that in the light of previous experience, he chose the Victor to reproduce his art. Of the twenty-one records listed, none perhaps give greater insight into the personality of the artist nor of his profound genius.

	Double-faced	
Prelude in G Major (Rachmaninoff)	6261	\$2.00
Prelude in G Minor (Rachmaninoff)		
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff)	814	1.50
Spinning Song		
Polka de W. R.	6260	2.00
Troika en traineaux		



Victrola No. 80
\$100
Mahogany, oak
or walnut



Victrola No. 260
\$150
Mahogany or walnut



Victrola No. 400
\$250
Electric, \$290
Mahogany

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the
Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks



Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



Sometimes brides must compromise in the difficult matter of choosing bridesmaids. But Elsie's choice of our charming Sally was a vote for both friendship and beauty. And now what has Sally done but catch the bouquet!

"Good health and pure soap" —the simple formula for a beautiful skin

THE beauty and fine smoothness that come to your skin from the use of Ivory Soap are the result of *cleanliness*.

Ivory thus contributes to beauty all that any soap *can* contribute. Ivory needs no assistance from medicaments, artificial coloring matter or strong perfumes. Its purity, whiteness, dainty fragrance and gentleness provide every quality and property that a fine soap should have, regardless of the price at which it may be sold.

With Ivory, plus good health, the care of the skin becomes a simple matter. Bathe your face once or twice daily in warm water and Ivory lather; follow your warm rinsing with a dash of cool or cold water, and you have done for your complexion all that any

soap can do to promote its beauty.

This fact becomes clear the moment you realize that the function of soap for the skin is to *cleanse*, not to cure or to transform. The highest authorities agree on this point, and the proof of its soundness is recorded on the faces of millions of women who use Ivory exclusively for their complexions.

* * *

To satisfy the request of many women for a cake of Ivory to fit the soap holder on their washstands, we have recently provided Guest Ivory, a dainty, graceful cake with all of Ivory's traditional mildness and purity. We offer you Guest Ivory under the guarantee that if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap!

PROCTER & GAMBLE



"Elsie, dear, you were a perfect dream! I wept all through the ceremony."

"Why, Sally?"

"Oh, just because you were so beautiful! I hope I'll—oh, piffle! . . . Look here, there isn't a bit of soap in your bag."

"Yes, there is—down in the corner—a cake of Guest Ivory."

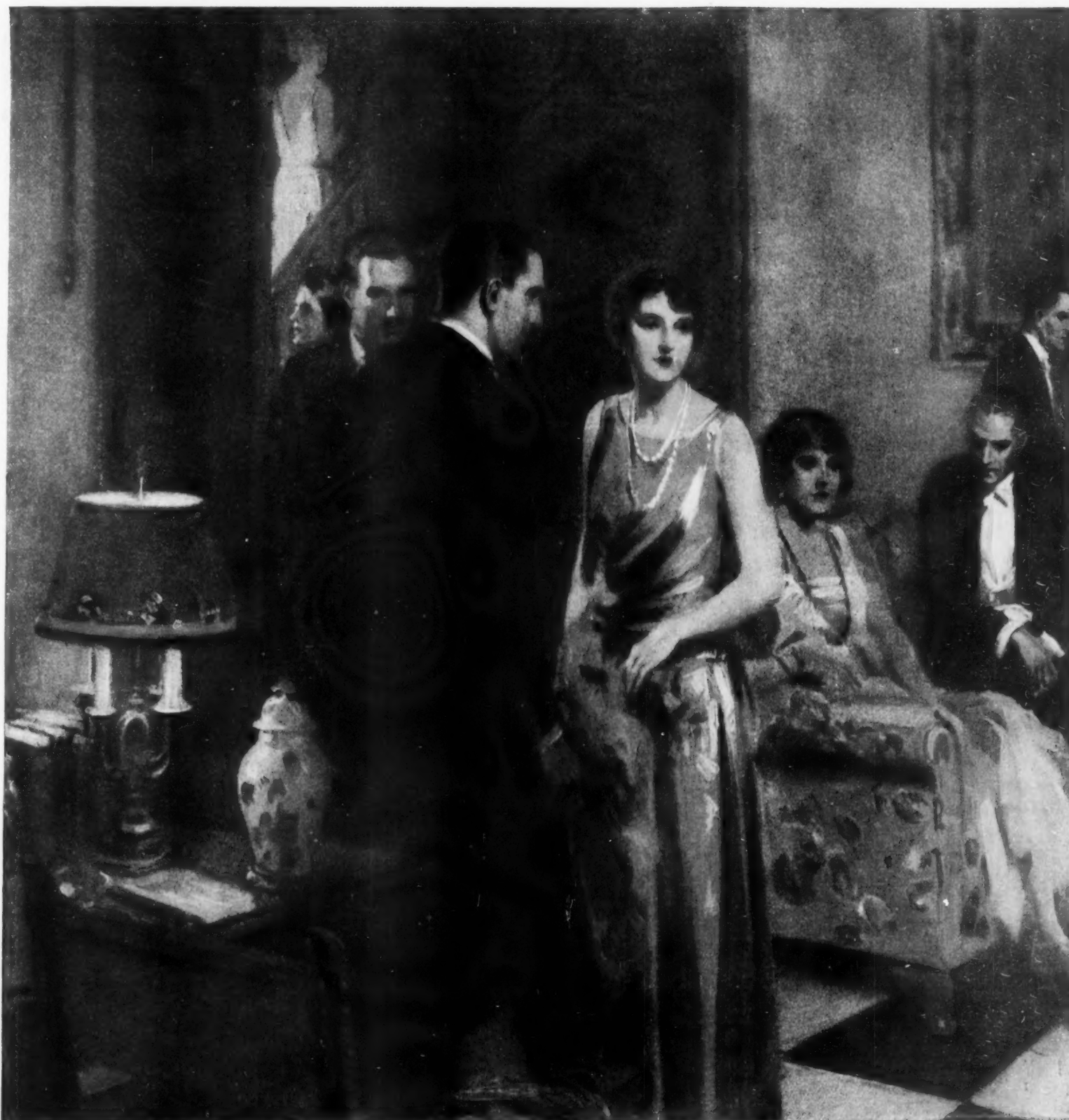
"Aha! So you use it, too!"



IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger

The Unknown Quantity

By Ethel M. Dell

Famous Author of "Charles Rex," "Tetherstones," etc.

Lord Conister had the imposing presence of a man of the world—"But I have already chosen—you," he said

YOU ought to marry, darling," said Lady Varleigh. "But why?" protested Jeannette. "There's plenty of time!"

"My dear," said Lady Varleigh, "take my advice—it is founded upon considerable experience—don't leave this matter too long!"

Now, if I had married young, it would have been a very different story. As it is I have had to divorce two husbands in ten years—simply because I was too bored to put up with them."

She sighed. "Now, dear, good Sir Philip—"

"Dear Lady Varleigh," interrupted Jeannette, "what ever made you marry him?"

Lady Varleigh uttered a deep and very humorous

Here begins Ethel M. Dell's greatest novel, teeming with action and surcharged with that mysterious element, life—life which holds for all of us "the unknown quantity," the other name for which, we all hope, will be happiness!

chuckle. "What ever made him marry me would be more to the point, my dear. I am quite the ugliest woman he had ever seen. I refused him at least five times before I finally took the plunge!"

She laughed again with a comfortable shaking of her broad shoulders, and a general screwing up of her large features that was somehow irresistibly comic.

The girl who sat opposite her was of a very different type—small, upright, dainty, with a firefly quickness about her every movement that made her oddly arresting. Her brows were straight and thin, and her gray eyes almost hawk-like in their brightness. They had the peculiarity of a greater length in their lower lashes than in the upper—a characteristic which Lady Varleigh was wont



"Have you always held your own?" said Jeannette. "But of course you have, dear Lady Varleigh, the Invincible!"

"So far as that goes," said Lady Varleigh. "I have never yet met a woman I couldn't beat, and only one man."

Jeannette's eyes gleamed a little. "Sir Philip?" she asked.

"Now don't make me laugh or I know I shall begin to wheeze! Sir Philip! Oh

"Oh, I daresay they love me," said Jeannette. "But—well, I suppose I'm too well off as I am. I've never yet met any man to compare with my father. He is the only man in the world who really knows—and loves me. As for the rest, they see a girl, good-looking, tremendously popular, stupendously wealthy, clever, smart, dashing, and they are dazzled and fall in love. I often wonder—" she broke off—"no, I don't really. I know as soon as I begin."

Lady Varleigh nodded. "Yes. I had the advantage there, I admit. I was never troubled with that sort of misgiving. It was always me they wanted, and I knew it. My dear, when you meet the man you can love he won't care whether you are a princess or a beggar-maid. That's love, my dear. It hews a way through everything."

"Does it? But"—her look was doubtful—"how is one to know?"

Lady Varleigh's jolly laugh caught her up. "Hark to the cynic! Shall I tell you what is the matter with that heart of yours, my child? It has too many to choose from. Why, at this rate you will never get married at all!"

"Does it matter?" said the girl. "I've got already practically all the things that most women marry for."

"Jeannette, I shouldn't like you to have a life like mine," said Lady Varleigh.

Jeannette's straight brows went up. "But you have been married three times!" she said.

Lady Varleigh's smile succeeded her sigh. "I know. And if I had been given children, it would have been but once. Bless me, dear, you don't suppose I was in love with the creatures, do you? No—no! It was just the dread of loneliness—the want of someone to bicker at—nothing else."

"Oh!" said Jeannette. "Then why preach to me of love?"

often to describe as "dangerous," and it certainly gave a strange effect to her face, imparting a mysterious, almost secretive look. Her teeth were small and regular, her chin short but too pointed for beauty. It was a striking face, curiously emphatic; there were some who called it haunting, even tragic, though none ever connected tragedy with Jeannette Wyngold in those days. She was the queen of her little empire, and her worshipers were many. Perhaps it was not strange that there should be a hint of haughtiness in the delicate curve of her neck, the slender straightness of her carriage. For her friend, Lady Varleigh, was the only person who ever presumed to criticize her, but her love for the girl was sufficient to make her a privileged person. Jeannette never resented the plainest speaking from her; in fact she would not have welcomed anything else. It interested her to listen to her advice, even though she had no intention of going any way but her own.

I WISH I had known you when you were my age," she suddenly said. "I believe—I can't help believing—that we should have been rather alike."

Lady Varleigh laughed at the bare idea—her jolly care-free laugh. "Not in the least, dear. I've been an ugly woman all my life, remember, and I've had to fight for my place. You'd have hated me as a girl, and I should have hated you. We should have been the deadliest of enemies."

"How absurd!" said Jeannette, but her delicate face colored faintly as she said it, as though she sensed a challenge.

"Quite absurd! Because luckily impossible. And so we shall neither of us meet our match, and shall continue to hold our own in our separate spheres as long as we remain in them."

dear! Oh dear!" She wiped her eyes and got up, still laughing, and stretched a hand to her companion which Jeannette sprang to take. The older woman paused on the threshold of the French window, and her face, with its swarthy, strong features, was suddenly serious.

"You really ought to marry, darling," she said.

"But why?"

LADY VARLEIGH rested her hands on the girl's slight shoulders, and her black eyes looked piercingly into the gray ones. "Haven't you met him yet, Jeannette?"

"No," said Jeannette briefly.

"And you twenty-one tomorrow! And they say that you have had more proposals in the last two years than any other girl in the county."

"That's natural, I suppose," said Jeannette with a little laugh that was not without a hint of cynicism.

"My dear," said Lady Varleigh, "no one would propose to you without loving you. No one would dare."

"Curious!" mused Lady Varleigh. "And he is the very one whom I should point to as incapable of wanting you for anything but yourself!"

"Because you are different." The eyes that looked into hers softened magically. "You are a girl, and you have the world at your feet. It won't always be so, dear, and I want you to seize and hold while you can. You are not in love now, but there must be some one of the many who want you that you could love. The spring-time will pass, Jeannette; the summer too. And then will come the dark days and the long cold nights. And you will sit alone and think of the chances you threw away. And none of these things that you think worth having now will count with you then. You will only know the ache of loneliness and the emptiness of a world that has forgotten you. All the old lovers will be married, and living in their own homes with their children around them. They will never think of you, Jeannette, unless with a passing word of pity or perhaps a jest at your expense!"

"Let them!" said Jeannette, with a quick gleam in her eyes.

"Marry, child, marry, and put your foolish ideas away!" She stopped and pressed Jeannette's arm hard for a moment or two, then: "Be warned by me, dear!" she said in a low voice.

Jeannette looked at her, and her young face had an odd expression as of admiration mingled with compassion.

"And now, the question is, which of the many is it to be?"

She took the girl's arm and led her out upon the sunny terrace that looked out over the green uplands of Varleigh Park.

"Which of the many?" said Jeannette, and laughed. "I tell you, Lady Varleigh, there isn't one—no, not one—that I would leave my father to spend a single day with!"

"Now! Now!" said Lady Varleigh. "I won't listen to that. We will go through the list of those who would certainly love you for yourself and whom you therefore ought to be able to love in return. First and foremost, of course, there is young Wetherby—an estimable young man, dear."

"Please, Lady Varleigh—" Jeannette interrupted with great decision. "Buck Wetherby may be everything that is charming, but he is nowhere on the list and never could be. I detest him."

"That sometimes makes a good foundation," Lady Varleigh spoke musingly.

"How can you imagine for a moment—one single moment—that any woman would look at him twice if there were any one else within a hundred miles to look at!"

"Curious!" mused Lady Varleigh. "And yet he is the very one whom I should point to as incapable of wanting you for anything but yourself."

"Pshaw!" Jeannette's face was flushed with the emphasis of her words. "If he were the only man in the world, I wouldn't have him!"

"Ah, well! You might do worse," said Lady Varleigh. "As Punch once very aptly remarked, 'The good ones always are dull.' However, we will pass on. I suppose neither Skittles nor Bandy is large enough fry to attract your majesty?"

"I shouldn't mind Skittles if he were ten years older."

"Never marry a man you don't mind!" said Lady Varleigh. "That is simply asking for trouble. Besides, Skittles wouldn't want you without the fine feathers. Bandy would. But then—Bandy is Bandy, isn't he?"

Jeannette's lips curved a little. "I rather like Bandy. But I really haven't any use for any of them except Skittles, who dances so divinely that I believe I should accept him if we went on long enough."

"Don't be silly!" said Lady Varleigh. "Remember, it's easier to dance into matrimony than to dance out again. Well, that disposes of the Wetherbys, doesn't it? Now what about the Honorable Jack?"

"Captain Friar!" Jeannette made a face. "He's quite a good sportsman, of course," she added more kindly. "I daresay we shouldn't quarrel. But just think of his mother! No! I don't think I could."

"Major Sterne. What of him?"

"The Dough-nut! Do you think he would want me without the money-bags?"

"Of course he isn't frightfully rich, poor dear. I suppose he has never asked you, Jeannette?"

NO," said Jeannette. "But he has given me to understand more than once that a word would be sufficient. I think he is much the nicest of the lot, but he would be far happier with Audrey Wilmot than with me. It's a pity he can't see it, for she is madly in love with him."

"He probably likes her best," said Lady Varleigh, "but feels he can't afford her."

"She can't be very expensive. She's only a doctor's daughter," said Jeannette.

"With nothing to her name, that's the worst of it. Such a pretty girl, too," Lady Varleigh spoke compassionately. "It only shows, doesn't it?"

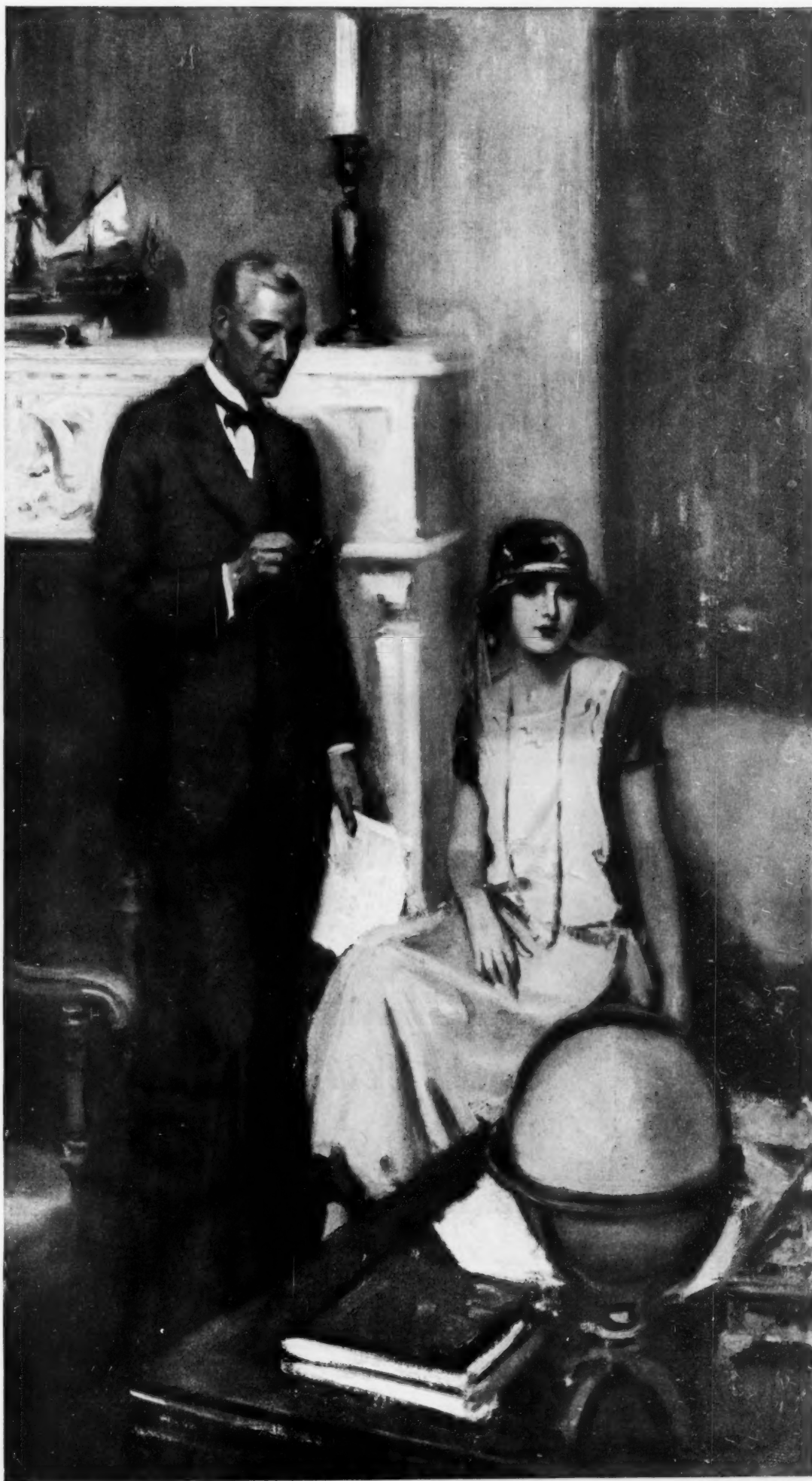
"No, it doesn't show," Jeannette spoke with sudden energy. "If he really cares for her, he's a pig to think of any one else. That's all I have to say."

"But you're rather attractive, darling," pointed out Lady Varleigh.

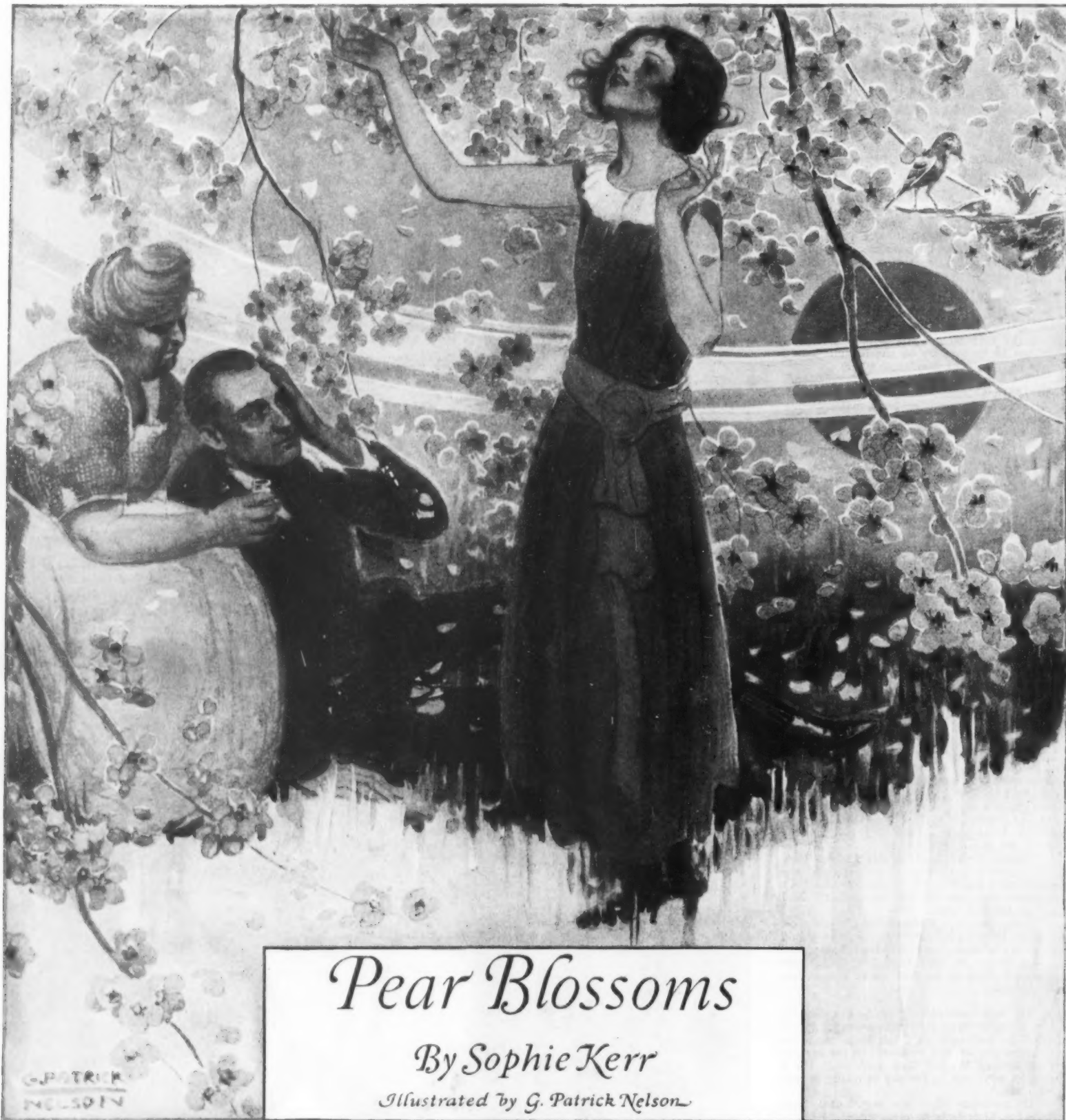
"I don't care. Audrey's a darling, and he's a beast to slight her—if he cares," Jeannette's voice shook with indignation.

"My dear, you know the sort of person he is. He will probably marry her when you finally turn him down. And by the same token Skittles will marry little Valerie West and Bandy will capture Daphne Somers. All the old lovers will

[Turn to page 32]



"You have beauty and wealth. When once you are happily married, I shall feel that all is well with you"



Pear Blossoms

By Sophie Kerr

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

The girl looked up—she was even prettier looking up than looking down, he decided

IT WAS absurd, and he knew it, but his dimmed consciousness persisted in believing that he was one of the Babes in the Wood, and that he was being slowly covered with leaves by a bluebird. Then, as he revived a little more, he decided that it was snowing, and wondered feebly why he wasn't cold. He ought not to be lying out in the snow, yet he couldn't get up. It was delicious snow with a heady fragrance that seemed strange yet familiar.

Now came another odor, pungent, compelling. It made him open his eyes and look at the two anxious faces above him, made him hear a girl's excited voice: "Look, Mrs. Massey—he's coming out of it. Let me take the salts."

With infinite effort he raised one hand and tried to push away the obtrusive vial, but in so doing he touched and clung to a warm smooth wrist. Then with a half sneeze, half cough, he snapped back into life, and found himself sitting on the grass of an orchard; two women were bending over him administering restoratives.

"Take that damn thing away," he commanded irritably. "I'm all right."

"Oh no, you're not, even if you can swear," said the girl, laughing. He stared up at her and became aware of the clear rose of her, her slenderness, the sunlight on her brown hair. Also her cornflower blue dress. "Oh, you're the bluebird," he remarked slowly.

"I—I think I must have fainted. And what is all the snow?"

The girl looked up—she was even prettier looking up than looking down, he decided—and stretched an impetuous hand to the drifting scented whiteness. "You're in Mrs. Massey's orchard," she said, "and the pear blossoms are falling. Isn't it lovely?"

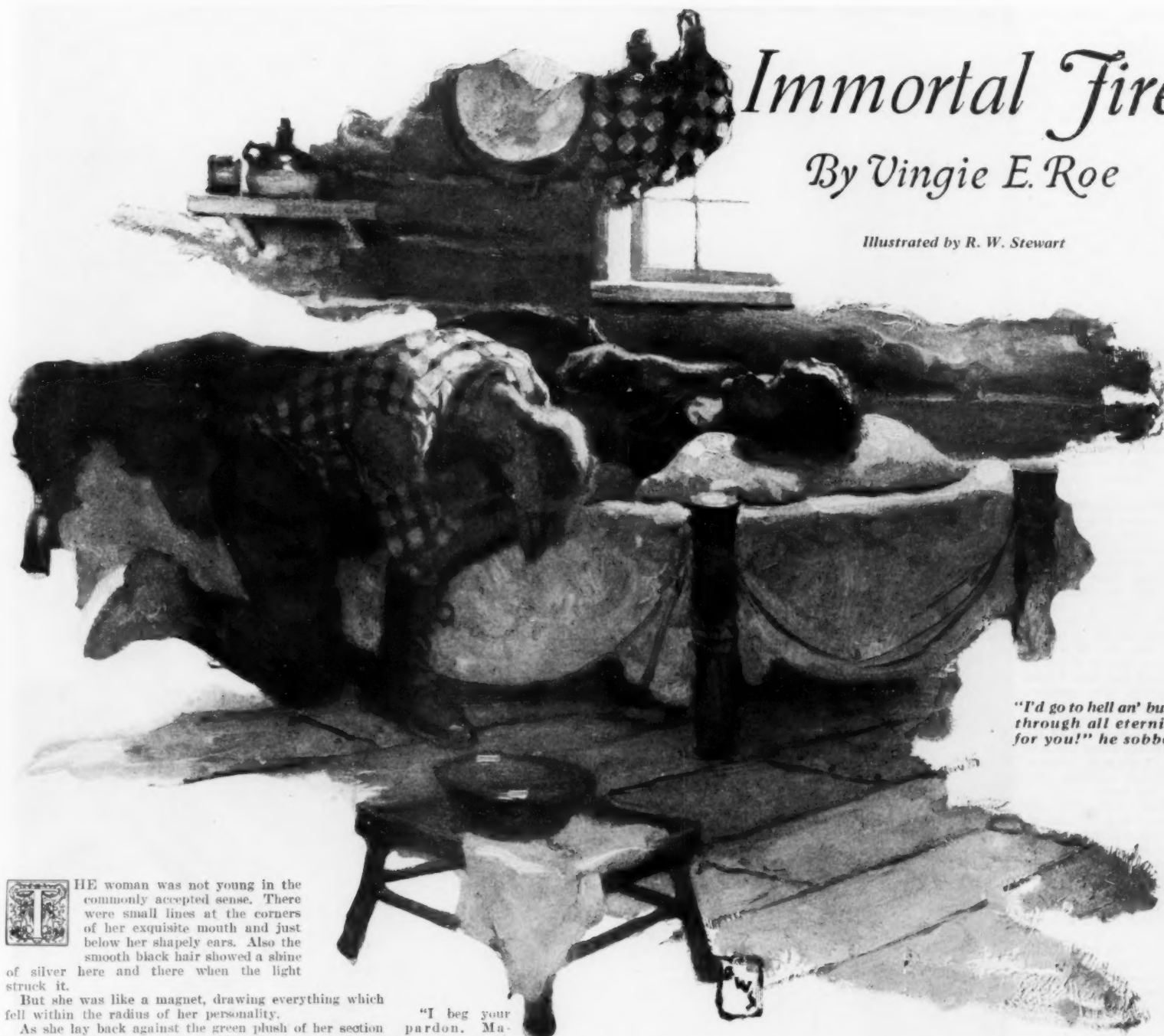
THAT'S a ridiculous way to talk to a man that's either crazy or sick," broke in Mrs. Massey practically. "Look here, are you sick? Is it catching?" Now that he actually looked at Mrs. Massey, he found her a series of plump billows, neatly encased in checked gingham, with a white apron enfolding and embellishing her rotundity.

"I have been sick, but it's not catching," he told her. "My doctor ordered [Turn to page 52]

Immortal Fire

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by R. W. Stewart



"I'd go to hell an' burn through all eternity for you!" he sobbed

THE woman was not young in the commonly accepted sense. There were small lines at the corners of her exquisite mouth and just below her shapely ears. Also the smooth black hair showed a shine of silver here and there when the light struck it.

But she was like a magnet, drawing everything which fell within the radius of her personality.

As she lay back against the green plush of her section seat in the *de luxe* train, southbound, several pairs of strangers' eyes had already lingered upon her attentively, drifted away and returned to study her again. Her own eyes were closed, peacefully, yet with two small vertical lines between them, and the dark lashes lay on her cheeks like curved scimitars. Her white ringed hands lay cupped in each other in her silken lap, telltale index of her life.

She had been born to luxury, cradled in it, lived with and been sponsored by it always. And yet there was about her an indefinite suggestion of tragedy, as if she were, of all people upon the earth, to be pitied. And when, perhaps an hour later, she opened her long wide eyes the impression was fixed as with acid. She moved slightly, gazed out at the speeding landscape and once more became utterly quiet.

BEYOND the broad pane a monotony of scene flowed by under the late autumn sun—low country, level for the most part, with thick growth of timber in tall-canopied luxuriance. Gum trees and hickory, with here and there the flame of bittersweet set against their grey lacework of barren branches, and once and again the green of cypress showing beside the lip of some dark water. It was a lost country, a lonely land, and yet one, knowing it, could vision a deal of life threading its sun-soaked mazes.

The woman did not know it. She had never seen its like. She gazed at it with sombre eyes, weary to the nth degree of everything, and there was an inhibited friendliness in their depths, as if she found this forgotten wilderness good to look upon. The train auditor in his neat blue uniform stopped beside her section. She did not turn her head, not having become conscious of him. The man leaned over her and spoke with apologetic deference.

"I beg your pardon, Madame," he said, "but your tickets expired four hours back."

She raised her head and looked up at him. "So?" she said gravely, "I had forgot."

"How far do you wish to go?" he asked. "You can reserve your section, you know, and pay your fare indefinitely."

YES—surely. Thank you. Where do I want to go? I wonder!" The auditor was young and kindly. He looked at her with growing concern—at the beautiful mouth with its tired lines, at the deep-fringed eyes, at the slimly rounded form in its expensive and modest garments.

"Are you quite sure, Madame, that you are—are well?" For the first time the woman smiled.

"Well?" she said. "Perfectly so in every fibre, every nerve of my body. But I thank you for the kindly thought. No—there is nothing wrong with me, nothing abnormal. I just don't know where I'm going. Were you never that way?"

The young auditor shook his head. In his plodding life, there was not room for such a conception, even.

"Well, then," she added sagely, "you cannot understand. Have you a coin to toss? We'll decide the thing. Or, no—I have a better way—an inspiration! I'll count the telegraph poles!"

"When I have counted five thousand—you see I make it a long count, since I like my wide plush cushions and my shining window—I'll send for you and you shall stop the train and put me off!"

"But it may be night!" cried the man, "and not at a station! And anyway I can't stop the train. This is a through Limited."

"But," she mimicked, "I shall refuse to pay my fare a mile farther—and you cannot let me ride without. You would lose your position. Please go away now. I must begin." And she turned her face to the window and became at once absorbed in the grave business of counting the tall grey poles that marched away in endless procession.

The auditor passed on, turning at the far end of the coach to study her intently, and presently he came back with the conductor.

"I beg your pardon again, lady," he said, but she waved him away with an imperious hand.

"Two thousand ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen," she murmured, "please—don't make me—miss—a count—twenty-one—" The train officers went on to the vestibule. A little later, when the soft blue twilight was sifting down between the gum trees and a pale sickle of new moon was riding high in the west, the woman sprang up in her section and flung up a still imperious hand. She began hurriedly to gather her belongings, a little bag, beaded and beautiful, a smart leather dressing case, a black coat with fur about it somewhere, and a small black hat with a trailing veil.

I REFUSE to pay my fare," she said smiling when the men came back, "please put me off." Without a word the conductor, who was decidedly not young or kindly, reached up and pulled a cord. There was an answering scream from the distant engine, a perceptible slowing of the Limited, a full stop. In exactly seven minutes this strange woman with the eyes so tragically full of emptiness stood alone in the center of the track between two walls of solid timber. There was a siding near, a long

low building beside which stood a flat car piled with the green flat weight of cane. Beyond the flat car the heads of two white horses showed and she heard the creak of a wagon's wheels as the team drew out. The wagon followed with a man standing up in the shallow box, a huge giant of a man, whose leonine head showed silver white in the dusk above his broad shoulders. Unhesitatingly the woman went to meet him. As she stood thus in the mystic twilight and looked up she was exquisite beyond all words, her bare black head shining and the dark lashes curled up against her pallid lids.

"Out of the abyss," she said aloud, "sanctuary! Will you take me home with you, sir? I am lost."

The driver of the white team stood as if transfixed, staring.

ONE bare arm beneath its ragged sleeve showed the thews of Hercules. His face under the thick silver thatch was lined and dull, though it had once been handsome, and was amazingly young. Youth, inhibited, arrested, stopped at its font, was with him, but he was as done as though the frost of years had seared him. Instantly the woman, who had had no thought for any save herself, saw this. To nine out of ten casual observers the man was a little mad, perhaps, a dullard anyway. She was the tenth.

"Will you take me home with you?" she reiterated, smiling.

"Take—you home?" he said presently, "w'y—I—can't."

"No? Why?"

"'Cause o' Bill. An' Hannah. Bill'd kill me, shore."

"Bah!" she said, "With those arms of yours? Any man kill you? Double that fist, man."

With the obedience of a child he shifted the lines and drew up his right hand. It made a sledge, the cords standing out along the wrist. The woman reached up fingers fragile as flowers and touched it, just the faintest brushing of elderdown on granite.

"Show me Bill," she said softly, "and Hannah. Will you take me?"

Without reply he leaped to the ground beside her, the action like that of a panther, sliding, springy, and taking her belongings in one great hand laid them in the bed. Then he put his palms under her elbows and she went up over the wheel without conscious effort. "Set down?" he asked, "Th' road's cord-roy." The woman shook her head. So she stood in the wagon and rode behind the white horses back along the track a little way, and then they turned abruptly and went into the dark woods where the level floor was starred with the gleam of shallow waters and the great racket of the vehicle on the buried logs of the road forbade speech.

WHAT land is this?" she cried when for a moment they slowed. "What do you do for a living?"

"Cane," he answered, "sugar cane. An' sognums."

It was night when the forest fell away and the road went through narrow aisles of standing growth as thick as fur. Here there was great coolness, flat and dank, and a sweet green scent. This in turn gave way to



He flew backward from the piston blow of that iron fist which had once killed a man.

openness—and the lights of a cabin in a clearing.

"I don't know to God," said the man passionately, "what I'm goin' to do with you—'cause o' Bill an' Hannah."

"Do?" she replied sharply. "Stand tight with me. You will, won't you?" Deliberately she laid her hand on his bare arm. That touch had swayed statesmen.

"Yes," this dullard answered helplessly.

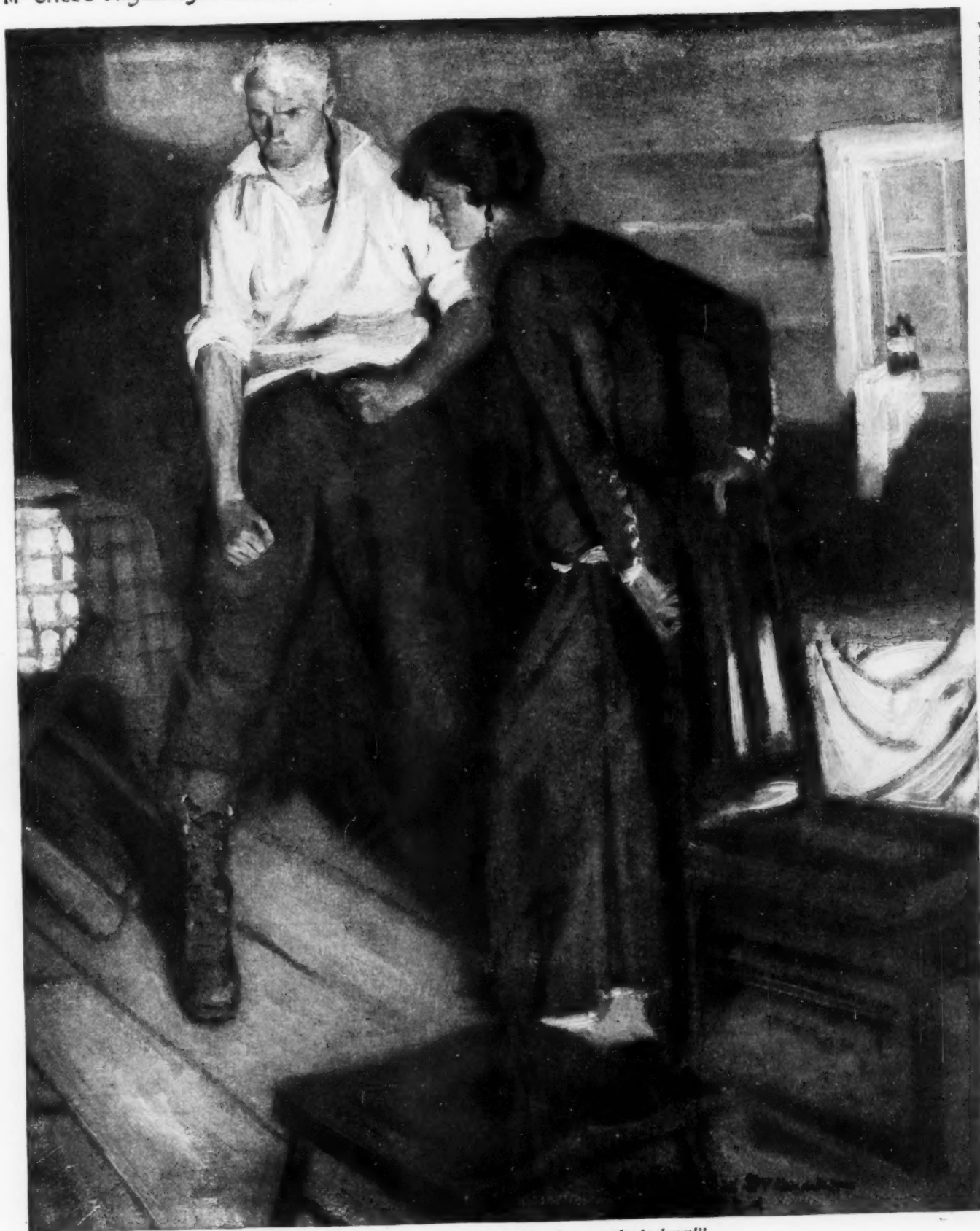
In the barn yard the two so strangely assorted from earth's maelstrom climbed from the wagon and went toward the lights.

Though the night was sharp with rising coolness the cabin door stood open, showing an interior striking as a Rembrandt painting. Rough log walls, utensils hanging on them—beds built along the sides—a table with a woman laying bone-handled knives upon it—a spinning

wheel in a corner and a great black fireplace mouth, red with the laughter of flames. A withered crone with a pipe in her trembling fingers sat hunched beside the hearth, and a man as huge and lumbering as the driver of the white horses was drinking from a gourd beside a farther door. At the sill the woman halted because her escort stopped, and she saw his hand open and shut as if in dire dread. Then the woman at the table turned and saw her. Utter astonishment dropped the slack jaw, distended the narrow eyes under the brush-heap hair.

"Bill!" she rasped, "Lookie!"

THE mountainous man whirled with the same lithe, catlike motion which had characterized the movements of the man in the wagon, and instantly the strange woman knew them for brothers.



"Jason!" cried Sydney shrilly. "Stop, Jason! Wait! A man doesn't strike when another's down!"

"Hell!" he said. "What's this?" The splendid stranger pushed forward, leaned fawningly against the doorjamb and smiled. It was a past-master of intrigue, that smile, winning, soft, brilliant, like dawn and sunset and sweet south winds in one. It took in the astounded man, the unkempt woman, the crone at the hearth.

"They put me off the train," she said, "and I need shelter."

"This ain't no place t' find it," snapped the woman. "We don't keep tramps." Instantly the wheedling figure straightened, the tired dark eyes shone like foxfire with a peculiar leaping spirit.

"Tramps?" she said with a ripple of laughter. "I'm no tramp! Look at me!" and she put one hand on her hip and turned with inimitable grace and insolence.

"Let 'er stay, Bill," said the big man pleadingly. "She

can't go no place t'night, not 'round here this time o' night."

"Of course I'll stay!" she said indignantly, and swept in across the dirty sill and up to the little old woman in the chair.

"YOU'RE their mother, aren't you?" she asked, bending down, one hand touching the bony shoulder in the homespun. "I shouldn't wonder if this house was yours, either. Isn't it?"

"Shore I be," said the old woman, "an' yes, hit is. Or hit usta be—afore th' Ol' Man died."

"And now? Is it not now?"

"W'y, Bill—an' Hanner—they—"

"Bought it from you?" said the stranger brightly.

"Paid you good money for it? Did they?"

"W'y—no—they—"

"Ah!" said the woman. "Give me my things, please. What is your name?" She looked directly into the eyes beneath the silver thatch—deep blue eyes with a strange fearful expression, the down-trodden look of a dog which no one wants.

"Hit's Jason," cried the mother eagerly. "an' he's my comfort in th' shadders o' tribbilation."

"Jason," the woman repeated, "give me my bags, Jason."

And she laid them serenely on the nearest bed, turning to Bill who still stood as if transfixed.

"I'll want a bed alone," she said, "up in the attic, maybe, under the roof—anywhere so it's alone—and I'll pay you one hundred dollars a month for board and lodging. And I'll stay if the mother says so."

"I say so!" came the eager pipe, "ef Bill—an' Hanner—they—"

"They will," she answered with finality, "for that hundred dollars." She was right. Bill's cold eyes flickered already with the fire of avarice—but Hannah's were narrow as black slits and bitter as aloes.

AND so she who did not know where she was going had found her unknown goal. She slept in the attic beneath the sloping roof where there was nothing but shakes and rafters between her and the stars, and her exquisite body for the first time knew the lack of silk and softness. The tick beneath her on the corded bed gave out the rustle of split corn husks with every movement. For a long, long time she lay and looked at the dark night sky in the square of glassless window tracing the line of the distant tree tops, and her peculiar eyes were once more heavy, given over to the ache of grief.

Despite herself memory was eating at her heart—memory, showing her the face of a man. A handsome face, insolent, debonaire, with cold eyes that could burn. The face of a man for whose sake she had given, rapturously, a woman's all—a man who, when he had tired of

the exquisite gift, had flung it aside with an airy flip, as one flips away the dead ash from a cigar that another fire may glow.

The man who had blackened for her the face of the world, so that she must leave her known orbit, to drift like those poor stars flung wide in space—without point and without purpose.

Even so had she flung out—to land at last beneath this humble roof.

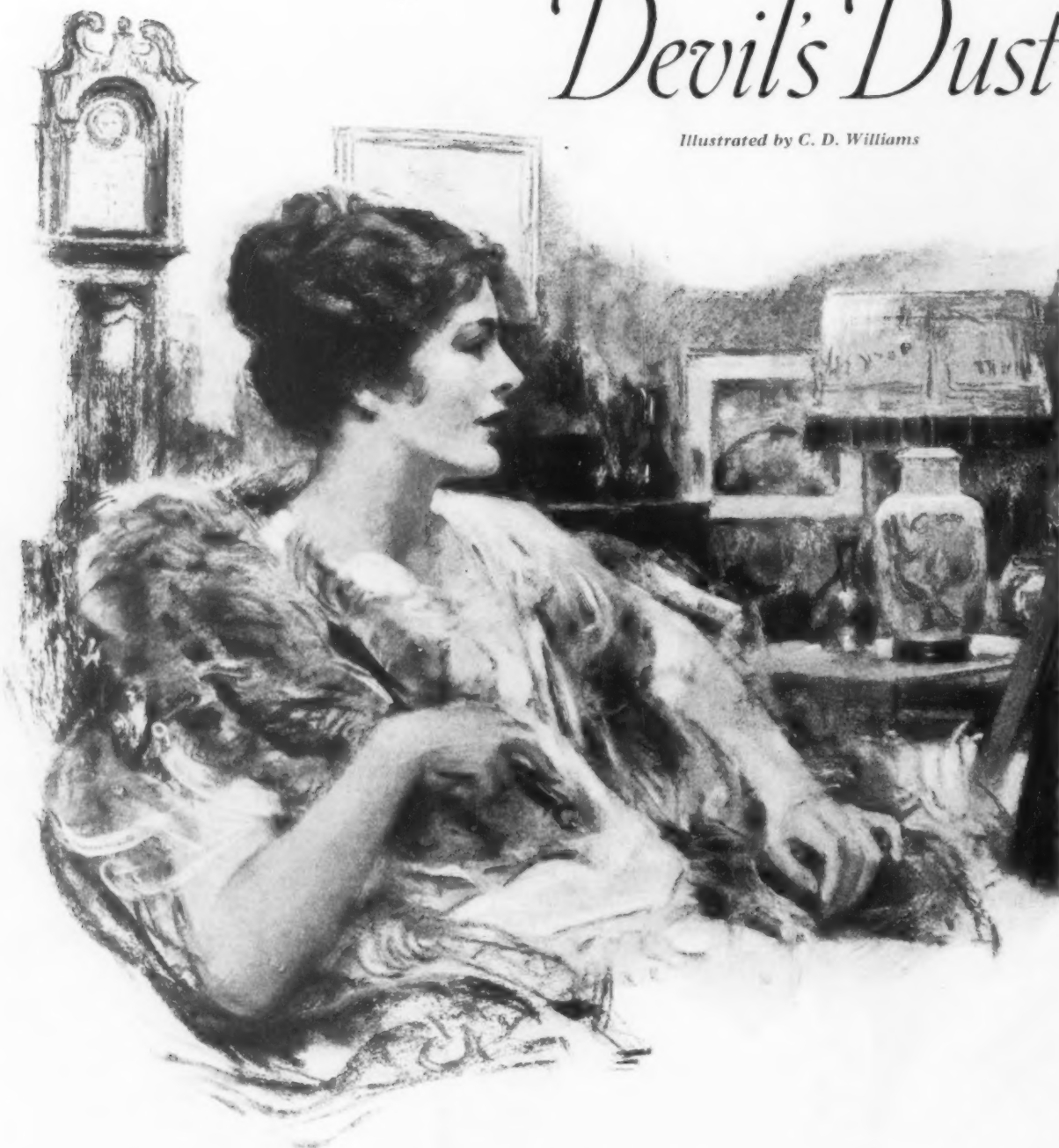
"When the heart is empty," she murmured with quivering lips, "how shall one people the world?" But presently she slept, as one sleeps who has no reason for waking whatsoever. Frank sunlight on her face brought her into a new day and she rose and dressed herself in a fine silk gown from the leather case. When she went backwards down the ladder to

[Turn to page 58]

Devil's Dust

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

In a white dress, a scarlet fan in her lap, Nancy sat in the big library . . . Victor was working away at his canvas



NANCY ODELL, product of the slums of Dolthan, a little New England mill-town, has

become the protegee of Peter Cabot and his wife, Daphne, residents of the neighboring Brighton, playground of the wealthy. Nancy secretly loves Peter, but the latter urges her to marry and reform Hilary Morse, erratic son of an erratic father. The elder Morse had compelled his wife to divorce him and this coupled with the son's desertion of his mother, have driven the woman insane. Morse senior has died after marrying Madge, sister of the petulant, selfish Daphne Cabot. Besides Nancy, two other products of Dolthan poverty are achieving success—Victor Strozzi, an artist, and Barney McGuire, who has become part owner of the mills that were once the exclusive property of the Cabots.

Hilary has been hurt in an automobile accident and Peter brings Nancy to him.

HILARY was ensconced in his study, a magnificent, sybarite apartment with tapestry crowded walls and a glamorous mantle of blue metal inlaid with blue and yellow stones. Atop this was the lacquer cabinet within which rested the as yet unpaid for jewelled gardens. Framed and autographed photographs of world famous persons covered the tapestries. An oil painting of Morse senior, done just before his death, occupied the place of honor. His slow, yellow eyes, so like his son's, seemed to greet Nancy sardonically. A collection of paintings on silk crowded an alcove. A marvelously busy looking desk, for so notoriously idle an owner, was heaped with correspondence, boxing gloves, fencing foils, jade idols, empty siphons, memorandums, dog collars and ash trays. On a divan before a blazing fire of birch logs, Hilary lay in impatient wretchedness. His oriental dressing gown was carelessly fastened, his auburn hair a sad tangle of curls, one slender hand, sparkling with womanish rings, reached out in restless welcome. He threw a glance of dismissal at the nurse, who gladly obeyed.

"Nancy," he began in his imperious fashion, "why don't you come close—look as if you believed in me—or at least were sorry for me," he broke off in irritation.

A tense, convincing novel of the bitter struggle between native stock and immigrant for mastery in New England today. Honest, vibrant Nancy Odell, who attempts to bridge the gulf between, is the fascinating heroine

As she came to sit at the foot of the divan Nancy was conscious of a growing bewilderment over this new situation.

"Yes—please kneel beside me—or else come closer. You must," he demanded, his eyes seeming to devour her. "I've waited hours for you. What was Peter doing so long? He said you had a club meeting and he wouldn't interrupt the unwashed. Come nearer, give me your hand—Nancy, it wasn't what they think," he whispered, his full, pink mouth too close to her own. "I admit being reckless and all that. I forgot the turn at the Wheaton Bridge. But the reason I forgot was—I had done as you often asked me—I had been to see mother—it unnerved me."

NANCY stirred in amazement. "Hilary!" she said, the quick sympathy in her voice giving him encouragement.

"Thank God, you show some emotion," he swept on in a fury of earnestness. "I went to see her only because you had asked me. I've given up trying to make you understand, proving I am not wholly to blame. But I have not given up making you see how I need you—and who else really needs you, Nancy? Who else cares about

your future? Don't you see that we need each other—if I'm to make good? Oh, I can make good, there's no doubt of it—everyone has said so. But I must have someone to keep my nerves from ravelling into nothing. I'm ready to scream tonight—not because of a few smashed ribs but from seeing—her." His head sank down on her responsive shoulder.

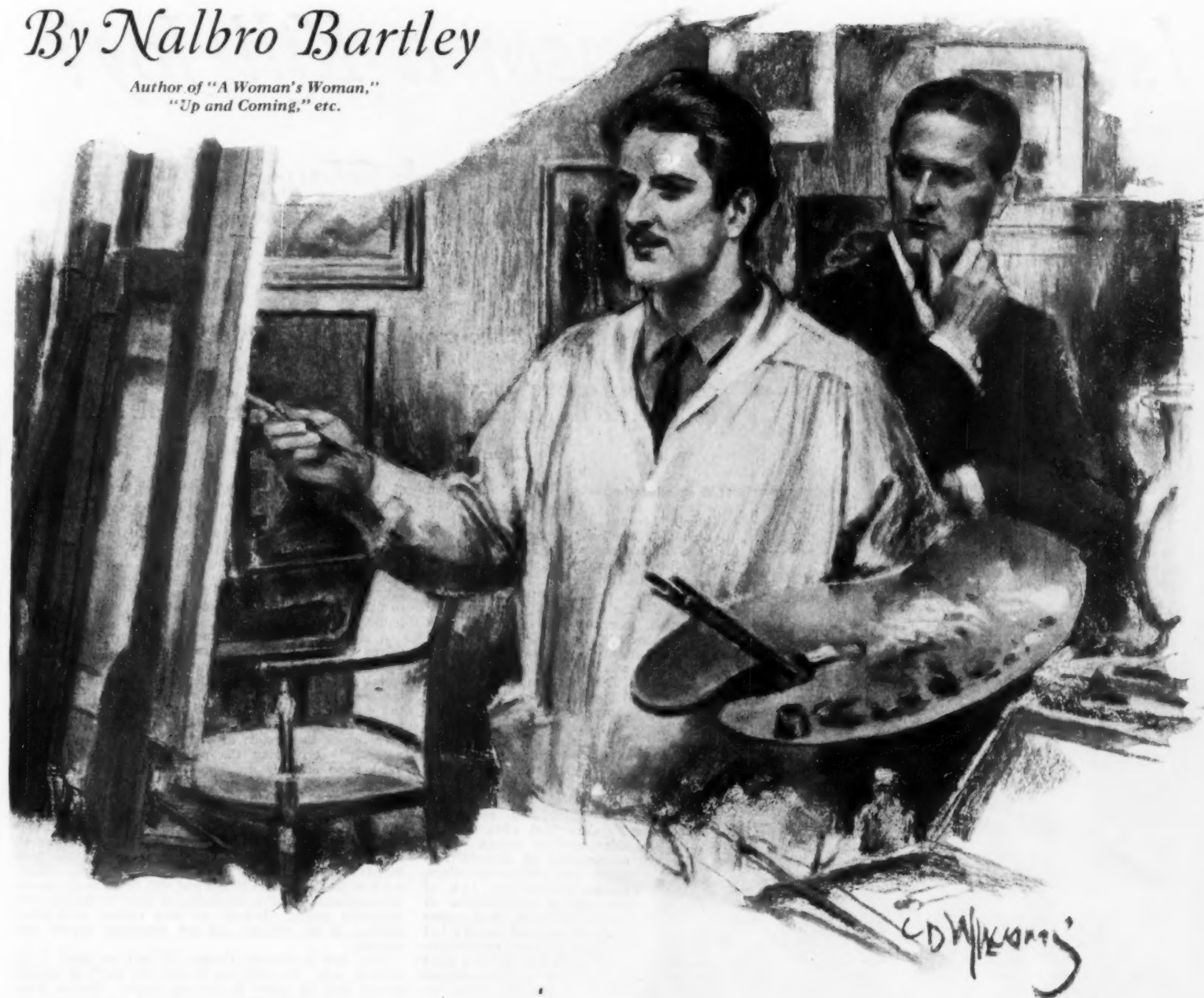
"What did she say?" she asked gently.

"She thought I was a customer—in the old shop under the hill. Began telling me she had a wonderful buy in the way of a spinnet, then confiding the whole terrible story, from her foolish marriage to her awful end. Every now and then, she broke off to ask if I wanted any bristol glass or if Nancy was coming to do the dishes. It was terrible to listen to." Nancy was frightened at the terror in his eyes. "Don't ask me to be punished any more. It was enough!"

NANCY looked away but his slow, yellow eyes seemed to draw her back. "After I came away, I couldn't stop thinking about it, how frail she is and yet how she lives on and on, the horrible screech she gave when I left her—it isn't fair to be haunted and then expect a man to do his best work—you've got to help me lay the ghost. Nancy, no one else understands so well. I won't have you say it was all my fault—it was not. Was it your fault you were born devil's dust?" He held her hands so tightly, she did not try to break away. "It wasn't, was it? And how would you have risen above it if things had not happened and the Cabots helped? Think of that too."

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman,"
"Up and Coming," etc.



THERE is no use in such thinking," Nancy protested. "I cannot change the way I feel."

"But you can't change my loving you—and you can reclaim me, you can give the world a second Hilary Morse, who will complete his father's work," he said with sudden childish confidence. "I need the right woman and then I'll work—and arrive. I'll make up to you for all your effort. You're the steady, straight ahead sort that can hold a man to his best—you were always so, weren't you? Well, by God, you'll not desert me now, will you?" He let her hand drop as he sank back among the pillows, his face white and shiny as if he had been ill for a long time. Nancy did not notice his grip had released her. It was as if two people had been speaking—Hilary's terrifying pleas and Peter's gentle commands. . . . Why drift on with a mechanical sort of content by day and a reckless, hopeless unhappiness by night, half river girl, half Brighton prodigy, wholly despairing in her love for Peter Cabot? If she was to sustain herself, she must have definite action—not endless and conflicting thoughts and sluggish routine. She must come to grips with reality. What more vital, selfless opportunity could await her than to give Hilary his chance—repay her own debt to society? If it was not romance, would it not be an altruistic form of progress? Sentiment aside—if from such a marriage came Hilary's regeneration, some worthwhile contribution to science or art—was it not worth the doing? Had the devil's dust ever the right to refuse allying itself with helpless, needed "gold"? If Peter could not turn to her for help, was she not fortunate in a selfless sense to have this added brilliant man ask her for her aid?

"Very well," she heard herself saying, "let us try."

"You don't believe in me," he accused. "You are merely sorry—or are you cold-bloodedly calculating what it will

mean for Nancy Odell to become Mrs. Hilary Morse?" His vanity egged him on.

"No, no," she whispered softly, as if under pressure, and to herself, "Peter, Peter!"

"Don't you see it is right, you primitive goddess creature?" his slow, yellow eyes kindled as he stared into her face.

"I think I do," she made herself answer Hilary. "It means we must begin on a new basis—"

"You don't love me?" he asked so quickly she knew it to be a long harbored accusation—and that she would be asked it many times!

"Not your sort of love, perhaps. But that isn't what you need," was the straight answer. "If I loved you too much, Hilary, I couldn't understand you."

"You've never let yourself love anyone, have you?" he urged boyishly. "That is some consolation—I can have the first try at winning you. You're pent up because you are afraid to live. They've kept you too busy learning. They got you young enough, before you'd grown too fond of the old, rough life. Well, I loved you then, in my way. I could have fought McGuire for you time on end. I don't know why I have always wanted you but I've never been able to convince myself I did not. I suppose you will always have that against me, won't you, that I once loved you like a cad—but I'll work until you say I've won your love, isn't that a fair bargain? Peter," as the door opened, "she has promised to marry me—haven't you, Nancy darling—I'm better than any well man—I'm a triumphant one!"

BUT you must come to us," Daphne insisted, her hand on Nancy's arm. We'll not consider any other arrangement—now that things are settled. The only thing I have been amazed at is that you did plan to stay

on in the office. You must realize all that will have to be done. You are not marrying one of the shipping clerks, my dear."

Nancy changed her walk to harmonize with Daphne's mincing steps. She refrained from too definite a refusal. Muffled in furs, Daphne drew aside one of her superfluous veils to gaze at Nancy reproachfully. They had reached the steps of Hidden House. "Probably you did not think of what we might want," she accused.

"I tried to think of everything," Nancy said in desperation. "It seemed to me the wisest thing to stay on." As the door opened, she stepped back, almost formally, until Daphne preceded her. Tea was ordered to be served in the library.

"Imagine my having to come and drag you out here," Daphne resumed, as Nancy, from force of habit, mended the fire and found Daphne's favorite cushions for her chair. "Don't do all those cheerful little things that give me an octogenarian background," she added with pettish humor. "Or are you training to be sweet to your future Mamma Madge? Poor old Madge, this is a blow! If it was hard to live at Sevenoaks with Hilary, what will it be when Hilary-and-wife begin to be deadly serious?"

Daphne sipped her tea with satisfaction. Nancy had selected a huge, Turkish hassock. In her business suit and white blouse, she seemed but a long-legged school girl, even to the black hair straying carelessly over her forehead. Only the third finger of her left hand with its imposing solitaire ring gave any clue to the fact that she might be engrossed with a trousseau rather than French verbs.

"Why argue?" asked Nancy gently. "We cannot see the thing in the same light. You don't gauge Hilary as I do." To herself, she added, "Nor love Peter as I love him."

"What about gauging Hilary— [Turn to page 28]

Is the Screen Censor a Kill-Joy?

By Ralph Hayes

Formerly Assistant to Will Hays, President of "The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc." and now the Director of The New York Community Trust

How do you regard the movie censor? Do you feel with Mr. Hayes that a too rigorous censorship strangles truth and allows only the sham unrealities of life to be depicted on the screen of your neighborhood theater?

Illustrated by O. F. Howard



FILM showing the destruction of Rome came to a theater in a city which we shall call Cleveland, because that is its name. A policeman on his beat strolled in, saw the pictures, sniffed danger to the commonwealth, and stopped the exhibition. The aggrieved theater owner appealed to the mayor. A hearing was held. The Chief of Police was present. So was the complaining patrolman. The defendant, filled with eloquence and indignation, described his picture—it was educational, historical, artistic, inspiring; it portrayed the burning of the Eternal City and Nero fiddling away his time. . . . The policeman was unaffected. He had heard fine speeches before. They left him cold.

"I went in there," he said to the mayor, "and looked at the thing he's tellin' about; what I saw was an Eyetalian committin' arson!" . . . Those men looked at the same thing. One saw an historic spectacle unfold—the Seven Hills aflame. And one saw just a felony compounded—"an Eyetalian—committin' arson."

Essentially physical things can be measured and judged on reasonably standardized scales. But when we consider artistic things, things compounded of thought and spirit and fancy—paintings, books, études—the job of judgment is more elusive. A dozen chemists will agree about poisoned water; but poll a dozen motion picture fans about a film!

A middle-western mayor tried exactly that a couple of years ago. One of those social hygiene pictures, with a flare for the sensational, came to his city. He chose a dozen

of the town's "best minds," and asked them to see and judge it. They viewed it and divided promptly into two groups, one holding that the revelation of vice is a degrading thing, to be discouraged; and the other maintaining that viciousness is not to be combated by a conspiracy of silence and mystery that tries to make of it a thing not to be spoken of nor known about. The jury stood 8 to 4, and both sides had enough solidarity to fight it out on that line if it took all summer, which it did.

A half dozen states and more cities have hired themselves official motion picture censor boards, and the experiment has gone on long enough to warrant the assertion that it provides little inspiration for the cheering section. Some high-minded people have gone into the censoring business despite its non-living wage, but in the main the Master Minds have passed it by. We may attack the system of censorship, however, without necessarily criticizing the personality of the censors. With some of their decisions the taste of many of us would agree. We may eulogize or disapprove the work of Mr. Hays; we may deplore what seems a stereotyped stupidity in the ordinary movie of commerce; we may favor in the case of motion pictures the same provisions of law, enforceable through the courts, as in the case of, say, obscene postcards, or the same prohibition from interstate commerce as applies to indecent magazines; we may do all of these things and still consistently oppose governmental, political censoring of films by boards with summary power. Indeed, we may concur with every opinion of the censors and yet staunchly oppose censorship.

This last is true in theory; it isn't so likely to be true in fact. For the fact is that the trails of censors astray may be found in strange places. George Bizet would not recognize his Carmen if he could see what two dozen sets of censors had left of its picture version after they had moralized upon it. One state limited the kisses of Carmen to five feet; another prohibited the duel of Morales and Don Jose; a municipal board refused to let Carmen die at all—for "the killing of women by men is objectionable!"

Most of us will recall the attempt of the Pennsylvania board to reform the institution of birth by deleting the portion of a film picturing a wife showing her husband some baby clothes and a cradle. They were going to have a child, but that didn't appeal to the board as a justification. It is not simple to see how the ends of chastity were served by forcing a subtitle in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* to be changed from "It's a Boy" to "The Boy Is Doing Well."

One of the reports of the Pennsylvania censors tells how pictures have been rejected because they dealt with "objectionable subjects" such as "language in subtitles which is profane" and "the destruction of property." Indeed the Keystone State may go a step beyond mere censorship. Another of the official reports of its Board, referring to such things as "explanations of prenatal scenes in subtitles" and "women informing other women about their pregnancy" quotes with approval and concurrence the remark of "a sage Pennsylvanian" that "for such conditions you do not need [Turn to page 79]

"One state limited the kisses of Carmen to five feet of film!"



Or Does He Preserve Your Morals?

By John S. Sumner

Secretary of "The Society for the Suppression of Vice"

On the other hand, perhaps you believe, like Mr. Sumner, that censorship is necessary for the preservation of wholesome standards; that, without it, the flower of the screen drama would become an unclean weed, a menace to morals

Illustrated by O. F. Howard



CESS leads to prohibition."

These warning words have very recently been uttered by Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, to those authors and publishers, those dramatists and producers, who in their offerings to the public are violating every standard of decency and ordinary propriety.

Bad as is the situation we do not believe that the necessity yet exists for a pre-publication review—a censorship of books and plays.

Innate optimism and a belief in the theory of cycles of conduct lead one to hope that it is a temporary manifestation and that sanity and a condition of less reckless avarice will return.

There is, however, the need of some improvement in penal laws to make them more instantly effective. Moreover, the danger signal is set and woe to those who fail to heed the rising tide of public resentment. They are surely doomed.

The situation as to motion pictures is and probably always will be distinctly different. No film for ordinary commercial exploitation should be exhibited without the approval in advance of some competent official agency, either state or national. Also, the pictures and wording of all film advertising posters should be similarly reviewed.

"We are all by inheritance mimetic monkeys," says Stuart P. Sherman in "The Atlantic Monthly."

"As we grow older, we learn to check the overt expression of these spontaneous responses of the nervous organism. . . . But common experience proves that, in impressionable persons, the activity of nerves and imagination stimulated by works of art has the possessive and unopposable force of a dream, and controls the physical organism, sometimes with quite unaesthetic consequences."

More than to any other class, the motion picture appeals to the impressionable element in the community. The bulk of its patrons are children and youth.

NO agency so universal in its appeal, so powerful in the conveying of impressions has ever before been known. Who has not heard the children of six and seven years literally scream with delight at the buffooneries of some screen comedian? Who has not heard those of older growth yell with excitement as the cavalry comes thundering head-on, at the last moment, to save the besieged settlers from the attacking Indians? Who has not observed the young couples in the back rows spooning when love-making is vividly portrayed?

Many years ago in New York State a statute was enacted forbidding the publication and sale of books and magazines devoted to and chiefly made up of pictures or stories of bloodshed, lust or crime. The public, through its representatives in the legislature, recognized the stimulation to youthful criminality of such publications. Now we have an agency which a thousand times more impressively portrays before the eye the very living act of the counterfeit criminal. Theft, assault, murder, arson, acts of infidelity, every detail of complicated schemes to defraud, are vividly portrayed daily to millions of impressionable persons.

We do not mean to say that there are no wholesome, inspiring photoplays. There are many of them. But think over the pictures which you yourself have recently seen and consider how few lacked some display of physical violence, the portrayal of scenes of bloodshed, lust and crime.

Pictures are advertised as containing a thrill a

minute. Unrelated situations are introduced into some well-known story of former years to give it a "kick," an insertion often humiliating to the author.

Bathing girls in scanty costumes are woven into stories which you and I read in our childhood in which no such incidents occurred.

Quite unnecessary harem scenes are injected into tales of the Middle West.

The experience of William Allen White is a case in point. A woman saw a screen version of a story by Mr. White and, at a public hearing which was noted in the press, she said that it was the
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Who has not observed the young couples in the back rows spooning when love-making is vividly portrayed?

Eyes That Are Blind

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Lone Wolf," etc.

Illustrated by John La Gatta

Van Suydam Smith, avowedly of Fifth Avenue but secretly a great amateur detective, solves a fascinating mystery of the Broadway half-world which often rubs elbows with Vanity Fair



music than the band's, when a diversion was caused in the neighborhood of the entrance by an elderly man in antiquated dress clothes who was being interrogated by two of the maitres d'hôtel.

The girl sitting next to Van Suydam Smith loudly giggled: "Do look at Uncle!"

The strange figure in the quaint clothing cut a contrast with the

"I'm not," the strange figure desperately asserted, "not till I've found out if she is here. It won't do you no harm to let me look around."

"This is a club," was the verdict. "Unless you're with a member, you can't stay here. That's a club rule; you should never have been let in."

Van Suydam Smith sauntered forward a few paces. "Half a minute, old sweetheart," he said. "Can't have you turning our guest away like this."

The club servants goggled in astonishment. No one could have looked more unlike a guest of their most insouciant member than this funny old bird.

Van thrust out a hand. "Sergeant-Major Smee, you're not looking as fit as you used to at Chateau Thierry!"

The elderly stranger stood quite still and speechless for a second, staring at the immaculate slim person, with the wistful blue eyes and the vague smile. "Don't say you've forgotten us, Smee."

The worried look suddenly slipped from the man's face. He clicked his heels and drew himself up in salute, and took Van's hand. "Good God, sir!" he cried, "the captain! Who'd've thought of meeting you here, sir?"

Van Suydam Smith took him by the arm. "Come upstairs, Smee, and tell us what the row's about."

A break of laughter and applause came from the direction of Van's table. The two men so utterly unlike presented a diverting spectacle: the amusement it generated became general throughout the room. Up the steps to a corner of the lounge Van Suydam Smith, the unpretending fop, led the laughable figure of the ex-soldier in clumsy evening clothes.

"I can't seem to get over meeting you here, sir, never having laid eyes on you since the day we bagged them machine guns and both got casualties, though I did read afterwards about your getting your Medal of Honor—"

"What are you doing now, sergeant?" Van quietly interrupted—"and what brings you to this hole in the ground? Tell us all about it."

"It's a long story, sir," grimly answered the ex-non-commissioned officer, worry returning to his haggard, weather-beaten face; "but it amounts to this: little Amy, my daughter, ran away from home about three weeks ago and, as her mother is now dying, I'm trying to find her. I heard she was dancing for a living in the cabarets, and for a week I've been looking all over for her." He touched his clothing. "I had to borrow this rig," he explained with unconscious pathos, "because they wouldn't give me a look in at most places unless I was what they called 'dressed.'"

"I don't do that sort of thing with people I don't know"

Van tapped a cigarette in reflective comment on human tragedy outlined with so much military brevity. "Rotten bad luck, Smee; but we won't be downhearted about it. How old is your little girl? We may be able to help."

"Nineteen, sir, and considered a good looker. She was a good girl, too, but flightier than girls like her was in my day. All these moving pictures and dance places and automebels seemed to go to her head like boot-liquor. She had a good job as a waitress, and being what you might call a cut above the ordinary in looks she got mixed up in a flirtation with one of the customers at the Mountain House. I saw her with him one night

VAN SUYDAM SMITH, complete with sun-burn, wistful smile, and what one of his associates had termed the first person plural of a duplex personality, was the modest center of levity of a group of dancing incandescents which had set up its early morning headquarters at a corner table in Murray's Club; one of many like crews of youth, age, nobility and mobility, either well or expensively groomed, engaged in habitual or casual pursuit of the allurements and intimacies of the dance. At most of the tables the tone was irresponsibility, natural or forced; at some, blasé resignation; at others, frank enjoyment of an occasional adventure. But round the orb of gleaming nappery where Van Suydam Smith sat the frothiest frivolity of the room was concentrated. The incongruity of his appearance with its entire absence of any hint of care or concern with the cold, hard facts of life, attracted irresponsibility plus youth as a candle draws moths.

The fourth encore of a new one-step had just ended, and a ripple of light laughter and lighter conversation, rattle of plates and clink of glasses, was making merrier

surroundings so pathetic, as he searched the dance room with his eyes, that Van Suydam Smith lazily got on his feet and commented, "We're missing the patter of this comedian. We must get a little nearer." To a buzz of laughter he lounged toward the group at the entrance, where for a few minutes he stood carelessly humming a snatch of jazz and listening to the altercation.

"What's the trouble, Charles?" he drawled presently.

"No trouble at all, sir," the attendant answered; "this old bird has flocked down here somehow by mistake and now he's going to flock back the way he came, perfectly peaceful."



"We have been looking for an old sweetheart of ours." "Which one?" a voice enquired

when she'd ought to been home helping her mother with the house work. Him being dressed in these sort of clothes"—Smee again indicated his antique evening dress—"it didn't look respectable or right for her to be stepping out with anybody like that, sir; so I went up and spoke to her and she didn't like it a little bit—said I was making her look foolish. Then this imitation gent wanted to know who the hell I was and I told him pretty quick; told him to keep his mouth shut, too, or I'd shut it for him. And I got a hold of Amy and made her come home with me; and when I got her there I read the riot act to her while she was getting supper. The next day she never come home at all and we've never set eyes on her since, and never had no word from her. She just dropped out like she was dead."

"Did you find out who the man was?"

"Yes, sir; they told me at the Mountain House where Amy'd been waitressing. He was something to do with

a musical comedy what had been down our way—name of Rudle. Far's I could make out he never wore khaki. Stopped at home dancing in th'atrical shows while every male man was fighting for their country. That got my goat for fair. Besides, Amy was brung up a good Methodist; and I guess you know about how much religion these chorus boys and th'atrical men generally has got. Amy's mother's been breaking her heart about the whole business, and says I drove our little girl away with my harshness and insisting on her always being home in time for evening prayers. Maybe she's right in a way; but nobody can't tell me Amy'd come to any good going around with a th'atrical fellow who wouldn't fight and never goes to church Sundays."

IS THIS the child you had with you in Arizona before the war?" enquired Van Suydam Smith.

"That's the kid, sir. The wife and I have often talked

about that day when you took little Amy on your shoulders to the officers' mess and give 'er a big box of chocolates. You remember, sir?"

"She was too sweet a little girl to forget, Smee; but that was a long time ago. What does she look like today?"

SMEE produced a photograph from his breast pocket. Van for some moments studied it in silence. "She's wearing a dress she made herself to go to a party at Chatham, down where we live. It's the spit and image of her, sir."

"We've got a notion we've seen her about somewhere. Sergeant Smee," Van announced. "We'll see if we can't find her for you."

"You will, sir?" exclaimed the man; "but—!"

"Smee, you must leave this photograph with us and we will look her up for you. We know all these places."



Van took a thin gold case from his pocket and extracted a card. "There's the address of our rooms. Give us yours and hold yourself ready to come the minute we wire for you."

The relief on the face of the ex-army man was touching. He had all the old regular army faith in and unquestioning reliance on the omniscience and omnipotence of his officer. "It's a Godsend I met up with you tonight, sir. It'll be as good as a tonic to Mrs. Smeed when I tell her you have promised to find Amy. It's a terrible thing to lose a child like this, sir. God knows what's happened to her, gone wrong entirely, maybe, and her so well brought up. But blood's thicker than water, sir, as the wife says. Hadn't I better come along, sir, maybe, and—"

YOU will go straight back to Mrs. Smeed and do your best to comfort her until you hear from us, sergeant. We will do all the sleuthing that's necessary, and will let you know when we have any news."

"Have you any idea, maybe, sir, when—?" Van Suydam Smith got up.

"We have got several ideas, sergeant," he kindly lied; "just leave it to us and carry out our instructions."

When Smeed had departed, Van Suydam Smith, vaguely insouciant, wistfully debonair, rejoined his party, answering hilarious enquiries regarding "Uncle" with mild but pointed badinage. "Where have you been to all this time?" one of the girls reproachfully demanded. "You've missed two dances you made me promise you."

"Dear child," Van said, "you would never believe us if we told you. We have been looking for an old sweetheart of ours."

"Which one?" a ribald voice enquired. "What vintage?"

Van grinned. "The one and only. We will introduce you, perhaps, when she blows along. Like to see her picture?"

Half a dozen hands reached for the photograph. "Do let me see." And Van resigned the portrait of Amy to the girl nearest.

"Silly ass!" was the unhesitating comment—"one of your alleged jokes, I presume. What's her name? Rather nice looking little thing, too."

One of the men leaned over the girl's shoulder.

"I seem to know her face," he said. "Who is she?"

"Don't you know?" Van drawled.

"She reminds me of some one, Van."

The girl next him took the picture. "Why!" she exclaimed to Van—"it's Hermione. What are you doing with Hermione's photograph?"

"Who's Hermione?" asked another man.

"Hermione—don't be silly!—that little thing who is always stepping with Billy Rudle. She's a stage dancer or something."

"Lord! so it is. You'll be getting concussion of the brain, if any," the man added to Van—"if you go chasing after Rudle's girl. He's a hard lot—mean customer to cross."

"Rudle's a swine," remarked the girl who had identified the portrait. "I can't understand a nice kid like that having anything to do with him."

"Know her well?" Van enquired, recovering the photograph.

"I've seen her all over town, dancing, but I have never spoken to her. Is she coming here tonight?"

"Hope so," Van smiled. "There goes the band. May we?" And casually, "Who is this Rudle lad?" he enquired as they slipped smoothly into a one-step.

HE USED to have a small part in a musical comedy I tramped with. We made it too hot for him for dodging the draft and making money, when every other fellow who was worth his salt went to fight. After that, Rudle worked up a vaudeville dancing act of his own. He was a pretty good hooper. Been in jail, too, I believe. They say he runs some sort of a funny joint somewhere on the upper West Side.

"Do you mean a gambling den or something?"

"I'm sure I don't know what it is," the girl asserted; "but there have always been all sorts of wicked rumors about Billy Rudle; and there must be something in them, because he will never tell anybody exactly where he lives, or take any of his pals home for a bite or a drink.

Must be something shady where he hangs out. But how do you happen to be totting Hermione's photo?"

"As a matter of fact, my dear, we just sort of picked it up."

"How funny!" the girl observed. "Rudle must have dropped it. Only—I haven't seen him about tonight."

"D'you happen to know where the delightful Hermione lives?" Van drawled as he skilfully led his partner through the milling mob on the dance floor.

"I always thought you didn't like talking when you danced!" the girl exclaimed. "You can ask her yourself when you see her," she laughed, "and see what Billy Rudle says. You seem heaps fussed about her."

AN HOUR or so later, when Van was waltzing slowly along the edge of the crowded floor, thinking of nothing but the rhythm of the band, he drew level with his former partner and she lightly touched his shoulder. "Rudle," her softest voice said; and she pointed to a small side table where a man sat alone, dragging at a cigarette as if the night held no other interest for him, no promise; as though he were utterly bored, but didn't know where to seek another and a less lonesome form of entertainment.

Van composedly pranced through the dance and its encore and restored his partner to her place at the supper table, then took out a cigarette, apologized, strolled up the room to Rudle's table, and sat himself down in one of the vacant chairs.

Rudle fixed him with a glacial glare. "The table's engaged," he announced curtly.

"Serve it jolly well right," Van drawled with cheerful interest. "Do you happen to have a match or anything like that on you?" Rudle looked him up and down and, turning away, silently resumed his former attitude.

"Dammit!" said Van—"we have got a match of our own, after all! Odd how these jolly little beggars will hide themselves, ain't it, Mr. Rudle?"

Rudle looked round wita

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Amy, together with several other girls, was waiting in the space reserved for professional partners unengaged



Illustrated by
Arthur Becher

"'He is not here, but is risen: remember how He spake unto you when He was yet in Galilee'"—Luke XXIV, 6

The Message of Easter

By the Right Reverend William T. Manning
D.D., LL.D., Bishop of New York



AT EASTER the whole Christian world is moved by one great thought. Whatever there is of faith in any heart seems to be stirred into new life on this great day. Our thoughts go back to that morning in the garden, long ago, when the two angels stood by the empty tomb, and the great stone was rolled away, and the keepers became as dead men for fear, and Jesus Christ came forth to bring life and immortality to light forever.

The event which occurred in that garden changed the life of the world. At that empty tomb history divides into old and new. The old order of things runs right up to it, a new order of things starts immediately from it. No one can question this fact. We recognize it every time we write the date on a cheque, or a letter. *History made a new beginning on the day that Jesus Christ rose from the dead.*

How are we to account for the fact that the empty tomb on that first Easter morning is the dividing point of history? We Christians have no difficulty in accounting for it. To us it is natural and inevitable that it should be so. It is accounted for by the fact that He Who came forth from that tomb is Jesus Christ, the Saviour

Do the attacks on the divinity of Christ, now being made by a certain element within the church itself, trouble you? Do you feel the need of clarifying your own faith once more, of meeting these new issues and looking them straight in the face? Believing that the readers of McCall's will welcome answers to these questions formulated by someone in high authority, the Editor asked Bishop Manning to write a series of articles upon the questions now under discussion. As head of the Protestant-Episcopal Church in New York, Bishop Manning's reputation as a religious leader is fully as great abroad as it is in America. In recognition of his services during the World War, he was made an Officer of the Order of the Crown of Belgium and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. In presenting this, the first article from his pen, the Editor believes he is offering to McCall's readers the finest religious contribution ever made to these columns.—The Editor

of the world. It was His resurrection, as St. Paul tells us, which declared Him to be the Son of God with power. It is because of His resurrection that we believe in Him, pray to Him and put our trust in Him today. It was the fact of His resurrection which changed His discouraged, dispirited disciples into a band of men with a faith in Him which nothing could shake, and which overcame the world. It was the fact of His resurrection which produced that marvelous book which we call the New Testament. But for the fact of the resurrection not a line of the New Testament would ever have been written. Its writers would have had no message of faith and hope to give, but only a story of hopeless defeat. It was the fact of the resurrection which brought into existence the Christian Church, the most wonderful institution this world has ever seen. Except for the resurrection there would have been no Christian Church, no reason for its existence, no Gospel for it to preach. It is the fact of the resurrec-

tion which in every age since has brought to men the same message of faith, and comfort, and triumphant certainty, which rings through the pages of the New Testament. The evidence for the resurrection is overwhelming. The whole of Christian civilization and human progress bears witness to it. As a great scholar has said, "the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the best attested fact in human history." And our own hearts, and souls, bear still deeper witness to it.

IT'S well for us to realize the inherent reasonableness of the message which Easter brings. Men have always believed, more or less, in their own immortality. Nothing has ever been able to kill this belief within them. And the higher men have risen in the scale of being, the more surely they have believed this. *The greater and nobler the soul, the more impossible it becomes for it to believe in its own extinction.* We see the evidence of this belief in the pyramids of Egypt, in the legends of Greece, in the Hindoo's belief in the transmigration of souls, in the ancestor worship of the Chinese.

God wore this longing for immortality into the very fabric of the human soul.

The Easter message is God's [Turn to page 30]



She raised the long field glasses to her eyes, at first blinded by the great red disk of the setting sun. The caravan was filing slowly out of the ravine.

Illustrated by W. E. Heidland

The Man-Eater

By Henry Milner Rideout

Author of "The Winter Bell," "The White Tiger,"
"Admiral's Light," Etc.

ALTHOUGH women usually hold no charm for Captain Morgan, one woman seems to haunt his memory. She is the passenger he once met on the deck of a Red Sea liner, the mysterious equestrienne who predicted his fortune and called him by name on the bridge path at Simla, the girl whose photograph adorns his colonel's desk. And yet Captain Morgan does not know her name. So he goes about his duty at a far-away post in Northern India—in the saddle by day, camping among the hills at night. In winning the title "Man-Eater" among the native outlaws, he has earned their undying hatred, especially that of Gulab Din, a chief. One night, by a clever ruse, Gulab Din's bandits lure Morgan away from his troopers and carry him off to their stronghold in the hills. Through the grating of his cell door he can observe his captors at their evening

feast. Among them stands a beautiful native girl who is to be Gulab Din's reward for capturing and killing the "Man-Eater."

HER voice in that den sounded like music gone astray. Between arm and hip she lifted the dull red jar against the dark blue silk of her garment. She was the girl who had aired her falcon on the roof. "Our Lady of the Murderers," thought Morgan. "O pearl before swine!"

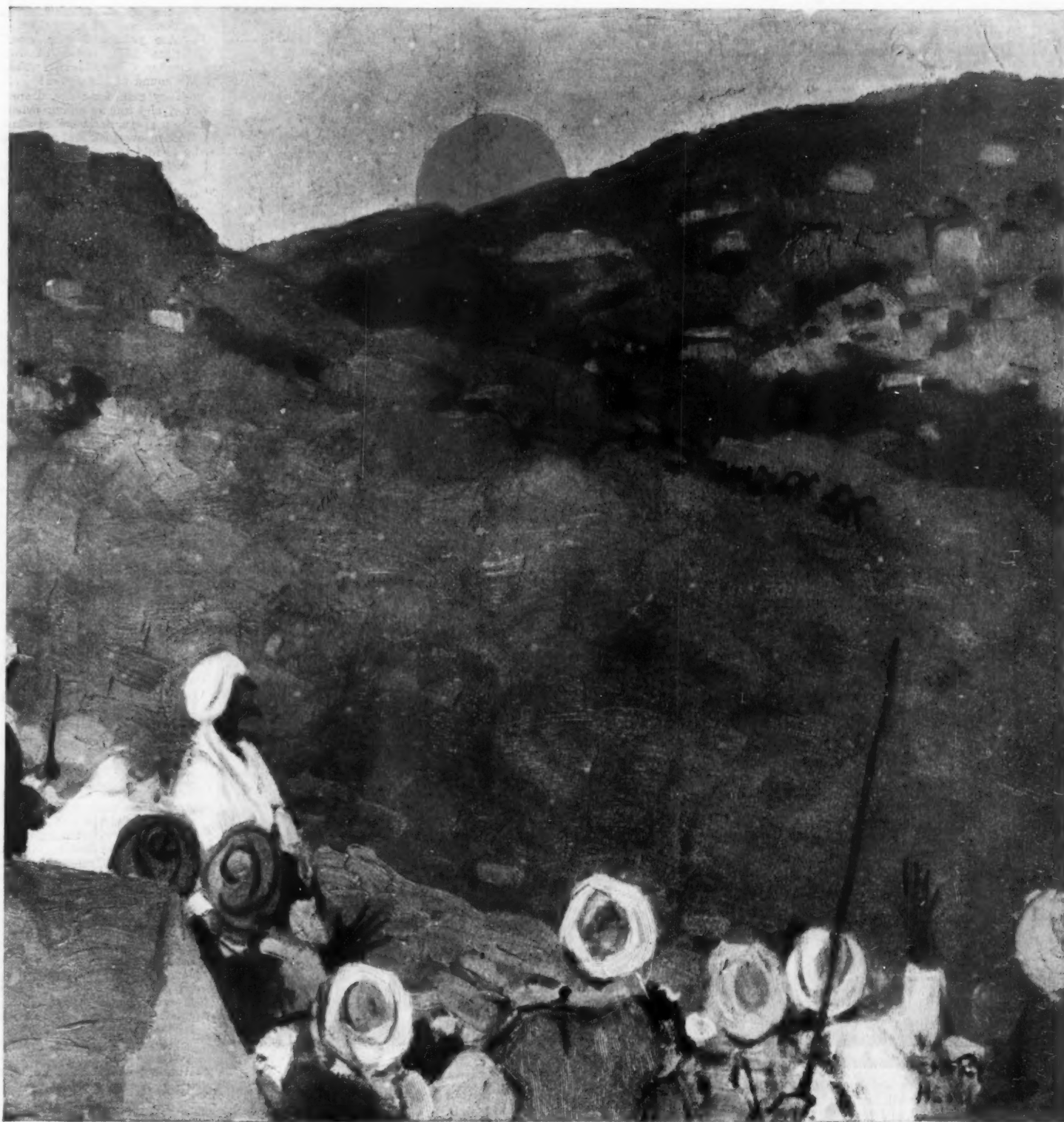
Gulab Din squatted there, beard on shoulder, and grinned up at her, gloating. "It is so," he echoed. "I

caught him. By your father's promise you are mine. Take these, a gift."

He spoke as a master to a dog, and with no more ceremony held toward her a small white bundle which Morgan guessed to be his own belongings knotted in his handkerchief. The girl took it without a word.

"Perhaps I will give you the shawan's money," continued Gulab Din. "After tomorrow. Look, his purse. I will count all his pieces of silver." He chinked a handful of rupees, vaingloriously.

WHO counts," said Miriam Bibi as if thinking aloud, "who counts, loses." She quoted a proverb, recalled a superstition, nothing more, but dwelt over the words and made them sweet upon her tongue. Morgan lay watching and listening so hard that perhaps the effort made him too keen. The sweetness might have been a



A great sigh of relief went up from the crowd of natives milling about the wall of the old fort. There would be no hanging this time

threat. Like her mild and down-cast patience it seemed to veil danger.

"Last night I did not lose. I won," said Gulab Din. All the same he poured the money into the purse and rammed the purse into his waistbands. "The Man-Eater is my wedding gift. He's in there, asleep. He starves while we feed." The girl turned away, smiling. Unless it were a deceit of bad light, Morgan read her smile. This young lost Madonna loathed the man from the bottom of her soul. Feeding went on merrily, talking spread and grew noisy again; but though her shadow loomed once or twice on the farthest wall, Miriam Bibi did not reappear. As if she had withdrawn a light, her absence made the hunched figures look more gloomy, the bearded faces darker, their very ear-locks more dishevelled.

The meal came to an end abruptly. The door creaked open, and from without a man's voice, in hurry or excitement, called:

"Brothers, come see! Fazl Muhammad has shot—"

With one accord the tribesmen jumped up, those in the archway first, half a dozen more rushing after, and were gone. One hasty foot knocked over the lamp or stepped in the oil, extinguishing the little flame. The

door banged, many feet pattered away on hard ground, men talked as they ran, and left behind a surprising stillness.

Whom or what Cousin Fazl Muhammad's gun had brought down, Morgan never knew. He lost no time in speculation, but was up at once, through the arch, treading among empty platters, feeling for the door. No luck: it was fast. "And I daresay they've gobbled the house out."

A FEW embers glowed. He made his way cautiously about the room, from end to end. The Waziris had eaten all, or carried the last mouthfuls with them. One prize however he found: a sweating jar half filled with water from which he drank.

Greatly restored, he took the jar back to his own room, where later he drank again, and wetting his head leaned at the window to catch any draught of coolness. He expected nothing more to happen this night, and therefore gave a jump when something did.

"What the deuce?"

It happened under his nose. The patch of stars blackened; there was a grating movement, a dull clink; and then some one began to tap very gently as with a

pebble on the stone ledge—three taps, then a pause, then three taps again. Whatever darkened the opening remained there. Morgan, reaching toward it felt a brass bowl heapingful, a brass cup, and behind these, alive, startling to the touch, the bent fingers of a little warm hand, no sooner encountered than gone. He whispered after it in the loophole.

"The blessing of him who is about to perish."

There was not another sound. He waited, and tried again.

"Bees do make honey by moonlight."

It seemed, but might be fancy, that he caught the stir of a swiftly indrawn breath, checked as by fright—the least and most timorous phantom of a desire to laugh. Certainly outside the wall something stole away. Where the hand had been, lay a flat pebble.

"To spite her future bridegroom," he thought. "Miriam Bibi, for a ducat! I knew that girl had a will of her own."

THE dish contained *pilau* of rice and mutton, still warm; the cup, a good strong drink of native liquor. Both, after twenty-four hours' fast, were excellent. Time passed much better now.



So it was she whom Edmund Bull had seen on the Colonel's verandah!

He sat with back against the wall, ruminating. Once he rose to look at the stars, and to hope that they had wheeled past midnight. He sat down again.

It was long afterwards that the door creaked. Here, thought Morgan, came the cousins trooping in, but no, he was mistaken for the silence remained as before. Again, more sharply, dry wood groaned. He bent forward and hearkened. Some one pushing the door open little by little might have made those two sounds. No more were made of any kind but when the captain had leaned back and forgotten them—"Come!" said a whisper. "Rise! Come!"

MORGAN got up, moved forward, and heard brushing garments pass quickly through the archway.

A hand caught his own, drew him sidewise through the door, no larger than a child's hand, but firm, strong, it led and at the same time, repressed, making him follow with extreme care. Still, after that black room, drenched the world in misty light. His guide, a bundle, took him down a lane of ghosts, of the dead—sheeted figures, men asleep on *durpays*, head to foot, a double rank along which his boots at every creeping step gritted as though to wake the valley. They were past, when a man called out behind them, and one of the cots gave a squeak. Morgan felt the little hand grow hard.

But the voice roused nobody: it was only that of a sleeper mumbling as he rolled over. They moved on again, hand in hand.

At last among stubble his companion halted, and

fiercely broke their contact. "Jao!" she snarled. "Go!"

It was a woman, this creature without shape. It flung into his hand a white wad of cloth—his handkerchief, knotted and weighty. He could hear his watch feebly ticking.

"Go! Go, or this will be my wedding day!"

Her *burka* shrouding her from top to toe like a bolster slip gathered round the neck, with one dark window hole across the face, made her grotesque.

"Thank you for life," said Morgan. "I go gladly, to save you from him, and—"

"Go!"

"Which way?" asked the captain. "Up the valley, or down?"

She stood before him perfectly rigid. She made him think of Lot's wife, the pillar of salt.

"Yes! Yes, I thought so!" It had been the stillness of wrath. "You are all fools and asses, you men. I must show you the way. O helpless one! Come then."

TURNING, she went on rapidly, neither up or down the valley, but across it. Morgan followed her. Their feet crunched the dry ground, or rustled in wisps of dead millet stubble now and again, as they climbed the slope of the field; once a dog barked, halting them; once they made a circuit round the flat block of a house, doubtful on flat earthshadow; once, for no reason that he could see or hear, the girl jumped back, waited, then moved forward inch by inch, like a mouse nibbling her way; but in time they began to mount bare hillside rock, which

by the stars he knew for a southern wall of the valley.

"Are you shod with iron?" Miriam Bibi railed at him. "Donkey, Loud-Hoof, waking the hound of the Seven!"

They gained a ridge, dropped over, slid among flying pebbles into a gorge, and climbed again. Morgan overtook and seized her by a fold of cloth.

"Go home," he urged. "Leave me here. Daylight is coming. Go back."

She laughed inside her muffling.

"Here they will find you. And kill you. On."

"What if they do? What then? I am thinking of you, child. Go home now, this moment."

She tugged the cloth away. "Child? In my father's house I am a woman! Die if you like, one devil the less, but not here. I will not marry that Afrit for you."

Morgan bowed to her from his rock below, in the starlight.

"God forbid," said he gravely, "that a white devil should bar your happiness. But it is time you went home."

To that she replied only by going upward like a puff of smoke. The way, which had grown rougher and steeper, now became a zig-zag among splinters of rock, varied by clefts or chimneys to be ascended on all-fours with none too much hold for hand or foot. Active though he was, Morgan had hard work to keep that smoky bundle within view. It reached another summit, waited for him, hurried across, and down a zig-zag even more headlong, chutes of keen-edged gravel, a labyrinth of boulders warm still from yesterday's burning.

"Go back, I tell you."

They dropped on the bed of a gully.

"Quicker now," she said, flitting down.

The notch of water-worn stone grew narrow, deep, with many a turn, the last of which fell into a great round pot-hole.

"Here is the Boiler. No man rides a horse beyond, this way," declared Miriam Bibi. "Now through the Snake's Belly."

A pale-green circle of sky, pricked with whitening stars, hung over them far aloft, seen as from the bottom of a well; her eyes glittered through the square hole in that sack; plainly, there was too much light. Morgan groped in the handkerchief, got his watch, and read its glow-worm dial.

"Quarter to four," he groaned.

"Curse the thing. Stopped. Running down when we heard it."

Miriam Bibi snatched his hand in contempt.

"Child, you will never pass through the Snake's Belly," she cried, "without help. You know nothing, you and your toys."

BY FORCE of anger she dragged him along, till a gap in the rock swallowed them. The same vanished cataract which had bored out the Boiler pothole, here had driven underground a tunnel, hardly wider than a man. With their backs to the left wall, they moved sidewise, down step by step, footing a ledge that again and again was broken off where nothing but her hand, and her impatient word or two in warning, brought him over some unknown depth. The corridor, pitch black, deserved its name, winding and wriggling down with continual bends. At one of these the girl pulled him across, and for a long time led him face to face with the right wall, so tight pressed that the buttons of his tunic scraped and rattled. Somewhere deeper, they crossed again, and thus continued to change, edging now with elbows to rock, now with bosoms to it, always downward.

"Here."

Light glimmered underneath. Suddenly they were out, and could see. Where in the rains a torrent would have spouted, they emerged from the hill to stand on the apron of what had been a waterfall.

"Here is the top of Zulfikar's Tangi. Go down it, babe without a mother—" she began, but stopped. Her voice rose wailing. "Alas, it is day!"

"Ah!" said Morgan, "it comes

[Turn to page 36]

VEGETABLE SOUP

with

Eat Campbell's—

- when you want a good hot luncheon which is really substantial, but not "heavy."
- when your appetite is just "set" for a hearty dish to begin a hearty dinner.
- when you wish tempting food for supper, but not an elaborate meal.
- when you sit down to an impromptu meal, ready almost instantly.
- when you want to enjoy the most famous Vegetable Soup in the world!

It's a meal!

And often the only kind of meal that exactly suits your appetite.

Hot, hearty, delicious soup! You know there are many times when nothing else seems to be so completely satisfying!

Often, too, nothing else is quite so good for you. Campbell's Vegetable Soup gives you the proper variety—the different elements—in your food which dieticians regard as so essential in the healthful meal.

I'm built on springs; on airy wings
I breeze across the winner.
The victor real is Campbell's meal
For supper, lunch or dinner!



32
different
ingredients



No wonder it's so good!

Fifteen of the finest vegetables in this one soup! There is not a home in the land which can constantly obtain for its kitchen such perfection in vegetables.

Broth of selected beef helps to make this soup so invigorating, so appealing to the appetite.

It is abundantly supplied with tissue-building cereals. Fresh herbs. Dainty seasoning by Campbell's famous chefs.

Luncheon • dinner • supper!

Whether you eat it for luncheon or supper or with your dinner, enjoy in this nourishing and delightful Campbell's blend:

Baby limas, dainty peas, sweet corn, vine-ripened tomatoes, potatoes—white and sweet—Chantenay carrots, choice turnips, chopped cabbage, celery, barley, alphabet macaroni.

Relish this very day the tempting flavor of Campbell's Vegetable Soup—a dish you never tire of tasting!

Never be without soup
in your pantry

21 kinds
12 cents a can



Illustrated by
W. D. Koerner

"Where are you going, Annette?" asked Christine coldly. "Why take my furs?"

The Ship of Souls

Emerson Hough

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Covered Wagon," etc.

AN EXQUISITE white singing bird with a voice of gold—that was Christine, daughter of Angus Garra, factor of Fort McTavish. To Langley Barnes, who thought to forget civilization and love and women—to forget above all his wife Alicia—in the waste places of the north, she was as a pure white lily beside her vibrant, beautiful young half-breed sister, Annette. But though the words and wisdom of the old factor proclaimed Barnes and Christine man and wife, Barnes knew that theirs was no true marriage while Alicia lived and while he read in Christine's eyes love for Major Churchill of the Dawson Patrol, just arrived with a nondescript trader, Stikeen Harry.

Left to his own devices when Major Churchill followed the factor into the house, Stikeen Harry lost no time in exploring his new surroundings, as invariably he did, with a view to his own material welfare. He had with him on this trip his red adjutant, Johnnie Atlin. The two obviously hunted together.

"Johnnie," said Stikeen, "more black fox in this post than I ever saw anywhere. I know there's part of it in the Company store rooms. There's a loft over the factory wing. The old man's nutty, sure. The Major'll be so busy—squaring affairs right here, eh?—that you and I'll have plenty chance."

"No dog much," said Johnnie, succinctly, nodding to the river—where in truth, out of the dogs left dead or al-

most dead, there were few remaining, for the local huskies made short work of hides, mocassins, bones, fish, or even dog that came their way.

"What you say, no dog, Johnnie? Plenty dog here." He swept a hand to indicate the Company teams. "The more we take of them, the slower they'll follow us, what? We'll get plenty dogs right here." "No seeum fur yet," grunted the Indian.

"No, but we will. Come dark we'll use that loft ladder at the outside window. No locks on any Company windows, eh? Well, that might have done once! Times has changed, and the old fool don't know it. Tonight we give that loft the once-over, sneak down the best fox to our sleds, and get it snug under the laces."

TONIGHT?" grunted Johnnie.

"Ay—except one thing."

"Hah? Dat gal?"

"Yes. She's got in my blood! I hate to go away and leave her, now. And for some reason, that girl's hostile to the Yankee—that sour ball, what do ye call him?—Barnes."

Johnnie engaged in deep thought for a time. "Take gal along!" said he at length. "Her heap Injun. You heap talk, heap hug-um—she come. Plenty mad on other man. Her look!"

"Look? Looks? I'll say she has! There's a girl to go along, up here, Johnnie."

Johnnie kindled. "Two team! Her drive!"

"And with a sled of silver and black—eh, what? And a girl like that? And a camp like Gravel River promises to be? Johnnie, boy, we've done worse."

"Tonight," said Johnnie, "you heap hug-um. Me, I go up ladder. Dam fools sing, dam fools sleep. We load. Tomorrow night, us three go—gal, me, you!"

"You mean, me, gal, you! Well, Johnnie, I'll say you've got a head. This job is made to order for us—fast workers, quick clean up—get away while they're studying over how it happened."

"Ah-hah. But we got be careful now young man."

"You mean the Yankee?"

"Ah-hah. Him bad, no rub-um smooth."

"I'll rub no man smooth beyond the time I don't want to!" scowled Stikeen. His jaw shut like a trap, his eyes narrowed. "I'll see if I can get that girl one side. Maybe she'll throw in with us. There's something on her mind."

WHEN Stikeen Harry pulled the latch of the factor's room the air was vibrant with sound—music of two voices from the room beyond.

Langley Barnes had been alone out in the cold, thinking, trying to unravel the tangled threads of his own and Christine's life. Now he sat, his eyes on the door that led to the passageway. On his lap lay pages of the newspapers from Dawson.

"Pardon—would you mind?"

began Stikeen as he seated himself also at the cleared table and reached a hand toward the tumbled sheets.

Barnes made no reply.

"Some singers, in there, what? You see, as the Major told me, he used to teach that girl music when he was stationed here at McTavish. A bit thick, eh?"

The maliciousness of this was not susceptible of challenge. Barnes gave no note, except that the color reddened above his beard.

"Pictures, eh?" went on Stikeen coolly, scanning the sheets he had taken up.

His eyes ran over one page after another.

"Palm Beach—where's that? Warm, I reckon." He chuckled. "Well, I've seen the dance halls at Nome and

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

When you are tired of the drudgery of washday—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

When you are in doubt about the wholesome cleanliness
of your clothes—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

When you are trying to find a way to make your household
cleaning problems easier—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

When you are asked to try new things for washing and
cleaning, remember—

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha

And nothing can, for Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than
soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of splendid scap and
real naptha that gives you the benefit of these two great cleaners at the same
time, and in one economical bar.

Give Fels-Naptha its place in your home. Buy a "Golden Bar" today at
your grocer's.

TEST Fels-Naptha's unusual cleansing value. Send 2c in stamps
for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

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Philadelphia



Smell the real
naptha in
Fels-Naptha

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Barnes had been alone, thinking, trying to unravel the tangled threads of his own and Christine's life

Ruby and Fairbanks, and Dawson afore 'em. But then, and again, as the fellow said—but then?"

He had thrust one of the sepia ink pages toward Barnes leerily. "Why bother about the South Seas?"

Barnes turned impatiently, a word on his lips that was arrested; because in spite of himself his eyes had caught a glimpse of something in the photograph that made him look again.

"Bathing Beauties at the Beach. Snappy Snaps of Fair Society Stars in the Costumes of the Season, Latest Limericks"; and so forth.

LITTLE enough was in the portraits to arrest the eye of almost any man; but especially was this true of one half page showing two youngish women in bathing dress sharing a barrel as seat, done in the audacity of their smart set.

At their feet two young men lay in the sand also in bathing costume, laughing, smoking, one offering the end of his cigar in threat to the upturned great toe of the younger woman, who, cigarette in mouth, laughed down at him in turn.

The bill of specifications did not lack: "Left to right, the Beautiful New Yorker, Mrs. Langley Barnes; Mrs. Cutter-Mills. At bottom, Major Arthur Courtney Churchill, distinguished Officer of the Royal Flying Corps, Great Britain; Mr. H. D. Somers, New York, well-known Cotton Broker now Wintering in Florida." And such other details as were required to elucidate these and other portraits on the same page of the section. It now had found its way across a continent, up a long and winter-bound coast, across a mountain range, down an icy river—to Dawson; and thence had carried, on the wings of occasion, across those snow-swept hundreds of miles to this place in the womanless land under the Arctic sea. And men had perished, and gallant brutes loyal

as men, had died, to bring in the Dawson mail all this way to Langley Barnes the picture of his wife, naked, in disportment with a naked man. He looked once, set his jaw, looked aside.

Well, and why not? Had he not taken the twentieth seat in the Great Canoe, the Chasse Galère? What should it matter to him what a painted fraction of a woman might do yonder in the Florida sun? Had he not left all that to find a womanless land? Had he not found it?

Ay, but had he? Had he, while women have lain all these centuries on igloo furs as on tropic sands; in all corners of the world? Escape woman here? How could he do that, since he could not escape the picture of his wife—come so far to find him?

THE duet in the room beyond had ceased. The silence now seemed to cry aloud in the imploring perpetual lack of the Northland, which has so little, so very little to surrender. The air was starved, now that those two magnificent voices had ceased to rise to the throne of peace. Now footsteps; the door opened.

Churchill and Christine entered the room. Something about her was leaving her glorified. Barnes was not so cheap as to deny that. Why not? Had not he, Langley Barnes, that very morning said to that very girl in that very room that

her voice belonged to the world, though she did not belong to him? And if he loved her, why rob her of the one great joy and comfort which life ever would be like to offer her—music? Did it not open to her an utterly new world? And had she not been living here in no world at all, dormant, in chrysalis, between two cycles of existence?

"Christine!" The voice of Langley Barnes was quiet but imperative. He pointed, motioned Churchill also to look where he pointed.

"Christine," he said—and he spoke to both—"You have tried to have me tell you of that other woman. You have asked me what silk stockings must be like—so thin. Well, here you may see that other woman with no stockings at all. And here—at her feet—you may see a certain man.

"There are the names," he added wearily.

RESTLESS as a robin, running staccato in broken bursts, halting and peering, it was to be expected that Annette should learn of most things then happening at McTavish. But in truth, events suddenly had outrun Annette. Something was afoot in which she had not been taken into confidence. And Annette, even by im-

plication rated as woman scorned, was a fiery, vibrant, vital agent of mischief.

Stikeen encountered her as she made a vague circle of the buildings. "Well, young lady, whither away, now?" he demanded; and losing no time, gaily caught her by the wrists, halting her. His swift eye saw again how ripe and full her young body was, how somber her dark eyes. Cynical philosopher enough, he knew Annette was not happy.

"You weren't looking for me, eh?"

"No. I never heard of you before. Let go. I must gather wood."

"No? Well, you'll hear of me again. Seems like I've read in a book somewhere about how fate brings me across the pathless waste just to meet you, face to face!"

Annette giggled appropriately. The clasp of a man's hand was nothing to bring especial fear to her. Moreover, this was a man of about her own level. Not like those solemn people in the big room, who looked at the newspaper and said nothing. Here was a man who spoke her tongue. She spoke his; a language as old as that of Harold Faarhagr in early lands of ice and snow and maids and men.

NOW listen, my dear," began the snow-runner. "Life is short. We've got to live it as it goes. Well, who's here for you to care for? That moonias, Barnes? He's gone on Christine, like any new married man, of course. But now she's maybe minding her old days with the Major here years ago—what? Your old man's loose in the nut—you needn't tell me. That bag piping around ain't normal for no H. B. factor, no. There's hell to pay here at McTavish, and I know it—it's only taken me a couple hours to spot that out. And it didn't take me two minutes to spot you out, little girl; now did it?"

"You think you do fast work, you?" Annette still felt her wrists in his hands.

"Well, why not? We come and go. No, I only came here by accident, but it's a good accident. But I'm bound for the big strike at Gravel River. I can smell money a thousand miles. I've made it and I've spent it a dozen times, and I always shall. I'm a maker and a spender. A man might as well be shot with his shirt off on the snow as try to live without company."

"I don't care. What you talk about? Let go, I get wood."

"Wait, Annette, you man don't love you, though you're so much prettier than Christine there's no naming you in the same breath. I've never seen a girl like you."

"What you mean? Me?"

"Yes, you! This is no place for you. You need diamonds, silks, made-up furs, flowers, champagne, money! What have you got here? You're one of ten thousand, if all the women was picked. But you need a man to take care of you, and say, 'There, little girl, I done all this for you, and it's yours!' That's what you need."

The toe of Annette's moccasin was making a little circle in the snow. Her eyes were cast down, sometimes looking at this man's hands, still holding her wrists.

"I could start a game at Gravel City and we'd break the cheechakos for every dollar they had—and they'll have plenty. You're nothing here. You'll be an orphan before spring. If Gravel City booms, the Company'll never run another boat this far north—they'll abandon McTavish sure as hell. They'll do it next summer, mark my words."

"This post? No!"

"I say yes. Well, let them. You and I don't care. I can take care of myself here, or at Gravel City or anywhere. And with you—ah."

"Oh, ho! So! What you mean?"

"Well, all I mean is to give you something to do a little studying over. If things don't break right for you next summer, or any time, you send word to me. If McTavish is discontinued, it ain't the only place in the world. Neither is the moonias the only man in the world."

PRETTY soon! You talk big."

"Pretty soon, yes—that's me. I'd take you as you stand now in your calico, far as I'm concerned. But we don't need to scare you by getting too brash. The fact is, we wish you could help us and we could help you. Annette, there's enough black and silver fox up in that loft to make us all rich. It's light. A week to Gravel City. Once I was there with it, five months ahead of the boom, in on the ground floor, I'd be rich."

Annette's toe made its circle. She was more or less elemental, more or less submissive, fatalistic, like all savage women. But Stikeen was mixing love and business.

"Now listen," he went on. "These furs belong to me—I staked Hensley and Durgin two years ago, out of my post on the Gravel. This man Barnes don't own them."

"Now tonight I'm going to pack my own furs on my own sled. I've got to borrow dogs—and I'm going to borrow all there is, to the last one. And when I get the sleds loaded, I wish your moccasins was in the hind sack, Annette. I'm going to have them there, some day. Oh, priests plenty down at Gravel, yes, Annette, I say, little one. I swear—"

She wrenched back from him. "I'm prettier than Christine!" said she.

"A hundred times, Christine? Pout!"

"But s'pose they find out about the furs?"

"Let them. For twenty years I've not minded what men said or what the law said. What I want you to do is to get me the key to that outside door of the loft tonight. Tomorrow night I want you [Turn to page 73]

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Twenty is gone before you know it—and then you are twenty-five! And next, with hardly a breathing-space, a woman is in her thirties.

Once, the number of her birthdays used definitely to fix a woman's status. Today, physicians say that the number of years has little to do with age—it is almost entirely a matter of physical condition.

Keep your skin young by keeping it in good condition. The world will not say of you that you are beginning to look old, so long as you can keep a fresh, clear, beautiful skin.

Perhaps the only trouble with your complexion is just- *lack of will-power*

ALMOST anyone can make a great effort of will—once.

But it takes an unusual person to repeat even a small effort of will day after day, week in, week out.

That is why so many women fail to keep a lovely skin after they have passed their twenties. A beautiful skin means—*daily care!*

Not hurried, perfunctory attention—but the whole of one's thought and will, for a few minutes out of every busy day, centered on keeping one's skin in the best possible condition.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. Begin, now, to give this *new* skin the special care it needs—and see how soft and smooth you can make it—how quickly the faults that have worried you will disappear.

Perhaps, almost imperceptibly, the pores of your nose have become enlarged, so that they are a noticeable fault in your complexion. You can overcome this defect. Use, every night, the following special treatment:—

WRING a cloth from hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

An oily skin is one of the commonest complexion faults. You can correct excessive oiliness by using this treatment each night before you go to bed:—

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

These are only two of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around

every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different skin need are given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap to-day, and begin, tonight, the right treatment for *your* skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

For ten cents—a guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.

1505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream

A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1505 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents:

H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4

Name.....

Street.....

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us to-day



"MENNEN'S" say doctors— "for baby's Health and Happiness"

NO baby can be comfortable or healthy if the skin causes constant pain. Yet an infant's skin is so sensitive, so easily affected, that constant care must be given it.

Doctors classify the enemies of a baby's skin into three groups: *Moisture, Friction and Infection*. Because Mennen Borated Talcum is scientifically made to combat all three foes, baby specialists and nurses recommend its daily use.

Perspiration, urine and bath-water are all moistures highly irritating to the tissues if caught in the skin-folds of an infant. Towel-drying cannot reach the secreted liquids.

Mennen Borated Talcum consists of millions of tiny flecks, each one as porous and absorbent as a fairy sponge. These drying flecks remove all inflaming moisture from the skin.

This soft, pure powder then forms a delicate protective film over the skin, guarding the nerves from the effects of friction. This film minimizes the rubbing action of clothes and bedding and the constant chafing of the skin-folds.

As a third protection, Mennen Borated Talcum contains a wonderful compound of therapeutic ingredients. Five carefully tested elements in the famous Mennen Formula combat skin infections and help to keep the skin soft and lovely.

One of these elements affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency, and counteracts acidity. For baby's sake, never omit the Mennen shower after bathing and changing diapers, before each nap and whenever baby is fretful.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN

BORATED TALCUM

Devil's Dust

[Continued from page 13]

and what does he say to your staying on at the office?"

"He doesn't care what I do as long as we are married at Easter. Surely, I've the right to stay where I like until then. It is holding Hilary to a definite purpose that is my big job. That is why he wants to marry me—he feels he can't amount to a row of beans unless someone takes him in hand—incidentally, he had wanted to kiss me for a long time."

"But I need you," Daphne begged in cloying fashion which Nancy always mistrusted. "Never mind peering into your future. Just let me have you these last few months. You've no end of things to do for yourself, no matter what you say. I think you have some debt to pay me—if you are going to be so stubborn I am forced to say it."

Nancy bit her underlip. She walked to a window, whistling a monotonous two notes in quick repetition. From the first moment of her engagement Nancy had fought for independence, at least until the day she married. If Hilary did not keep his promise to work and finish his play, she would keep her threat and postpone the Easter wedding to a June affair. If he did not keep his promise by June, it would mean one of two possibilities: marriage with someone proven beyond reclaiming or an intolerable life as Daphne's companion, Peter's unrecognized, loyal love!

"So you are determined to adopt a hands-off attitude—when I need you?" Daphne straightened in her chair.

"Just why do you need me?" Daphne whimpered. "You lack fine sensibilities," she accused. "I'll begin to pity Hilary if you are not careful."

Nancy came over to her chair, stroking the fluffy, overbright yellow hair. "You don't mean that," she soothed. "I'll promise to be as close to you in Dolham as I have been. Have I ever failed to come when you wanted me?"

HILARY was being announced. He came into the library with one of his expensive swaggers, as Nancy described his manner, claiming her for a drive and advising Daphne she need not expect her back until after dinner. In the succession of comments and camouflages, Nancy found herself established in Hilary's motor, Daphne's fur cape about her shoulders. Madge had a convenient headache, Hilary told her, as he drove over to Sevenoaks—wasn't that luck? They could be quite alone. He wanted to read the first act of his play. Then Nancy would no longer consider him on probation. They would eat in his study, a bohemian supper à deux. He expected Nancy to retract her harsh suspicions. If she did so, he would be magnanimous—and they would plan for the spring.

"Madge says you are going to be a nice person and blow the office. That you'll stay at Hidden House," he said suddenly. "That is the best news I've heard since you promised to marry me."

"Madge is premature. I've not read the first act," was her challenge. At Sevenoaks, she went to Madge's rooms. An artificial relationship made it difficult to talk with Madge. That Nancy was to become Sevenoaks' mistress was, secretly, inconceivable to Madge's conservative self.

"Hilary has been industrious for all of a fortnight," she told Nancy. "I hope you believe he is in earnest."

"I hope I can," Nancy answered so firmly that Madge stirred from her chair to stare at this tall, simple girl whose very severity seemed to have fascinated her stepson where frivolity or worse failed. Nancy handed her a new novel, readjusted the shades and left her to her own thoughts.

Hilary was waiting in his study. Large chairs were drawn before the open fire and beside the soft, rosy shaded lamp lay his manuscript. "Isn't it wonderful to be alone?" he asked softly as, more or less obediently, she came into his arms.

"It is good to know you are at work."

Her fingers caressed his hair with a light, impersonal touch. "Now read the first act—oh, Hilary, you have begun in earnest!"

AS his highly pitched, almost affected voice read on, Nancy left off watching the fire to turn to him in admiration. Whimsically, she had told herself she was drawing the first actual dividend on sacrifice—this forceful piece of work was the cornerstone of Hilary's career. She struggled with the wish that it might have been Peter who was reading it to her, that it might have been his play and his ring she wore. But it had been Peter who pointed out her duty. And it was Hilary's play which portrayed the soul of a lower class girl who, through force of circumstances, had risen to a position of power and intelligence but not wealth. Sought after in marriage by an artist, a dilettante, a business man—and her friendship begged by a discouraged clergyman, a prey to doubts and dogma—the girl found she could love neither artist, dilettante nor business man. But to the puzzled clergyman she gave her vivid love, although he never suspected it, being satisfied and stimulated with what he thought was friendship. In the end, as Hilary explained, it would be shown after the girl's dramatic death, these four men meeting to discuss the phenomena of her inspiring yet materially sordid life. They should ask each other why men, widely separated in position and temperament, should have united in seeking out this woman. Yet neither artist nor business man nor the clergyman whom she loved would be able to answer. Instead, the idler, the rich dilettante would tell them it was because she typified spiritual vitality, the lack of which crippled any man's destiny. Strangely stirred by this interpretation of her charm, scarred alike by the sorrow of her death, the men pledged to each other to carry on as she had wished, to finish her "Aladdin's Window"! Only her death could have given them an equal share of her passionately truthful, stirring heart.

The back leg crashed down unexpectedly. Hilary's voice had ceased. The sputter of embers was the only sound. "Well?" he asked, after another pause, rising to mend the fire.

"Do I mean that much to you?" she asked shyly.

"You see yourself in my heroine—is it so plain?" His slow, yellow eyes narrowed as he turned away from the fire and came back to his chair.

"It is a beautiful ideal—but I suggested the plot. I don't mean to be presuming. I don't dare tell you all I think—how well you have begun to keep your promise." She came over to him, her eyes bright with trust. "You have found yourself—you can finish your own Aladdin's Window! I do believe, my boy, it is for me to prove worthy—to keep holding you to your best."

But he held her almost carelessly, she fancied he frowned as he looked down at her—very likely, it was the lamp shadows. Then he tilted back her chin with the soft, thick tips of his white fingers and, bending down, deliberately kissed her in a slow, devouring fashion. She restrained the impulse to protest—she must prove worthy of the task she had undertaken. She must not harbor prudish illusions that such an embrace was inharmonious with the words he had just read. She must sustain the harmony which she believed had been created—as Hilary's heroine had done. But she drew back, finally, shivering a trifle and avoiding his eyes.

"You'll go on with the play without delay, won't you?" she began nervously. "And if an agent cannot place it, you must do what you once said—produce it yourself. I want to be able to slip into the last row of the theater and watch the appreciative faces about me; and I shall know it was because you loved me that you" [Turn to page 59]

Homes or "Homes"?



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HAVE you ever visited an Old Folks' Home? What a heart-breaking thing it is to see the pitiful attempts of these poor old people to give the few square feet of space they can call their own a touch of the real home they once knew. Not much can be done with only a cot, a bureau and a chair. Yet those who feel the home-hunger try pathetically to make the place seem like home by tacking up a few pictures torn from magazines and by keeping photographs on their bureaus.

And they call such places "homes"! The places where the poor, the sick, the deaf, the blind, the orphans and other public charges are housed. Shelters only—compared with real homes such as most of them formerly had.

More real homes and fewer "homes" are what this country needs right now. The welfare of the individual,

the family, the nation, the whole world is based upon homes. Civilization itself is founded upon the home. Have you a *real* home or just a roof and four walls?

If you have a home—protect it. Make it permanent and *homelike*. Guard against the necessity of ever seeking shelter in a "home".

Look at your home. Think about it. What can you do to make it better? Home surroundings exert such a tremendous influence over family life.

Better homes mean better children. Better children mean better men and women. Better men and women mean better citizens. And better citizens mean a better America.

All over the country the movement for better homes is spreading. Corporations and civic bodies have given their aid; magazines and newspapers have given space to this great national movement which works toward better citizenship.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is heartily in sympathy with these plans to relieve the housing shortage, and to provide

happier living conditions. Since June 1920 it has made 24,508 loans on dwellings and apartments, aggregating \$171,663,100, that provided accommodations for 49,850 families.

But outside of the Cities? In the same period—since June 1920—the Company made 16,383 loans on farms in twenty-two agricultural States.

To provide against the danger of loss of home by mortgage foreclosure, in case of death or disability of the home owner, the Metropolitan has devised a special form of home protection known as a Mortgage Redemption Policy.

Information regarding it will be furnished by mail on request.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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On a subject known as
woman's oldest problem



Now! Exquisiteness, comfort, immaculacy under
all circumstances

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A scientific way that gives women new poise and peace of mind—new exquisiteness and better health.

Although but a recent discovery, 8 in every 10 women of the better classes already have adopted it.

It is called Kotex. And this offers you an opportunity to test it—free. Simply mail me the coupon below.

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American nurses in wartime France first discovered Kotex. Found that it solved woman's most distressing problem in an amazing way.

Made of Cellucotton—a newly discovered super-absorbent—Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture. It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary cotton "sanitary pads." And,

in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

You can dispose of it easily, without embarrassment—a point all women will appreciate.

Hygienic immaculateness—that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

NOW TRY KOTEX FREE

Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented—for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

So do this now; Mail the coupon to me, personally. A packet will be sent you post paid, by return mail—in an absolutely plain, undistinguishable, unmarked wrapper. Tear the coupon off now before you forget.

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McC-5-24

The Message of Easter

[Continued from page 19]

answer to the longing which He Himself implanted in the human heart. In Jesus Christ rising out of the grave, this universal hope finds its Divine assurance. In the face of the cold, hard fact of death the hopes and longings of men were feeble and uncertain. In the resurrection of Jesus Christ, fact is met by fact. The fact of death is confronted with the fact of resurrection.

That which God had whispered in the souls of men finds its triumphant certitude in Jesus. It is the Risen Christ Who changes speculation into conviction, hope into assurance, longing into certainty.

There are those, today, who tell us that Jesus Christ did not really rise from the dead, that His body mouldered in the tomb where it was laid, and that the resurrection means only that His spirit was still alive after death, and that the disciples were convinced of this by the apparitions which they saw, or thought they saw.

These teachers tell us that the only thing important to believe is that Jesus still lives, and that we need not be concerned about the fact of the resurrection. But this is not the Christian Faith. This is not the Faith which converted the first disciples and changed the world, it is not the Faith which the Church with one united voice has held and taught from the very beginning, and it cannot by any possibility be reconciled with the plain statements of the Scriptures.

If Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead the whole Gospel of the New Testament falls to the ground. St. Paul tells us this plainly. "If Christ be not raised," he says, "your faith is vain." The Scriptures, and the whole Christian Church, tell us that Jesus Christ rose in the body on the third day, and came forth from the empty tomb.

It was Jesus Himself Who came forth from that tomb, not a mere apparition, a mere disembodied spirit. The world was not awakened from darkness to light by a phantom. The disciples were not aroused from weakness, and despair, to triumphant faith by the appearance of a ghost. The results which have followed from that event have not come from an empty hallucination. The mightiest power for truth and righteousness which this world has known did not spring from a childish mistake, or an overwrought imagination.

It was Jesus Himself Who came forth, changed and glorified but still the same, the same on the other side of death as on this side, known by His disciples, recognized by His friends, acknowledged even by the doubting and disbelieving.

There is only one possible explanation of all the undeniable facts, and that is that the resurrection took place as the Scriptures tell us that it did.

Let us think of the hope, and comfort, and strength, that the Easter message has brought into human life.

1. It is the message of the resurrection which gives us the key, not the full explanation but the key, to the meaning of our life here. It gives the whole plan of things a new aspect. We are sons of eternity. We shall have time to work out our destiny. There is a meaning in our pains and disciplines and trials. There is a future awaiting us. This experience here is only the first act in the drama of our life, the first chapter in our life story.

Who is there among us who does not feel, as he begins to grow old, that he has just learned how to live, or rather that he is just beginning to learn? We feel that our life has all been a training, and a preparation; that we are capable

of far better and greater things than we have yet accomplished. We cannot believe that the powers we have been developing, the character we have been forming, the capacities we have been training are all to end in nothing.

It is the Easter message which makes our life intelligible, which gives it reasonableness and purpose and meaning.

2. It was Jesus Himself Who arose. I also shall be myself when I arise in that other life. That empty tomb tells me that I shall be the same person on the other side of death that I am on this side of it. For good or for evil, for better or for worse, for glory or for shame, I shall be myself when I awake beyond the grave. The character, the soul, that I have formed here will still be mine. Whatever I am making myself now, I shall be then. But then I shall stand in the light. I shall be seen and known and judged for what I am. Then let me be making ready. Let me seek that help of Christ in which alone I can live my true life, and be my true self, before I go into that other life which awaits me in the full light of God's Presence.

3. The Easter message tells me that I shall be myself in the other life. It tells me also that those whom I love and long to see again will be themselves. I shall see and be seen. I shall speak and be spoken to. I shall recognize and be recognized. I shall feel again "the touch of a vanished hand." I shall hear again "the sound of a voice that is still." The dear companionships, the sacred friendships that have blessed me here will be mine again in the other life. It is the Risen Christ Who tells us this. No other has ever given us this assurance.

When we stand in sorrow beside the open grave, it is Jesus alone Who speaks the great consoling words, "Weep not"; "Thy brother shall rise again." It is the Easter message which explains the blessed confidence, the sure faith and hope, with which we lay our dear ones in their last earthly resting place. It is that message which brings us comfort, which speaks in the prayers that we offer, and in the hymns that we sing, in the midst of our deepest human sorrow. No such words of life and hope were ever heard on this earth before that morning of the resurrection. No such faith, and comfort, ever came to human hearts until Jesus Christ came forth from the tomb, and greeted His disciples with the words which they had so often heard Him speak, "Peace be unto you."

4. It is the message of Easter which gives us hope and confidence for the future of the world, and of our own land. The world today is in desperate need. There are evil forces at work which, if they have their way, will bring decadence and ruin and destruction. On the other hand, opposed to these evil forces, there are visions before men's minds greater than ever before of justice, of social righteousness, of world peace and world brotherhood. Which of these two forces is to prevail? That depends upon whether or not we listen to the Easter message. It is the Gospel of the Risen Christ which has produced these visions and ideals. It is that Gospel alone which has power to bring them to fulfilment. Not by mere human statesmanship, or organization, can these great visions be realized, but by a force from within, a power from above, changing the hearts and souls of men.

There is One only Who has this power. There is One, and One only. Who is acknowledged today to be the Light of the World. There is One, and One only. Whose teachings, if followed, would bring in the Kingdom of God among men. There is One, and One only. Who stands before the world and says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"; "He that believeth in Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." It is [Turn to page 106]

The Way to Skin Loveliness according to MRS. HOYT

"The active woman today is never permitted to betray any outward sign of fatigue or the result of exposure. She is expected to appear always fresh, always youthful, always exquisitely groomed. And the same loveliness of clear, smooth skin may be acquired by any woman through the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Julia Hoyt



MURAY



Mrs. Hoyt's studio with its exotic blue greens and vermilions is an almost perfect setting for her dark beauty.

ISTOOD for a moment on the doorstep of 23 McDougal Alley wondering if the interior of the house would be a true expression of its mistress whose beauty, social position and artistic gifts have made her one of the most picturesque young women in New York.

The door was opened by an impeccable butler, but another voice—a rather thrilling voice—said "Come up to the studio, won't you, it's much easier to talk," and there was Mrs. Hoyt—unbelievably lovely.

The studio is a perfect setting for Mrs. Hoyt's startling beauty. Her small head—the famous black hair is cut piquantly short—with its contrasts of dark eyes and hair and creamy magnolia petal skin—fairly shone against the subdued but brilliant color of the exotic room.

I couldn't help asking impertinently: "Mrs. Hoyt, do you always look like this?"

"Like what?" she asked in surprise.

"So, so—well, so perfect?" I stammered, and then I asked her what she thought the most important factor in a woman's beauty.

"Her complexion, by all means" she declared emphatically. "It is the first thing you see. No matter how exquisite a woman's features, they count for nothing if her skin is not radiantly clear and smooth."

Tells How to Have a Lovely Skin

"What," I asked her, "what produces a lovely skin?"

"Cleanliness," was the immediate answer, "is the first essential. A lovely skin is a matter of a little care every day and a few thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations."

"Select first a soft pure cream that melts on the face and goes into the pores to clear away all impurities. Then, of equal importance is the proper finish—a preparation that provides a soft fine surface on which the powder will go evenly and stay."

When Mrs. Hoyt says that rejuvenating cleanliness and an exquisite finish are the foundations of skin loveliness, she is speaking for thousands of distinguished and charming women who depend upon two creams that were developed for just these purposes.

JULIA HOYT

Julia Hoyt, whose startling beauty is celebrated in the fashionable circles of two worlds. Not content with her brilliant social success, Mrs. Hoyt has turned to the theatre, where her dazzling loveliness and artistic gifts are rapidly winning new laurels

For years, the Pond's laboratories devoted all their efforts to the development of preparations that would meet these two vital needs of the skin. Finally two distinctly different creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

EVERY night, and after any exposure, use Pond's Cold Cream. With the tips of your fingers, or a piece of moistened cotton, apply it generously on the face and neck. It sinks deep into the pores to remove all the impurities. Wipe the cream off after a minute with a soft cloth—with it will come the dust and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day. Your skin, your pores are clean and relaxed. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is satin smooth and supple again. If you have a very dry skin, put on more cream,



POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY THE WOMEN WHO MUST BE EXQUISITE AT ALL TIMES IN SPITE OF THE ACTIVE LIVES THEY LEAD

especially where wrinkles come first, around the eyes, the nose and the corners of the mouth, and leave it on all night.

Your skin is especially grateful for this relaxing and cleansing after a long drive, a day on the links or beach, or any exposure.

AFTER every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth it in very evenly, just enough for your skin to absorb. Now your skin is ready for rouge or powder—whatever you wish.

When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, rub in this cream. It will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And the powder will stay on evenly. Notice how smooth and velvety your face feels. Nothing can roughen it.

Learn from the women who have—and keep—lovely skins. Use this famous method yourself. With Pond's Two Creams and a little care every day, you will be astonished to see how fresh, how smooth and velvety your skin looks. You can count on the charm of a youthful skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible.

Begin today to give your skin this exquisite cleansing and protection. Buy Pond's Two Creams in jars or tubes from any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Reprints of preceding interviews with other distinguished women may be had by writing The Pond's Extract Co.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.
139 N Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

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The Unknown Quantity

[Continued from page 7]

marry—all but the one. And even he may in time, though he will never forget his dream.

"Now, let me see! What about Lord Conister? What's the matter with him?" she asked.

The girl began to laugh. "Nothing. He is wonderful, isn't he? Do you think he will ever stoop to ask a banker's daughter to become Lady Conister of Culverley?"

"I don't know why he shouldn't. He'd be lucky to get you; but he is very cold and aristocratic. I am not sure about him, darling. Do you think you like him?"

"Yes," said Jeannette in her brief, decided way. "I do."

Lady Varleigh's thick brows went up. She opened her eyes wide. "Faintly, Jeannette! You love him?"

"I don't—know," said Jeannette with a frown.

"My dear!" said Lady Varleigh. "Oh, wouldn't that be splendid?"

"I don't—know," said Jeannette again.

Lady Varleigh clasped her hands ecstatically together. "I can see you," she declared, "a perfect jewel in a perfect setting. Lady Conister of Culverley! My dear, he is a friend of Royalty! Think of it! You might entertain the King!"

Jeannette's eyes gleamed a little. "But I shouldn't marry him for the King's sake all the same," she said.

"No!" agreed Lady Varleigh. "But because you like him. I wonder if he will propose to you tomorrow. You'll accept him if he does, won't you?"

"I shan't refuse him. I shan't break my heart for him either—if he doesn't come to the point."

"What a strange girl you are, Jeannette!" said Lady Varleigh. "But I love you—I love you! Now that's settled, isn't it? And I want to hear all about the preparations for tomorrow's festivities!"

THE preparations in which Lady Varleigh took such a keen interest were being carried out on a very extensive scale. The coming of age of Jeannette Wyngold, the great banker's daughter, was an event of considerable importance in Bentbridge and all the surrounding district. It was well known that Norman Wyngold idolized his only child, and the fact that she was sole heiress to all his vast wealth was sufficient to place her in a prominent position in county circles. Her youth and her undoubted personal fascination surrounded her with a certain atmosphere of romance. Though she had been presented two years before, she had not mingled very freely with London society. She did not care for London, and its fevered round of gaieties held small attraction for her, so she had kept, as it were, on the outside edge of the whirlpool. But even so, that odd, secret charm of hers had not passed unnoticed. She had had her meed of admiration. She might have married in her first season, but she had held back.

The birthday celebrations were to last over several days. There was a large house party for the occasion, and Jeannette herself was acting as hostess. It was a rôle she loved and very ably filled. The task of entertaining held a very special appeal for her, and she fulfilled it to perfection.

Norman Wyngold recognized the touch of genius in his daughter which made her the perfect hostess, and he delighted in her popularity with a pride that far exceeded any pleasure he had ever derived from his own success. It was by his desire that the birthday celebration had assumed such gigantic proportions. The whole of Starfields was to be transformed in Jeannette's honor. The grounds were being lavishly decorated and illuminated, the town decked with flags. The lake was to be the scene of a water fête that evening, and was crowded with gondolas, adorned with bunting and flowers.

The house was already full of guests, and a string band was playing down by the water-side. And the man who had devised it all stood by the window of his room and looked forth with more of anxiety than pleasure on his care-worn face.

Jeannette had left a deputy to preside at tea during her absence at Varleigh Park. But she had promised not to be late, and he expected her now at any moment. He wished she would return, for somehow of late he was always uneasy when she was away from him. In the whole of his world Jeannette was all that mattered. But Jeannette's social status was of vast importance in his eyes.

So he mused, as he waited for her on that autumn afternoon alone in his room, to which, by some unwritten law, no guest ever penetrated. He had begun life as a solicitor, and the place was crammed with volumes of legal lore. Financial tomes and books on banking were also piled everywhere. They were his recreation.

Ah! He heard the sound of the motor horn and his eyes brightened. Now he saw the car sweeping round the bend—her own car which she invariably drove herself. He marked her now, flashing through the evening sunlight with the swiftness of a bird, and a faint smile softened the griminess of his mouth. She had kept her word. When she came a few minutes later, he was seated smoking, with some papers in his hands.

He looked up at her, and a great tenderness shone in his eyes for a moment. "Well?" he said. "You have been to Lady Varleigh?"

She leaned down and kissed him.

"Yes. She was very sweet to me. We had a heart-to-heart talk—and finished up practically as we began."

"What did you talk about?"

"Marriage," said Jeannette.

"Ah! Does she recommend it?"

Jeannette laughed. "She has had ample experience, hasn't she? Yes, on the whole she does recommend it—on the principle that it is better to take the love disease early than late."

"That is one point of view," said Wyngold quietly. "There are others of course. But you are in a position to please yourself. When you take the love disease I hope you will never recover from it." Something in his tone moved her; she stooped, and laid her cheek to his forehead in silence.

He put his arm round her. "Jeannette, it is just twenty-one years tomorrow since the one being on earth who mattered went from me, and you came in her place. Since that day you have come first with me in everything."

"I know," whispered Jeannette.

He went on very gravely. "As long as I live it will be so. But lately—lately—I have sometimes thought that my life may not be a very long one. No, dear, no, there is nothing the matter with me so far as I know. But life is an uncertain thing, and there are no near relations to take my place. It would be a great comfort to me to feel that there would be some one to take care of you when I failed."

"Do you know what I've got here? You'll never guess if you go on all night!"

"Then I shan't try," said Jeannette. "I value my night's rest far too much. So tell me at once!"

He lifted his face to hers, surveying her with eyes remarkably like her own in their keenness. He held up the papers in his hand.

"The contents of my Jeannette money-box!" he said. "The savings of twenty years, child, which will be yours tomorrow!"

"My dear!" said Jeannette, taken by surprise for once. "But what does that mean?" He sat up. His eyes were shining as though a torch had been lighted behind them. He spoke quietly, but with a throb in his voice which she was to remember long after.

"It means exactly one hundred thousand pounds, Jeannette—five thousand pounds a year saved from the date of your first birthday." His arm tightened about her. "Are you pleased?"

"I don't know." She frowned a little. "It's very wonderful of course—very, very good of you. But why should you give all that to me?"

"I want to feel that you are safe, my little Jeanie. It will all be legally yours tomorrow, and no one can take it from you. And you can marry whom you will. No one can say that you are not a good match for any one of them. Remember that, dear! And when you make your choice, choose well!"

The girl bent and looked at him very closely till he made a slight movement at length as of protest against her scrutiny.

Then she spoke. "Father, why are you so tragic tonight?" He did not answer.

"Won't you tell me?" she said. "Is it because all this makes you think more than usual of my mother?"

"I can't tell you, dear," he said. "It may be—partly that."

"And if I were to marry—" pursued Jeannette, and broke off. "Do you know what I said to Lady Varleigh this afternoon?" He shook his head.

"I said that there wasn't a man on this earth so far as I was concerned who could compare with my father."

HE STIRRED again at that, uneasily. "You are not a very impartial judge, dear," he said.

"And now, Father, listen! When I marry—if I marry—it will be to please you that I do it. I want you to understand that I am not sentimental like other girls. I can do without men in my life—all but you. I can't do without you, and whomever I marry will have to understand that."

"We can settle that when the time comes."

"The time may come soon," said Jeannette.

"Ah! You are going to reward young Buck Wetherby at last?"

"No!" Jeannette spoke with sharp exasperation. "Why do you all try to saddle me with Buck? Nothing would induce me to marry him. You never thought I was in love with him!"

"No, dear. I never thought you were in love with any one. But Buck is a good sort, and I thought it possible you might some day come to care for him. Don't run away with the idea that I want you to marry him! You might do very much better for yourself, and I hope you will. Who is the lucky man then, Jeannette? Whisper!"

Jeannette's answering smile had something of an indulgent quality. "I'll leave you to guess—as you're so good at it," she said. "But I think you'll be pleased anyhow. And now, dear, put all this wealth away until tomorrow! Fancy saving up all that for me! You're a wonderful man, aren't you?" She went again to kiss him.

"When once you are happily married, I shall feel that all is well with you," he said.

"Then I must see what can be done," said Jeannette.

A night that was as warm as summer succeeded the golden day. Jeannette and her father were giving a dinner party previous to the water fête, and all the young element among their Bentbridge neighbors were joining the house

party. Jeannette stood to receive them in the great drawing-room. She was dressed in rose and silver, which imparted to her a certain butterfly charm not wholly characteristic of her. Her brown hair was dressed with absolute simplicity, drawn back slightly from her face and showing her dainty ears. It clustered very sweetly about her temples, giving her an almost childish look. Her eyes too had the pleased look of a child who smiles over some secret. There was no shyness in her bearing. But neither had it any self-assertion. She was just herself, young, brilliant, and quite sure of her standing among her many well-wishers.

"What ever have you done to yourself?" whispered Audrey Wilmot, the doctor's daughter, as she eagerly returned Jeannette's welcoming and not wholly expected kiss. "You are simply wonderful."

"Don't be ridiculous!" smiled Jeannette. "We are all wonderful sometimes."

She gave the younger girl a nod of appreciation, and turned to greet another comer. Audrey was far prettier in the usually accepted sense of the word than she was herself, and she recognized the fact without envy. Perhaps she realized that with very little effort she could attain to heights which Audrey could never approach. In any case jealousy was not in her nature, or if it were it was wholly undeveloped. She was perhaps too secure upon her throne to be aware of any comparisons, or again, perhaps she was too royally generous to care.

"Oh, Valerie dear, I didn't see you!" The girl she addressed—a merry little soul with a wide and generous smile and hair the color of sunflowers—received her notice with the breathless delight of a humble adorer.

"May I stay with you a little while? You are so beautiful tonight, and I want to hear what everybody says."

SHE was as anxious to garner the compliments showered upon Jeannette as if they had been paid to herself.

"Oh, Jeannette," suddenly breathed the small voice behind her, "I've just seen Lord Conister. He's in the hall talking to Buck. And, oh, he looks so magnificent. Oh, Jeannette, fancy speaking to him! Aren't you excited?"

"Not in the least," smiled Jeannette. "Oh! Here he comes with my father! He does look rather big certainly." It was the impression that Lord Conister made upon most people. He had the imposing presence of a man of the world, high-bred and self-assured. His clean-shaven features bore the unmistakable stamp of the old aristocracy.

He came up the room to Jeannette with easy confidence, fully aware of universal attention, yet unembarrassed by it. He had, in fact, the air of regarding it as his due. And the girl waiting for him stiffened a little at his approach as though she paid instinctive tribute to his rank. To the man himself she betrayed neither shyness nor more than the pleasure dictated by ordinary courtesy. She gave him her hand with a smile of welcome.

"How do you do, Lord Conister? I hope we shall not be too frivolous for you tonight."

"I enjoy frivolity occasionally," he said. "Is it too soon to offer you my good wishes?"

The little maid of honor in the background gasped her appreciation of his graciousness. How magnificent he was! And Jeannette—Jeannette, though everything she did was so perfect, scarcely seemed to realize the greatness of the honor bestowed upon her. She actually treated him as an equal, but then why should she not? Was she not as a queen in her own right? A sudden thought went through Valerie. How wonderful if Lord Conister should choose her for his own queen! What a splendid couple they would make! Would she accept him? And here was Buck waiting behind him for his turn! Their eyes met, and they smiled a greeting to each other. She had always liked Buck. What a pity that he and Jeannette—But no, Jeannette and Lord Conister were made for one another. Buck must stand aside with the rest.

He showed no impatience, standing there—a very ordinary young man, extremely trim of appearance, with a short, brown mustache and steady gray eyes that always seemed to Valerie to see a very long way. He heard Jeannette accept Lord Conister for a partner without any sign of discomfiture.

"Am I to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner?" asked Lord Conister as his young hostess paused beside him for a moment, later in the evening.

SHE turned with her radiant, impersonal smile. "Lord Conister, we are waiving all ceremony tonight, and every one is to choose his own partner."

"But I have already chosen—you."

"Oh, but every one has done that, and every one has had to make a second choice."

"Must I also do so?" asked Lord Conister.

"Just for dinner. Afterwards—"

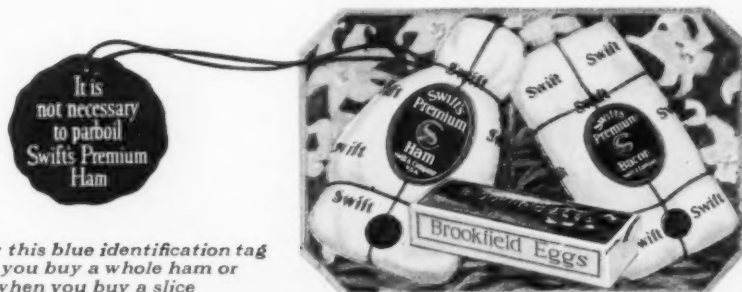
"Afterwards—you are engaged to me!" he said. "And may I ask upon whom the light of your favor is to shine during dinner?" There was a suspicion—a bare suspicion—of disapproval in his

[Turn to page 106]



In those homes where the Easter breakfast is most carefully planned, Swift's Premium Ham holds its regular place. It may be served, of course, in some ingenious manner such as that suggested below.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



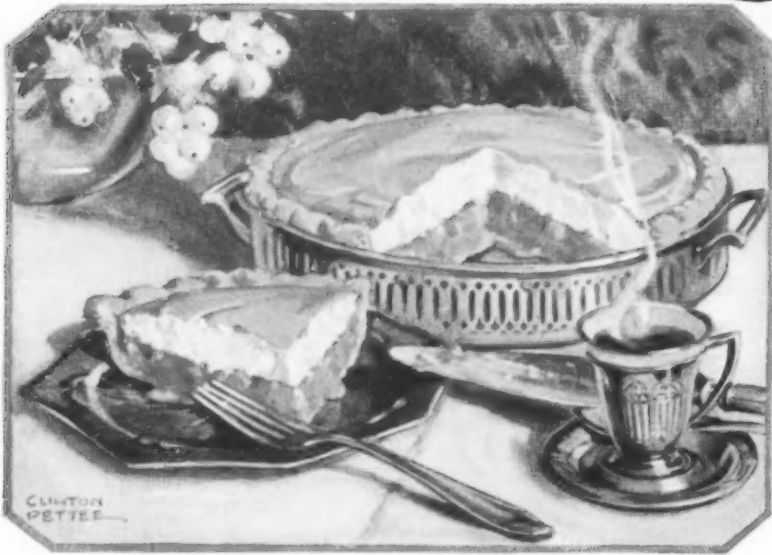
Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Fried Ham with Brookfield Eggs a la Goldenrod

Fry a thick slice of Premium Ham and serve with Eggs a la Goldenrod, made as follows: Chop the whites of hard cooked eggs, mix with cream sauce and serve on slices of toast. Over this sprinkle egg yolks which have been put through a strainer or potato ricer. For variation, the eggs may be sliced and covered with sauce instead of mixed with it.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

18 cooking hints from



A prize Lemon Meringue Pie

- 1 cupful sugar
- 2 tablespoonfuls (rounded) corn starch
- 1 lemon
- 2 eggs
- 2 cupfuls boiling water

Add the grated rind and juice of the lemon to the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light and then add the corn starch, which has been dissolved in a little cold water. Mix this thoroughly with the lemon and sugar. Put in a double boiler and add the boiling water. Cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. Cool.

- Pastry— $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful Crisco
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
 4 to 6 tablespoonfuls ice water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in with two knives until about the consistency of coarse meal. Use only enough ice water to hold together and handle as little as possible; roll to desired thickness, cover an inverted pie tin to keep it in shape, prick well with fork to prevent bubbles, and bake.

Cool after baking, add the filling and cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of two eggs until stiff and dry, and adding 4 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar. Return to oven and brown.



Jelly Layer Cake

(Notice what a delightful appearance the cake has)

- 1 cupful Crisco
- 2 cupfuls sugar
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- 1 cupful milk
- 5 eggs
- 4 cupfuls flour
- 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder

Cream the Crisco and sugar together. Add salt and eggs well beaten. Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with milk. Bake in Criscoed layer cake tins in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. When cool, spread currant jelly between the layers and cover the top with white icing.



THIS is the home of Mrs. Wolf, one of the housekeepers referred to on the opposite page. Three of Mrs. Wolf's favorite recipes are printed on this page.

Delicious—and Digestible—Doughnuts

- 1 cupful sugar
- 5 tablespoonfuls Crisco
- 3 eggs
- 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls salt
- 1 cupful milk
- 1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg
- flour to make soft dough

From $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 cupfuls flour sifted before measuring. Cream Crisco, add sugar gradually, and eggs well beaten. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately to egg mixture. Roll out as soft as can be handled. Cut with cutter and fry in hot Crisco. Heat Crisco until crumb of bread becomes golden brown in sixty seconds. Sufficient for thirty doughnuts.



one tiny suburban section

Mabel Ransom's story of a day spent in a charming village

MOST of the following is taken almost word for word from the notes of Mabel Ransom, a young girl who recently called on hundreds of women in order to keep us, the men who make Crisco, in sympathetic touch with the day-to-day cooking problems of the women who use it. If you carefully read Mabel Ransom's account together with the recipes on the opposite page you will find eighteen hints or suggestions for delicious home cooking.

"First," she comments, "I approached the charming home of Mrs. Wolf. 'I came to see you about Crisco,' I said, in explanation of my unusual errand.

"Well, isn't that surprising!" said Mrs. Wolf. 'I use it, and everyone in this whole block uses it, as we all learned one day when Crisco happened to come into the conversation at a neighborhood club meeting.'

"After a friendly chat with Mrs. Wolf, I called upon Mrs. Drake, an Englishwoman whose house and yard were overflowing with children. Only two were hers—the rest were a party. She met me at the kitchen door from which came the aroma of good things to eat.

"Yes, indeed, I use Crisco, in fact I am using it now," said Mrs. Drake, in answer to my question. 'Why do I prefer it? Well, because it makes

such good things, that's all. Such tender cakes—and pie crusts that are ever so flaky. And when you fry things with Crisco the food doesn't take up the fat but cooks to a nice, crispy brown.'

**Versatile! Digestible!
Delicate! Fresh!**

"Across the street from Mrs. Drake lives Mrs. Brown, another Crisco enthusiast. She prefers Crisco because it is the one shortening she knows of that she can use for any kind of cooking—for such simple things as frying eggs and also for the most elaborate cakes or pies. I asked Mrs. Brown for some of her favorite recipes and she gave me several, all neatly typed on cards. In handing them to me she said, 'Whenever they call for butter I just use Crisco.'

"Next I went into the home of a food expert—a woman who divides her time between her profession (food chemistry) and her delightfully managed home. From her scientific training had come a special knowledge of Crisco's purity." (Crisco, you know, is a vegetable shortening made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants.)

"Just next door to Mrs. Lee lives a charming Southern woman whom I found at work in her garden. We talked of many things and finally of Crisco, whose loyal friend she was—'because,' she said, 'foods cooked with

it have such nice, delicate flavors—the real food flavors, not the flavor of the shortening; because you don't have to put it in the ice box to keep it sweet and fresh. And' (she attached a lot of importance to this) 'because in deep frying it is free from smoke and from the unpleasant odor which sometimes clings to draperies for days.'"

2,000,000 women prefer it

And so, through several long pages Miss Ransom's report tells similar interviews. "Nowhere," she remarks, "could a more capable group of cooks and housekeepers be found." As a general rule Miss Ransom found that a Crisco home was the best type of modern home run by an alert, intelligent woman.

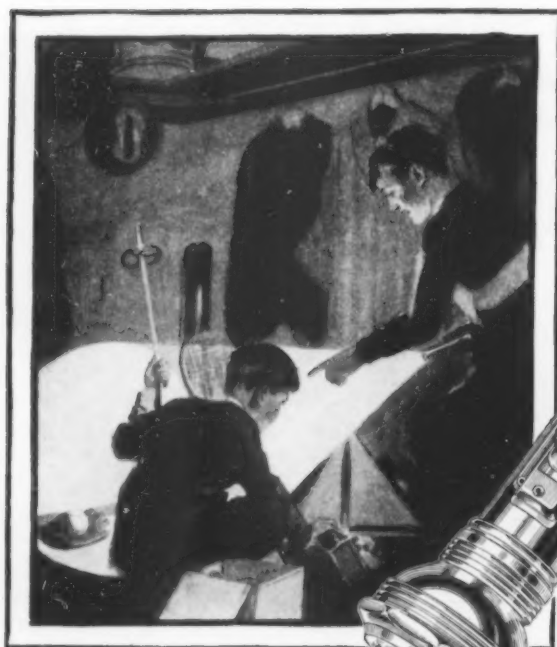
Yes, in the homes of this suburban village and in 2,000,000 other American homes Crisco is helping to make family foods more convenient in the preparation and more delicious in the eating. The friendly allegiance of these 2,000,000 wives and mothers has made Crisco the largest selling brand of shortening in America today. We suggest that you ask your grocer for a can and try it in the recipes given on the opposite page.

In adapting Crisco to your own favorite recipes remember to add one teaspoonful of salt to each cup of Crisco in place of butter.



Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Address Section L-5, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Prices from 65c to \$4.50 complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A.

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Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Factory and Office: Toronto, Ont.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 22]

too swift in your country—too swift."

He turned as he spoke. The Snake's Belly reared a column of darkness, beneath which lay water-carven rocks. Miriam Bibi sat down among them.

"It is day," she wailed. "I never can go back."

In her ungainly shroud, the girl seemed a phantasm of midnight, overtaken and betrayed by dawn. Her eyes, through the criss-cross lattice of threads in the hood, burned sombre. Like her words, they spoke despair. Suddenly she did a thing more eloquent than either, for she rose, tore off the *burka*, and flung it on the ground.

"There! I am a shameless woman! They will stone me to death."

Turning, she made for the hole in the rocks. Morgan was beside her at once. They had re-entered the tunnel; she whipped about, as if to strike him.

"What now? What are you doing?" "Coming back with you."

FOR the first time he saw her face near, distinct, its high color, delicate red warming beneath pale gold. The look, all scorn, with which she held him, gradually became wonder.

"Back with me? Yours will be worse than stoning. You? Again? Why?"

"Life for life," said Morgan.

She read the eyes of this quiet youth. "Well, there are men and—other men," she reflected. "It is a dream. I do not believe."

She put him aside, walked slowly out to the edge of the dry fall, and took her former seat.

"It is better," she declared. "Go home, then. I stay and die here."

She drew about her the folds of dark blue silk, and leaning forward, hid her face in both hands. Morgan waited, without speaking, for he did not know what to say. Down beyond the foot of Zulfikar's Tangi, the sun was rising. Morgan chose another rock, apart from her.

When she looked up, he sat there smoking his pipe. "Why do you stay?"

"Because I cannot think what else to do." She gave him a hard, slant look.

"And I called you donkey," she said.

"And I"—Morgan crossed one leg on the other—"called you a child."

The look melted. Her great eyes could be very lovely, or so he fancied while they withdrew and sought the ground. They might almost have been smiling.

Time went by; sunlight filled the pass; the two sat there without further speech, and Morgan, reloading his pipe, continued to smoke for occupation.

His companion raised her head. "Hark!"

They both listened. The captain heard nothing. "Horses."

A moment later he agreed, and gave a nod. From far below, intermittent, came the scabble and click of horse-shoes on broken rock. "Yes. They are coming up."

A dozen horsemen rode slowly through the foot of the *tangi*. "Who are they?"

Morgan waited for them to draw out of shadow. A tiny white-speckled thing might be his own mare, but he would not reply till the sun caught them, and he could guess the color of the riders. To his great relief, it was khaki. "They are troopers."

Miriam Bibi had risen, and now came to him. She looked him in the face like a sorrowful young queen.

"They are your men. Tell me. Shall you give me to one of your men?"

"No, it is not our custom."

"Then I go with you."

Lifting her *burka* from the ground, he offered it. She put on that shapeless garment of virtue, and without another word followed him.

His troopers, led by Afzal Khan, were more than glad to see him, and politely mystified by the veiled woman. Otherwise their meeting had an air of common arrangement, daily habit: one

man fetched the piebald mare, another presented the captain's sword, and at his order all reined about to go down the way they had climbed. Morgan, with the girl seated behind him grasping a borrowed belt, rode at their head and offered no remarks.

All day, all the next, along the journey home he cudgelled his brain: what on earth was he to do with her? It was evening when they rode among the lamps of the station, and dismounted. He lifted her down from the mare, in desperation called the *jemadar*, and led him aside.

"Look here. Where can I take her?" Afzal Khan did not even hesitate.

"To the *ressaldar's* house. He is a good married man with a wife. He can put her in the *zenana*."

Morgan knew the married officer, a worthy Musalman. "Well said!"

With a huge burden off his mind, he rejoined the waiting captive. Long afterward he was to remember her docility. "What you order," she sighed, "that I do."

A fortnight passed. Busy with other affairs—among them, duty taken out of turn for a sick man—Morgan had little time to think about the *ressaldar's* house. One night he lay in his own, a bungalow with mud walls and thatched roof, plain but comfortable quarters, where a long rattan chair and a book provided luxury. Tired but only half asleep, he could not enjoy rest.

Something dropped. He woke with a jump, and saw Miriam Bibi standing before him, unveiled, in tears.

He stood up, and saw that she was trembling.

"I have come to you." She choked, fought down a tumult of emotion, wrung her hands, then grew unnaturally calm. "I cannot live there. All in that house is *kash-ma-kash*, pulling this way, that way, tearing into little bits. The woman—Agh, the daughter of a whistling kite! She watches her husband. Jealous. Of me! That foolish graybeard, swept into every corner by the wind of his wife's cloak! Me—whose forefather was Alexander the Great's son, by a fairy of the Hindu Kush! And she spies, and prates, and hates. It is slow death in her house. And she has egged on a common hireling soldier, a kitchen hanger-on, to talk to me of—of love—"

Her pride and grief were like a flame in the room. She broke off, weeping, her arms outspread in surrender. "Take me! Keep me in your house!"

"My poor child, that can't be."

"Then it is true." Her arms dropped to her sides. "It is true what the hanger-on, the black scavenger of kitchens, told me. You love the colonel's daughter who is coming here, from your land beyond Roum."

"Not so," replied the captain. "He has no daughter." The brightness of her eyes pained him then, and later was to haunt him.

"All liars!" she cried. A pitiful smile curved her lips. "No, you are true. But you would lie for her. A man's way."

MORGAN could not fathom her meaning. She regarded him long, nodding her head slightly, as if they had reached some unbreakable agreement, at which she continued to smile because it was tragic.

"Not for us, you and me," she said. "*Ab na tab*. Neither in this world nor the next."

She turned, and went slowly out through the verandah. Morgan followed to the steps. Her shadow disappeared from lamplight, moving toward the *ressaldar's* house.

He slept ill that night, with uneasy dreams, and was glad next morning when more work fell to his lot. Saturday afternoon came round before he got an hour's freedom. He had just bathed and dressed, when a man stood at the door waiting. "Come in," he called.

[Turn to page 38]

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Covers car transportation both ways—crating—duties—customs—permits—plates and licenses for 125 in. wheel base—5 passenger—open car. Also American and foreign club dues and maps. We attend to everything. You do nothing but drive your car to Pier 54, North River, New York City. Cheaper than touring at home. Wonderful roads. Easy driving. See more—learn more.

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It's white! It's pure! It floats!

FAIRY SOAP

The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 36]

It was Afzal Khan who entered. As they had parted company an hour ago, Morgan let the man wait, chose a walking-stick, and filled his old pig-skin box with cigarettes. "Well?" "I have news," reported Afzal Khan, "from over the border. She went home."

"Who? What is this?" The hook-nosed veteran bowed. "Yes, Miriam Bibi. The *ressaldar* was away on duty, sahib, and his wife never told. The girl bade you farewell one night? Yes? Ah, you did not know. But from this door she walked home, all the way."

Morgan stared at him. "She went back, a shameless woman. They brought her upon a hill outside the village, according to custom, naked, and there at sunrise they stoned her to death."

The captain bent his walking-stick in agony, threw it away, and sat down. Afzal Khan smiled.

"It is life, sahib." Whatever the man felt, if anything, his hard, bearded face of bronze did not reveal. "Thus life comes, life goes. How should I know the old wife was a devil? How should you know the girl was giving you her heart?"

Morgan jumped up. He could hear no more, bear not another word. "Enough. Please go."

"She was my sister's only daughter," said Afzal Khan. "A woman, that is all. But I have been her horse, trotting her on my knee, sahib. So I, too—"

He walked out of the room. A northeasterly wind had blown all morning and fallen, leaving the sky overclouded, the air murky. Morgan went down the steps of his bungalow, helmet on head, stick in hand. Pathan bagpipes were squealing high, Pathan drums beat a rowdy accompaniment. Their noise must have drawn him unaware, for he came to the polo ground, and viewed ponies darting about, white-shirted riders clicking their mallets, a white ball that rolled along dirt dry as emery. He looked on, but did not know what he saw, or who stood next him.

"Captain Morgan?" His colonel was passing with a lady, and stopped. He caught words of introduction. "My niece from America, Miss Wayne."

The lady, like the players, wore white. She had fair hair and blue eyes. Morgan, looking out from torment, knew her for the one he had met in the Red Sea. He babbled something or other.

"Why aren't you playing today?" "Oh, yes," said Morgan, escaping. "A bit seedy. Capital. No, not this afternoon."

So it was she whom Edmund Bull had seen on the colonel's verandah. But somehow it didn't seem to matter as much as he had expected.

FROM this time on Afzal Khan kept aloof, with a taciturn if not a surly air. A few weeks later he declared his desire to leave the service. In a tent pitched for the ceremony, officers of his own race and of Morgan's held a little *durbar*, when he received the parchment scroll of honorable discharge conveying the right, won by twenty faithful years, to wear the sword. He bore himself gravely, a proud man, as he offered the hilt to be touched and remitted.

His round of informal good-byes ended at Morgan's verandah.

"I go back to my own people," he said, gruffly. "Across the border."

"May you prosper among them."

"God knows. The Man with Seven Uncles went hungry."

Morgan considered him: this behavior might be anything from grief to hostility: it was best to believe in the worthier motive.

"Is there a gift you would take home from me, by which to remember our days together?"

The Pathan's dark eyes remained hard. "I will think."

"Do so, and name it."

"Sahib, have I earned my bread and salt?"

"No man better."

"Then," he declared at last, "I will name it, and it shall be no small thing, for we have been glad together, and have sorrowed together. Sahib, if ever you find in your country another knife of horn, like yours, with that crook for the frog of a hoof—"

Morgan went straight indoors, brought out his knife with the farrier's hook, and forced it into the man's hand. It was not mentioned again or glanced at, though they stood face to face a while, as if waiting.

"Perhaps we shall fight each other. Who knows?" The veteran chuckled.

"Well. Good-bye, sahib." He moved away, then turned. "One thing. Either you dead, or Gulab Din dead. There is no other way."

"Thank you," said Morgan. "I'll bear it in mind."

The other nodded, swung round, went marching off, and was seen no more.

FATTEH ALI SHAH reigned in his stead, making a good *jemadar*, but not so good as he. Daily the captain missed him, above all when they took the road or worked in the hills. One afternoon, returning hot and cross from a failure, Morgan was ready to think that Afzal Khan had carried away the luck of the troop. In a pass not far behind, a caravan had been attacked, a driver shot dead, the owner beaten senseless, and his wife, his merchandise, and all his fifteen camels carried off. The merchant, knocked on the head when the fray began, gave a poor though voluble description, by which Morgan learned only that three young men appeared to have been the ring-leaders.

The *soucars* were riding homeward slowly, for both men and horses were tired, the sun beat down merciless on them, and they had five miles yet to go. Rounding the point of a sand-hill, they saw the flat waste burn hotter than ever. On the plain, two hundred yards away, a pair of figures lived and moved,—a woman in white on a white horse, and a turbaned orderly on a brown.

"My hat!" growled Morgan. "The colonel's niece. Young idiot!"

He roused his poor mare to a canter, and rode up. "Good afternoon, Miss Wayne."

In that fierce desolation, the girl seemed quite at home, as cool and dainty as if it were a summer meadow; she sat her horse well; and at another time, her greeting might have pleased the young man. "Oh, you, Captain Morgan?"

It was his luck to be in ill humor whenever they met. "Yes. Glad we're in time to ride home with you."

Her blue eyes were quick; they read him with a little amusement which he did not partake.

"Did we men surprise you at all, coming into view?"

"Why, I saw you were khaki."

"Ah. And what if we'd not been?"

She found no answer to these dry words, or to the gesture accompanying, by which he somehow made her horse wheel and come on with his piebald mare.

As they jogged together at the head of his troop, Miss Wayne felt the young man to be domineering. They had not met since the afternoon of the polo match, when he had appeared not only too shy and gentle, as before, but dazed, helpless. He must be very odd, she thought; and yet stealing a good look at him, beside her, she found no oddity except that he could ever have been that clerical shipmate in the Red Sea. Hard, lean, brown as one of his own men, with sharp little tired creases drawn by wind and sun about the eyes, he was, from blue-and-gold *safa* round his helmet to

[Turn to page 79]

for Economical Transportation



The Woman's Own Car

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THAT cloud on teeth is film. It is easily combated. Millions combat it daily in this way.

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Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings tenaciously. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

Food, etc., discolors the film, then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose their luster.

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Very few people escape those troubles unless they fight the film.

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Thus every use of Pepsodent gives multiplied power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents. The combined effects have brought to millions a new dental era.

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Only one tube to a family.

A Word About the Bible

[Continued from page 2]

right translation of "caritas" is "love." A change which would restore this word to its original meaning should be made in all Bibles. If other equally pronounced mistakes in any translation can be pointed out, they should be changed also; but taking the King James version as it stands, I have found nothing in any of the literature of the whole world that will equal it in dignified, high-sounding, sonorous English.

Being at heart a poet, I welcomed the first edition of the Bible that ever fell into my hands in which the poetical parts of the Bible were set forth in form familiar to my sight and senses. I was glad to have an edition of the Bible that eliminated comment and confined itself to narrative and poetry in literary form. Further, I should have been glad to see the verse numbering omitted, but possibly it was thought essential in order that comparison might more easily be made with other versions. The first version of the Bible attempted in modern English in which I was deeply interested was written by Ferrar Fenton, F.R.A.S., M.C.A.A., published by Partridge and Company of London. This version of the Bible contains the poetical parts in poetical form, separates the epic from narrative, and differentiates history. It puts dialogue in its proper form and it is altogether a dignified and a scholarly performance. The one thing concerning it to which I object is that there are places in which the sonorous sweep and beauty of the Bible are eliminated in an effort to be more literal in translation. So ingrained in my mentality is the King James version that any word of change in it hits me in the face like a blow.

The next new version of the Bible with which I came in contact was produced by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., the professor of Literary Theory and Interpretation in the University of Chicago. Naturally, Doctor Moulton had the benefit of every effort in this line that had preceded him. Personally, I prefer his version of the Bible to anything I ever have seen outside of the King James version, and my reason for so doing is because he keeps to the King James version, merely putting the idyls in idyllic form, the history into historical form, the narrative into narrative form, and the dialogue into proper shape as well. This sets the text of the Bible upon the printed page in forms to which we are accustomed, and it retains so closely the wording of the King James version that I can read it without burning protest arising in my mind.

Now I reach the point that has brought me to say what I think and feel concerning the Bible. Yet another attempt at Biblical interpretation has lately reached my library. This is the work of Edgar Johnson Goodspeed, Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the University of Chicago. Professor Goodspeed's publishers tell us that he is one of the foremost New Testament scholars in the country, a teacher of New Testament Greek for a quarter of a century, a scholar and translator of widespread reputation, and one of the greatest living authorities on ancient Greek manuscript. He is listed as the author of half a dozen books concerning the gospel. In his preface, Professor Goodspeed tells us that the writers of the New Testament had small use for literary art; that they put their message in the simplest and most direct terms they could command; that great passages in the New Testament owe their greatness more to the trenchant vigor of their thought, to the moral sublimity of their ideas, than to the graces of rhetoric. He tells us that "antique diction, mechanical translation, and disturbing verse division retard and discomfort the reader." He says that the present translation is intended to present the meaning of the different books as faithfully as possible so that they may be read and understood, while

his publishers tell us that his translation of the New Testament "presents in a vivid and popular manner the situations out of which the New Testament books arose"; that we need a translation of the New Testament in the language of the twentieth century American, while prominently on the cover of this little book, given place of importance next to the title, is the statement that it is an "American translation." I can conceive of no juicier morsel than an Englishman might roll under his tongue than this statement taken in connection with quotations from the Goodspeed version which follow. Naturally, the British will agree that this is an "American translation" since by no possibility could it be English! If the Goodspeed translation of the New Testament represents the "language of twentieth century Americans," then God help us, for certainly the language which this translation implies that we are using is neither dignified, grammatical, nor correct as interpretation and application of English. I can prove this assertion abundantly with a few direct quotations from the book itself.

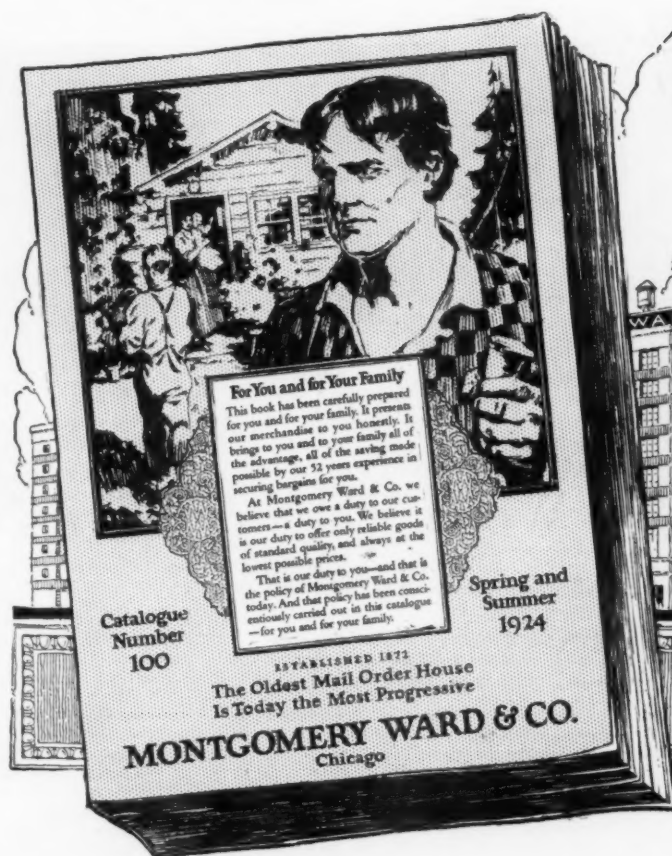
In the first place, the book is filled with dollars and cents, forms of currency unknown and misleading in values when applied to Biblical days. "You will find in it a dollar," Professor Goodspeed makes Jesus say in one place. Possibly Jesus knew, if He stopped to think of it, that Yankees would be invented in time, but I do not believe that in the days of His ministry on earth He had thought quite so far as a dollar!

Jesus Christ, in addressing His audiences, called the people to whom He talked "brothers," implying a tie so close that it became one of blood. Every nerve and fiber in me rebels at the modern terms "Sir" and "gentlemen" being put into the mouth of Jesus Christ or any of His disciples. It is my firm belief that "gentlemen" were not invented until the days when kings began bestowing titles upon their subjects, although I do remember that there is at least one "lady" in the King James version. I cannot recall a single gentleman, however.

The translation is honeycombed with modern slang, with phrases now commonly denominated as "cliches" or "canned," and in an effort to be American, very frequently the true application of the text is lost or greatly weakened.

If Professor Goodspeed has a favorite word, I would suggest that it must be "just"—used in neither of its primal senses. "Just as they pleased," "In just that way," "Just like a man who is going on a journey," "And just as it was in the time of Noah," and a line below: "And just as in those days before the flood." The entire translation is literally sown with "just," not "just" in the sense of exactitude, or "just" in the sense of being a righteous man, but a constant iteration of the word wholly unnecessary. Conjunctions pile high, prepositions dangle at the end of sentences, while the book is filled with expressions that are not dignified, not grammatical, never found in properly written English. Any two pages of the Book of Matthew will bear out these statements as to pure English, which is, after all, the language most of us endeavor to use.

As an illustration of what I mean by changed sense in the Goodspeed version, I refer you to page 4. John the Baptist is made to say while preaching in the desert of Judea that the Kingdom of Heaven is "coming." But that is not what John the Baptist thought or preached. He said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." He taught that it had arrived with the coming of Christ, which does not mean that it was a promise for the future, but that it was then and there present so that the hand might be reached out and laid upon it. It may be contended that "coming" is the best translation [Turn to page 71]



Our Policy

As we serve—so shall we succeed

This business is founded upon the solid rock of Service to our Customers.

As we are of service individually to you, so shall we win and keep your patronage.

As part of our service to you we select for you and sell only goods that will give you satisfaction—only goods that will stand your inspection and use.

As part of our service to you we always offer you a saving. Fifty million dollars' worth of goods have been manufactured and bought for cash to make possible the low prices this book offers.

Twenty-four hour service in filling your orders is part of our work for you. Most of our orders are actually shipped within twenty-four hours, nearly all within forty-eight hours.

Our platform is one of Service. To be of real service to you is the basis upon which we solicit your patronage.

That for fifty-one years we have been of service, that today we are offering Service and a Saving and Satisfaction to over five million customers is the basis of our success.

As we serve—so shall we succeed.

What Can We Do For You?

A Personal Message from the President of MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

As you turn the pages of this new Spring and Summer Catalogue there is just one thought uppermost in your mind:

"What is there of interest in this book for me?"

How much saving is there for me?

What can Montgomery Ward & Co. do for me?"

In imagination I look into the homes of over five million customers into which this book goes, and in each I seem to hear these same questions asked.

And as I sit here in my office and look around at over one hundred acres of floor space, filled with new merchandise, I see the answer so plainly, the many advantages, the great saving, that I wish there might be some way of bringing you more closely together—you and Montgomery Ward & Co.—so that you might learn for yourself the answers to your questions.

If I could draw up a chair with you there at your own living room table and turn with you the pages of this Catalogue, I would tell you the most interesting business story you have ever heard.

It would be a story of how thousands of our bar-

gains are secured, how our low prices are made. It would be a romance of ready cash and the tremendous buying power your patronage gives us. And of travel—travel through every part of this land and in Europe, searching for good merchandise at the lowest possible prices.

Do you know how our goods are bought—how our bargains are found? Let me give you an example: Here is a manufacturer who has a reputation for making the best goods, who lacks capital, who lacks business, so that his plant operates on half-time part of the year.

But he knows how to make good goods. We furnish the needed extra capital, we give him orders that make the wheels turn all day and keep his employees busy all the year. His own earnings are increased and his cost of manufacture cut far below anything he has ever known. And this saving goes to those who buy goods at Ward's—to our customers. What can we do for you?

You want to buy goods at a saving. You want to buy goods that will give you complete satisfaction. You want prompt service. You want your orders

filled promptly, and your letters answered promptly—and you want your patronage appreciated.

At Montgomery Ward & Co. you get all these things. These are the advantages that are waiting here for you.

A saving—yes, we try always to offer you a saving, but always a saving on goods of Ward Quality. *I cannot lay too much stress on "Quality." We do not sell "cheap" goods.* It is our policy to offer you only goods that will stand up, that will give service, that will do exactly what you want them to do.

It is easy to sell at seemingly low prices. All you need do is to buy *low-priced goods*. Cut something out of the quality, out of the service, and you can always make a low price. *At Ward's we never sacrifice quality to make a low price.*

And, for fifty-one years this has been the policy of Montgomery Ward & Co. For fifty-one years in every dealing with every customer we have tried to follow a "deal as you would be dealt by" policy.

Millions of people will buy from this Catalogue—at a saving. The same saving, the same guarantee of satisfaction exists for you. We solicit your patronage. We will deal with you as you would be dealt by. And your orders and letters will always be appreciated at Montgomery Ward & Co.

Theodore F. Mercedes
President

24-Hour Service

We have perfected our service for you. After much study and testing new systems and employing experts we have perfected a system that makes certain your orders will be shipped promptly.

Our records prove that during the past year most of our orders were shipped in 24 hours—nearly all of our orders within 48 hours.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Established 1872

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago

Kansas City

St. Paul

Portland, Ore.

Ft. Worth

Oakland, Cal.

Hot Breakfasts Quick



Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Steaming oats, the world's premier vigor breakfast, hot, flavory and enticing! Have them now every day.

Quaker Oats experts have perfected a new Quaker Oats—Quick Quaker. And this new style makes oats the *quickest* breakfast dish.

Quicker than toast!

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in three to five minutes. Quicker than toast—ready to serve before the coffee.

Simply ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. He has two styles of Quaker now: the style you've always known and the Quick.

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats. Same queen oats, big and plump from which we get but 10 pounds of flakes from the bushel.

The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster.

All that rare Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts, quick.

Today, try Quick Quaker. But be sure you get the real Quaker brand. So look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

2½ cups Quaker Oats 1 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour 5 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup chopped peanuts 1½ cups milk or water
1½ cup molasses 1 egg

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid and stir well. Place in well greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees).

Quaker Oats

Cook in 3 to 5 minutes



Quick Quaker

The kind you have always known



The Child Who Won't Eat

By
Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

DON'T deceive yourself into thinking your child is different from every other child. Normal children possess certain characteristics that are peculiar to all; they are active, energetic, naughty, well behaved, tired and hungry in cycles. It is just as natural for them to be hungry as it is for them to become tired and sleepy or for them to want to play. When a child is not ready for food three times a day, when the meals have to be urged or forced, something is wrong.

Habitual loss of appetite may depend on three conditions:

Physical conditions which include acute and chronic illnesses.

Faulty feeding habits, which include unsuitable food.

Disturbed mental reactions.

Under physical conditions the most common troubles are disorders of the stomach and intestines. There may be an over-acid condition of the stomach dependent on faulty feeding habits. Constipation, which means defective elimination, causes a delayed emptying of the stomach, and gives an opportunity for the absorption into the body of poisonous substances from the intestines.

Enlarged tonsils and adenoids cause poor appetite in many children. Such cases are particularly prone to have a poor appetite for breakfast. Decayed teeth and sore gums may be sufficiently troublesome to make the child dread the approach of meal time. Solid foods are difficult for him to masticate and the child makes his diet largely of milk and cereals which supply insufficient nourishment.

ONE of the faulty habits is the giving of orange juice on an empty stomach before breakfast. This custom produces in many children a stomach hyperacidity which means loss of appetite. In addition such children often suffer from gas, stomach pain and nausea. Vomiting is a frequent symptom in pronounced acidity cases. The forcing of one quart of milk a day is often a big mistake in spite of the fact that many parents have been told it is necessary. The average well-to-do child who can have a wide variety of foods will thrive better if a smaller amount of milk is given. Too much milk takes away the desire and capacity for better foods. After a child is eighteen months old I usually give him from one to one and a half pints of milk a day. Feeding between meals and bringing the meals too close together are errors frequently practised in child feeding.

Lack of fresh air and exercise will cause an indifferent appetite; so, also, will fatigue and worry. (The worrying period in child life is usually coincident with school duties which involve responsibilities.) All children eat better if there is an interval of four and a half hours or more between meals. Like-

wise the very general habit of eating between meals results in a disturbed appetite at the regular meal hour, and consequently a decreased food-capacity.

After the eighteenth month, suitable meal hours are as follows: breakfast, 7:30 to 8 o'clock; dinner, 12:30 to 1 P. M., and supper 5:30 to 6 P. M. A drink of milk for the young children and raw fruit for the older ones may be given in the mid-afternoon if the appetites are good at the regular hours. Overfeeding at meals is another bad practice. Some mothers and nurses feel that the child should take a definite amount. This amount may be large or small according to the opinion of the person in charge. If given the opportunity and properly prepared food the child may be depended on to take what he needs. Certain instruction will be necessary in order that he does not eat just what he likes and leave the rest. A good scheme is to have the child eat "around the plate," meat, potato, and vegetable, each a small portion in turn. Coaxing and forcing should be avoided. Eating between meals invariably means a continuation of poor appetite.

UNDER disturbed mental processes we include the spoiled child, the one who requires coaxing, threats, and entertainment. This small person will often eat in abundance if the stage settings are satisfactory. He demands perhaps that a certain person feed him, sometimes he demands an audience or craves coaxing. Time and again I have seen a company of dolls and animals arranged so as to form a dinner party. The small host sits at the head of the table and all the dolls, Teddy bears, and donkeys propped up in chairs share the meal with the spoiled child.

Usually such performances take place only with a first child, rarely with a second, and never beyond that point. This is the same type of child that demands a story while the food is shoved down. The cure in such cases is three meals without coaxing or vaudeville. If the food is refused no attempt at compulsion is employed. He simply goes to the next meal at least four and a half hours later with nothing but water, and the process is repeated. The very obstinate child may pass the second meal and then capitulate. Others—and I have met them—will not eat readily until the end of the second day when any food begins to look attractive!

I often remind parents that in children's institutions there is never a complaint of loss of appetite unless the child is actually ill. Another type of child who belongs to this group is self-restricted as regards variety. He will not eat certain cereals or certain of the green vegetables. Such patients are usually imitators. Adult members of families are very apt to express their dislike for this or that article of food. The child becomes prejudiced and regards the food as something to be avoided. All normal children properly fed on well-prepared foods have good appetites.



Made by

"Uneeda Bakers"

THE SYMBOL for the world's best bakery products. Crackers, cakes, cookies, wafers, biscuit—more than 300 delicious varieties, to meet every taste and every requirement.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"



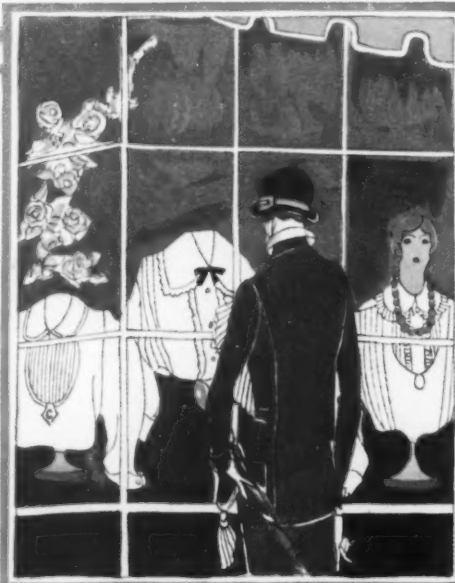
26 MILLION WOMEN *wash all their fine things this way* from sheer silk stockings - to big handsome blankets

TWENTY-SIX MILLION—yes, it's astonishing! At first you can hardly believe it.

Then you start to think about it and you realize that almost everyone you know uses Lux for her choicest things—things that used to go to the cleaner.

As one enthusiastic woman wrote: "You will never guess what I've just washed in Lux—a velvet dress! It came out perfectly—and I've saved the \$5.50 it costs to have it cleaned!"

How startling Lux was even in form! Never before had there been anything like it. Just pure essence of soap in



Modish tuck-in—trig, mannish, shirt—whichever model she chooses, if it's smart it's bound to be white this year—white that is so hard to keep from turning yellow unless it's laundered carefully. But what does she fear? She'll plop it into Lux suds the instant it is soiled and out it comes like new.

tissue-thin flakes that dissolve instantly. With Lux of course, you never have to rub sensitive fabrics. Just squeezing this rich, cleansing lather through them is enough.

Partly because of its form—but chiefly because of its remarkable purity, makers of all kinds of fabrics urge women to use Lux for washing fine materials. Their tests prove that any fabric that is safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

So today—26,000,000 women in this country alone wash their silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens with Lux.



Tender skin of the dearest baby in the world. Keep it free from irritation and distressing rashes. Wash all his little garments with Lux. Lux won't make his diapers rough and scratchy. It won't cause the dread diaper rash, the source of such severe suffering to babies. Lux is safe for all the clothes that touch his sensitive skin.



For milady's consideration Paris sends cobwebby hosiery in all the smart shades—noisette, nude, bois de rose; ravishing peach step-ins and costume slips to match the fairest gown of all. Not extravagant now to buy the lovely things! You know they'll last if you launder them with Lux. For all fine fabrics, Lux is just as safe as pure water alone.



All soft and fluffy—clean and safe from moths—it's hard to believe you ever dreaded blanket washing time. You never have an anxious moment now that you use Lux for washing blankets. You know they'll tuck in with the same generous allowance as when they were brand new. Lux won't shrink woolens—won't coarsen or mat them.

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS / WON'T YELLOW OR FADE SILKS

Now - they're using Lux for Washing Dishes

For when they used harsh soap in the dishpan -
it was like washing their hands with kitchen soap
three times a day



Choose your soap for washing
dishes with the same care that
you choose your toilet soap and
your hands will instantly re-
spond.



Of course Lux would bring relief to
your hands!

Why when you use kitchen soap
for washing dishes your hands are
exposed to its ravages an hour and
a half every day! It's like washing
your hands with kitchen soap an
hour and a half every day.

Lux is as easy on your skin as fine
toilet soap. There is no strong in-
gredient in Lux to give your hands

that in-the-dishpan look. It keeps
them soft and smooth to the touch.

Toss in a teaspoonful

That's all you need. You wouldn't expect
so tiny a quantity would make such gener-
ous suds. But it's Lux—and every flake is
pure essence of soap. A teaspoonful washes
your breakfast or lunch dishes. For the
dinner dishes you may need two if there
are a lot to wash. Get Lux today. It comes
in two sizes, now. Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

He washed the whole outside of his house with it

"Our house was painted last
fall and due to the soft coal used
was far from looking fresh at the
end of the winter. This spring
my husband washed the house
—all of it—with Lux and the
paint looks as good as new.
Sometimes I think it looks better
than new. And it took surpris-
ingly little Lux.

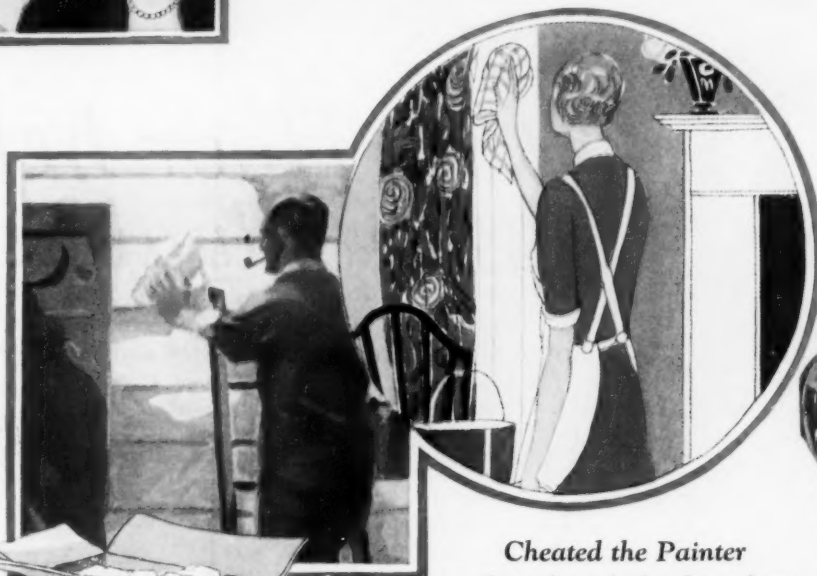
"From silk hose to the whole
outside of a house is quite a rep-
ertoire."

Mrs. F.W. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

For all the laundry

"I have used Lux now for the
laundry for over four years—that
means everything. For real soiled
clothing I just put clothing and Lux
in cold water and let boil. They
come out white as snow. The joy
of it all being that your hands are
free from an ugly red appearance."

Mrs. C. F., San Jose, Cal.



Cheated the Painter

"I was disgusted when I started my
spring cleaning,—ceilings and walls seemed
to have a coat of smoke and smear. That
was because we had for some time to burn
just what the coal dealer could give his
customers.

"So now since the old hungry furnace is
closed up and not much funds on hand
for a new coat of paint, 'French Velour'
in flat finish I trusted to my Lux.

"And a joy—I not only saved money,
but cheated the painter out of this year's
job. You would think we had freshly
painted every single room in the house."

Mrs. B. B., New York City

A new use—Shampoo

"For about a year I have used
Lux for shampoo with wonderful
success. I have curly light auburn
hair and I have always been very
proud of it. It used to be hard to
get the soap out so one day I tried
Lux. I have never used anything
else since that lucky day and my hair
never looked better. I use it every
two weeks and have no dandruff or
trouble of any kind. I cannot say
too much good of Lux."

Miss D. L. T., Annapolis, Md.



RIDES YOUR HANDS FOR GOOD OF THAT IN-THE-DISHPAN LOOK

NAIRN Linoleum



Universal
Inlaid Pattern
No. 52/49

*This floor helps
individualize your hall*



*This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back
of every yard of*

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.

Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaid—The mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.

Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.

Granite and Moroccan Inlaid—popular all-over mottled effects.

Battleship Linoleum—Heavy weight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.

Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.

Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.

Printed Linoleum—Beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.

Linoleum Rugs—Linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.

Pro-Lino—Attractive patterns printed on a felt base.

THAT subtle atmosphere of welcome in your entrance hall—how shall you achieve it? Furniture, rugs, color scheme, all contribute their charm. You have selected them to express your personality and hospitality. But did you select the floor?

With Nairn Linoleum you can make the floor as expressive as any other element of the decorations—for the floor is the foundation of decoration in any interior.

There are scores of Nairn patterns for your selection—Inlaid Tile patterns that voice smartness or quiet dignity, warm browns in parquetry designs, soft blended two-tone Moiré Inlaid, subdued backgrounds of Plain Linoleum

—almost any room-personality can be expressed with Nairn Linoleum.

And it is as practical as it is decorative. The even-textured surface, free from germ-collecting cracks, is easily kept clean and bright with a damp mop. Because the harmonious colors go all the way through to the burlap back, the patterns are permanent. And this year after year durability insures the greatest floor economy.

To help solve your flooring problems with Nairn Linoleum, send for our booklet, "The Floor of Enduring Beauty." It is illustrated with patterns and interiors in full colors. Shall we send you a free copy?

THE NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, 102 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, N.J.

W. & J. Sloane, Wholesale; Sole Selling Agents, New York, San Francisco



Good Looks Pay Dividends

By Ethel Sullivan Darrot

Of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York City

IN AN earlier generation banks were cold and austere. An atmosphere of this kind was maintained, not because bankers were cold and austere men, but because they felt that anything tainted with informality might have a tendency to weaken public confidence in the institution—and confidence is the foundation of our entire financial system.

Women have had an important share in making the bank a more human place without in the slightest degree detracting from its dignity or its efficiency.

Banking demands precisely the same qualifications as any other business—tact and common sense and a pleasing appearance are just as important as elsewhere. It is these qualities, combined with initiative and intelligence, that a bank seeks in employing young women. No bank desires either a man or a woman in its service, no matter how well equipped otherwise, whose appearance betrays carelessness, poor taste and lack of self-respect.

The commodity that a bank sells is an extremely intangible one, and for this reason no mistakes are permissible in dealing with the public. Every one who enters a bank must be put at ease by the courtesy of his reception and by the fact that every employee understands his or her duties and is attending to them.

What are these duties in the case of women? In the Guaranty Trust Company, of which I can write with more intimate knowledge than any other institution, about one-third of the employees are women. They are working on practically every floor of every one of our buildings, serving as executive secretaries, stenographers, librarians, bookkeepers, clerks, statisticians, and bond salesmen. Our information clerks are women. The head of our Corporate Research work is a woman. The head of our International Trade Information Service is a woman. During the period immediately before the date for the filing of income-tax returns a woman has shared in the work of assisting clients in the exceed-

ingly important computations rendered necessary by the Federal and State tax laws.

The women who sell bonds (for the Guaranty Company, a subsidiary of the trust company) call on both men and women investors to offer them the service of the company in the purchase or sale of bonds, and they are not confined to so-called "leads" furnished by their superiors, but solicit new clients on their own initiative.

No better test of the genuine success that woman has scored in the financial world could be devised. The investment of money is an exceedingly

TODAY women hold important positions in banks, trust companies, bond houses, brokerage firms. Tact and intelligence are required of those who would scale the ladder of success in the financial world. Good looks too—a pleasing appearance as well as a pleasing manner, are necessary. The day has gone by when straight locks, unpowdered noses and mannish frocks are held the hall-marks of successful women of affairs.

First impressions are always of inestimable value, and nowhere more than in financial transactions where confidence must be established. Good looks do much to create those favorable first impressions.

What good looks and charm mean to woman in the home, on the stage and screen, in society and in business, have been discussed in previous articles of this series. Their potency in the banking world is considered here.

A woman who enters this field cannot expect to rely on her personality alone. She must master the highly technical details of the bond business; she must understand, for instance, what makes one bond an attractive investment while another bond, though apparently as sound and having an equally high yield, does not offer the same investment opportunities.

Yet, granted that a woman has gained the required technical equipment, her success will then depend in large part on her ability to gain the confidence and friendship of her customers.

Within the limits of certain broad regulations laid down by our Company we rely on the good sense of the women and girls employed here, and on the general atmosphere of the bank, to prevent them from going to extremes in regard to their clothes and personal appearance. This applies also to the use of cosmetics; girls and women of good sense know that to appear with lips that are too red or eyebrows that are too black or noses that are too white would not be in keeping with the dignity of the trust company they serve.

Many girls marry after working a few years in a bank; but many other women remain at their work, finding in it opportunities for development and bringing to the bank not only the labor of their brains and fingers but the charm of their personality and the leaven of their good sense and tact.

Deep down in the lower layers of the skin, are tiny cells, nerves and capillaries that really determine whether the skin is clear, or always marred by imperfections.



Just beneath your skin

is the complexion you envy today in others

HOWEVER marred your skin may be with blackheads or blemishes, you may not be more than one short week away from a really radiant complexion.

Startling as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true; and with thousands of women today the facts are being passed along from one to another.

It comes down to a simple truth about the skin which physicians will tell you is at the root of every skin blemish and fault.

The skin needs, not makeshifts, but something to release again its own normal health

Deep down in the under layers of your skin, far below the surface, there is going on day and night an important activity of which you are hardly conscious.

Tiny glands continually functioning, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces like the balance wheel of a fine watch. With healthy vigor and activity, comes a clear, clean complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.

A method of daily care, based simply on the idea of keeping the skin functioning normally

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to gently restore the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers

of the skin, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the daily care of their skin.

Start today this simple treatment

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your drug-gist's. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

RESINOL

SOAP and OINTMENT

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dept. 2-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....





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HEINZ PEANUT BUTTER is a welcome taste on your table. Eat all you want of it, and satisfy the children with it when they get hungry between meals. It is nourishing and wholesome—as well as dainty and satisfying.

That smooth, mellow, full-flavored goodness is the goodness of selected golden peanut kernels—prepared in the spotless Heinz kitchens in the skillful Heinz way. Small wonder it excels—with all the experience behind it gained in making the “57” Varieties so famous!

HEINZ

Peanut Butter

57



Spring in the Kitchen

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NOTHING is more appetizing and wholesome than the many greens now appearing. The curly dock is one of the earliest. Then follow wild sorrel, which makes delicious salad, sandwiches or a piquant cream soup; wild mustard whose leaves can also be used in salads; and watercress which many consider an unequalled delicacy for sandwiches, soup or a garnish.

TO COOK GREENS

Wash greens in several waters, looking them over carefully. Boil in small quantity of salted water until stems are tender. Drain, chop fine and season with salt and pepper. Add butter and re-heat. Cream, bacon or ham fat can be used instead of butter. Or a piece of bacon or pork can be cooked with greens.

Left-over greens packed in molds, chilled and turned out can be eaten as salad with French dressing.

Hard-cooked eggs, sliced, make an attractive garnish for greens because of the contrast in color. They are valuable for their protein as well.

WATER-CRESS OR WILD SORREL SANDWICHES

Wash greens and dry. Cut very fine to make $\frac{1}{4}$ cup. Mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup creamed butter, adding $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika and salt to taste. Spread between thin slices.

CREAM OF WATER-CRESS SOUP

1 bunch cress	1 cup milk and 1 cup
2 cups water	chicken stock, or
1 slice onion	2 cups milk
3 tablespoons fat	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper

Wash cress and cut fine. Cook very slowly in water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, adding onion cut fine. Strain, or press pulp through a sieve. Melt fat, add flour and stir until smooth. Add stock and milk slowly. Bring to boiling point. Add hot stock or pulp of cress, and seasoning. Garnish each serving with cress, (4 to 6 servings.)



SUPPER OR LUNCHEON MENUS

Cream of Asparagus Soup	
Horseshoe Sandwiches	
Rhubarb Delicacies	
Bran Cookies	
Creamed Eggs	
Baking Powder Biscuit	Jelly
Gingerbread with Lemon Sauce	
Spanish Omelet	
Water-cress Sandwiches	
Rhubarb Tapioca	
Chocolate	
Cheese Souffle	
Whole Wheat Muffins	Marmalade
Raisin Cookies	Tea
Waffles with Maple Syrup	
Molded Greens Salad	
Crackers and Cheese	
Coffee	
Fresh Salmon Salad	
Brown Bread Sandwiches	
Rhubarb Shortcake	
Tea or Coffee	

DINNER MENUS

Cream of Cress Soup	Crisp Crackers
Broiled Shad	Fried Potatoes
Escalloped Tomatoes	Cold Slaw
Chocolate Bread Pudding with Hard Sauce	Coffee
Boiled Ox Tongue with Egg Sauce	Dandelion Greens
Puffed Potatoes	Mustard Pickles
Grape Fruit Cocktail	Sponge Cake
Coffee	
Creamed Finnan Haddie	
Baked Potatoes	String Beans
Wild Sorrel Salad	Toasted Crackers
Rhubarb and Raisin Tarts	Coffee
Strawberry and Pineapple Cocktail	
Spring Lamb	Horseshoe Sauce
Pranconia Potatoes	Peas
Butter Scotch Pie	Coffee



RHUBARB, from which many attractive and tasteful dishes are made, comes early, and its season is short. Put it up now in quantities.

TO CAN RHUBARB

Cut rhubarb in inch lengths and pack in sterilized glass jars. When jars are full, pour in cold water until they overflow. Screw sterilized tops on tightly and set jars away in cool place.

RHUBARB-AND-RAISIN TARTS

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely chopped rhubarb
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped nuts

Pastry
 Mix rhubarb, raisins, sugar and nuts well together. Roll pastry thin, cut in rounds or four-inch squares. Fill one side with rhubarb mixture. Fold other side over, wetting edges to make them stick together. Pierce top with fork or pastry jagger. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. (About 24 tarts.)

RHUBARB TAPIOCA

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup tapioca	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 cups water	1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 cups diced rhubarb	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Soak tapioca in

[Turn to page 90]



Plump tarts of delicious flaky pastry with a filling of chopped rhubarb, raisins and nuts



Salt at her elbow- *and yet she sent 10,000 miles for Morton's*

She had used Morton's in "the States" and learned its superiority over ordinary package and bag salts.

Her husband took her to Africa to live on the veldt. Luxuries—even necessities—were hard to obtain. So, every year she writes us to ship her a case of Morton's because "when it rains it pours." And every year we ship it—half way around the world.

Our files are full of such requests from housewives immured in out of the way places, whose good common sense tells them that the best is worth sending for—worth waiting for.

If you haven't tried Morton's, it's time you do. You will like the tangy vigor of its flavor, its sparkling purity, its downright economy and above all, its everlasting convenience—"when it rains it pours."

MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL.



When it rains it pours





HOLEPROOF is the hosiery of lustrous beauty and fine texture that wears so well. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is selected by many people who can afford to pay far more for their hose, but who prefer the Holeproof combination of style and serviceability at such reasonable prices.

Obtainable in Pure Silk, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

COLES PHILLIPS

Skin Cleansing Every~Day~and Sunday~Too

To find a method of cleansing that is luxurious enough to make you feel ready for the most exacting social occasion, and yet one that you can adopt as a daily habit is a problem many women have solved when they discovered Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

For "D & R"—soft, white with peculiar cleansing properties not only removes every trace of dirt from your skin. It also leaves your skin looking its smoothest and loveliest. Yet this delightful cream is convenient enough to use every day.

All you need to give your face this "every-day-and-Sunday-too" cleansing is Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, an old towel, or piece of linen and cold water.

Smooth the soft cream over your face and neck, leaving it on a few minutes. Then wipe the superfluous cream and the dirt that comes with it off on a

cloth. Follow with a dash of cold water to close the pores and stimulate circulation.

Send in the coupon and a Get-Acquainted tube of "D & R" will come to you free.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. Regular prices in tubes 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.



DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM "The Kind That Keeps"

*The Cream of
Distinctive
Quality*

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. 206A
D & R Building, N. Y.

Please send me a FREE Get-Acquainted tube of "D & R" as you offer above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Eyes That Are Blind

[Continued from page 18]

a perplexed countenance. "I seem to remember your face," he announced—"but I can't put a name to it."

Van grinned. "Deuced sporting of you, at that. It's been called a lot of things in its time; but Smith will do to go on with."

"Smith? I don't just get you."

"As a matter of fact, our full name in these circles is Van Suydam Smith."

"Listens more familiar," Rudle acknowledged. "Are you a dancing act? or a brace of song pushers? And if so, which are you, Van Suydam or Smith?"

"Neither, and both. We are a single man, and otherwise just a gifted amateur. We have never met before, Mr. Rudle, but we happen to have a charming acquaintance in common."

"Happen to know this lady?" asked Van, producing the photograph.

"Amy!" Rudle cried, stretching out a powerful hand. "Where do you horn in with Amy's photo?"

VAN replaced the picture in his pocket. "Amy, or Hermione, she's all one to us," he said. "D'you happen to know where she can be found?"

"What have you got to do with Amy?" Rudle demanded. "What's your gay young game?"

"Nothing much," Van admitted; "only—her father happens to want her, and if you will kindly let us have her address, we will be awfully obliged."

"Look here!" Rudle gave out in an angry snort. "I don't know what your act is, but you're staging it for the wrong person. My advice to you, young feller, is to clear off quick. Amy's got nothing to do with the likes of you, and ain't going to have."

"There's no game or act being tried on you, Mr. Rudle—at the moment, at least, we are delighted to assure you. Amy's father, who is an old friend of ours, has asked us to put him into communication with her—her mother is seriously ill—and as we understand you are an acquaintance of hers, we are politely requesting you to tell us where we can find her. It's all quite as simple as we're telling you."

Rudle regarded him with hostility which curiosity modified. "Very interesting," he commented. "Friend of her father's, are you? Well, you don't look it. I don't know Amy's address. Is that enough for you?"

"D'you think a hundred dollars might rejuvenate your memory?"

"A hundred dollars!" Rudle echoed in a dour stare. "What's your game, eh? What are you after?"

"A hundred iron men will buy you quite a lot of things."

"Come through with it!" the other demanded. "Lay 'em out on the table!"

"We can, of course, in time find Amy ourself," Van explained easily, "and convey her back home to her parents; in which event we will save a hundred dollars; but since her mother is ill, we don't want to waste time playing Sherlock Holmes."

"Cut it out!" Rudle growled. "Cut it out! Boys like you don't chuck a hundred berries away to get girls back to the family hearth."

"We won't argue that point, Mr. Rudle; but such is our innocent object."

"Anyway, coin or no coin, Amy's nothing in your young life and never will be. I'll take care of that; and if I find you trying to edge in, I'll spoil that baby stare for you."

"Sweet spoken lad," remarked Van pleasantly; "is that your last word?"

"You can go to hell."

"We think we will dance around instead," Van said, rising. "Thanks for a pleasant meeting."

Half an hour later Rudle left Murray's by taxi, and left Van dancing; left so well satisfied that Van had no other real interest in life that he never looked behind. His taxi stopped at one of the few individual residences which hold their old red brick stand, entrenched against the encroaching army of flat houses, in West Eighty-third

Street. Van Suydam Smith was knocking its door five minutes after Rudle had entered. After some delay the door was opened, and Van was inside the house before Rudle understood what was towards.

"Excuse our hurried entry," Van cheerily petitioned. "One can't argue on a doorstep and look for a happy outcome—can one?"

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" demanded Rudle savagely.

"Shh! you'll wake the baby, or something. We have only just called with that cool hundred. Call it an ante if you like. We will stand being raised to two hundred and fifty."

"Damn you! I've had enough of you for one night. Clear out before I throw you out."

"Don't do that," Van mildly pleaded. "we just hate being banged about, it gets on our nerves so. Be sensible and give us that address and we will peaceably walk out." Rudle made a stride to open the door preparatory to fulfilling his threat, and Van's left fist took him on the point of the jaw. He crumpled up on the carpet as meekly as a pugilist who has taken a knockout drop. Van seized him by the shoulders and dragged the fellow through an open door into a sitting-room, plainly but well furnished. On a small center table stood a bottle of whiskey, a syphon of soda, and one glass containing a drink which apparently had just been compounded. Van inspected the rim of the glass to make sure it had not been used, then drank the contents with satisfaction. In the act of restoring the glass to the table, he heard some one fumbling with the door knob, and was lifting the whiskey bottle by the neck as his readiest weapon when the door opened. A white-haired old lady in a padded dressing-gown stood in front of him, one hand on the wooden chair board that ran round the walls, the other hand thrust out tentatively in front of her.

"What are you doing, Sonny?" she anxiously asked, her peaceful face slightly held back, her dark eyes staring straight ahead. "I thought I heard voices." And suddenly Van understood that her old eyes had not taken in the picture of the prone figure on the rug and himself standing at the table. They could not; she was blind. Rudle lay without a stir, breathing imperceptibly.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Rudle," said Van gently. "I'm a friend of your son's. He's just gone to the tobacco shop round the corner."

"Has he?" the old lady commented unobtrusively. "It ain't very often he brings anybody home. I suppose he's gone to get cigarettes."

"Let me get a chair for you," Van offered, slipping between the blind mother and her unconscious son.

"No," she insisted; "I ain't dressed for company. You talk like a gentleman; like his father was. I hope you ain't leading him into bad ways. He's a good lad. Stopped at home and looked after his old mother when the war was on, and he was itching to join up. He never knew as I knowed how hard he wanted to go; but I could tell from his voice when he used to read the papers to me. He's a good lad—except for his temper, like his father's, what got him into trouble once. I suppose he must've told you about that. Somebody called him a coward for not fighting and he knocked 'em down and got put in jail for thirty days."

THE old lady's voice broke. "Him a coward!" she said in soft scorn—"not much. He knew if he'd gone to the war and got killed there'd've been nobody to look after his old mother. He's a good lad, the best that ever breathed." She shivered. "It's cold, I must get back to bed. He shouldn't've left you by yourself, but he won't be long. I suppose you don't happen to know who the hussy is he's in love with; he don't know as I know [Turn to page 54]

A PROMINENT society woman of Chicago, the wife of an executive in a large department store, had for years been securing her shoes in the shoe department of her husband's store, at wholesale prices.

The husband, intensely loyal to his firm, demanded that this be done. The wife, too, was agreeable, since she was able to secure the finest of things at a saving. What woman wouldn't be glad to buy clothes at wholesale?

A short time ago, however, the husband realized she had not asked for new shoes in many months. He had no particular desire to cause her to increase her expenses, but curiosity prompted him to inquire about it.

"Have you quit wearing shoes?" he asked, laughing.

"No, I'm—" then she hesitated. "Well, I suppose you'll have to know some time, anyway. I might as well tell you now. I'm wearing another kind of shoe, one that your firm doesn't handle."

He looked up in surprise. "Another kind of shoe! Since when have you thought our shoes were not good enough for you?"

"Oh, they were good enough, but they were not the right kind," she replied anxiously.

"Our shoes are stylish, aren't they? And they are made of the finest leathers. You used to say they were unusually nice."

"Yes, your shoes are stylish; they are made well; they are good—as shoes used to be called good. But they aren't comfortable."

"Aren't comfortable? I'd like to know why? They're as comfortable as any shoes. You can't expect to wear fashionable shoes and have comfortable feet. You ought to know that."

"No, I don't know that, and that is just why I have changed. I can wear stylish shoes and have comfortable feet. I'm doing it right now."

"Huh!" Then he was silent for a time. He had no answer for that statement. He tried another line of attack. "Tell me why these other shoes make your feet comfortable. I'll bet you just happened to get a lucky pair that fitted you."

"No, I didn't get a lucky pair, either. I've got six pairs of them. They're all the same. The reason why they make my feet feel so good is because they provide support."

"Provide support!" He was smiling tolerantly. "That's a yarn some salesman has handed you. How can they give any more support than other good shoes?"

"Why, they're made differently. There is an arch bridge that makes them as firm and substantial under the foot as a bare floor when you go without shoes. The arch isn't allowed to sag."

"And you believe that these wonderful shoes of yours actually work that way?"

"No, I don't just believe it. I know it. I've got comfortable feet. I feel like walking. I feel like running—and you know yourself how I used to dread doing anything that required me to be on my feet."

"You mean to tell me these shoes you've found enable you to walk as much as you want without your feet hurting at all?"

"Why, I haven't had an ache or a discomfort since I put them on. It's wonderful. I can dance and walk for hours. Think of that!"

"Frankly, I don't believe that arch bridge you talk about is responsible for your feet feeling better. I've heard all



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"I'd even take in washing"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of the Nation. No. 2

about such shoes. I have an idea it's just a selling argument. I tell you what you do. You come down to the office with me tomorrow and I'll fit you out with some shoes that I think you need. You wear them a while and I'll bet you find them comfortable. I can give you plain, old grandmother shoes, too, if you want them."

"Don't be silly. I'm not wearing plain shoes. Why, you know you never realized I was wearing different shoes until I told you. These shoes I have on are just as stylish as any shoes I ever wore in my life."

"But you'll come down and let me try to show you, won't you? We really ought to buy everything we can from the firm."

Her face was serious now. "I don't want to try any other shoes now. I've got just what I want. My feet are comfortable, and I just can't bear to think of going back. This is the first time in my life that I've had comfortable feet."

"Nonsense! You just imagine this. Probably the pair you were wearing just before you got these new ones didn't fit you. Our shoes will do anything any other shoes will do."

She didn't answer. He noticed that she was about ready to burst into tears, and decided that he'd better put forth a more substantial argument. "Think what it would mean if our customers learned that my own wife couldn't wear the shoes we are selling. That would hurt us a lot. I should think you'd be glad to let me try to suit you, just for the principle of the thing, if nothing else."

"Oh, I just can't. I know your shoes won't satisfy me now. What's the use of bothering about it?"

"But I'm sure they will, and even if they won't we can

get an artificial support put in. That would give you the same result as you are now getting."

"You don't understand at all. The arch bridge is just one of the features of these Arch Preserver Shoes. They aren't made like other shoes at all. The inside of the sole is flat, so your toes won't be pinched and cramped. That's just as important as the bridge. It makes my feet feel so vigorous and healthy. The inside of the sole in other shoes is cup shaped. You know that. And they always made my feet burn and feel bound up."

She was talking enthusiastically now. "Another thing that's different is the system of fitting. Your shoes are fitted to cover the foot. These shoes are fitted so that the bridge comes right up against the foot arch exactly right. There's just the right support under every part of the foot. Really, I never before knew that a shoe could be made and fitted this way."

"And you mean to say that you get this support, and have the flat inner sole, and yet the shoes are not stiff and rigid?"

"Not a bit. Just watch this." She got up from her chair, and lifted herself on to her toes several times. "Why, they're just as free and easy as a moccasin. They bend with the feet—and they're so delightfully comfortable because the foot really doesn't bend in the arch at all where the bridge is. It bends only at the toes."

He laughed good-naturedly. "Well, you've convinced me. I give up. I didn't know as much about shoes as I thought. I see I haven't a chance of changing your mind."

"No," she replied, again serious. "I'm always going to wear them. I'd even—take in washing—if I had to, to get the money with which to buy them!"



"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade-Mark

It is on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

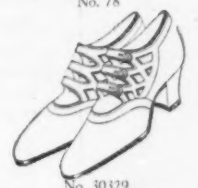
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THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

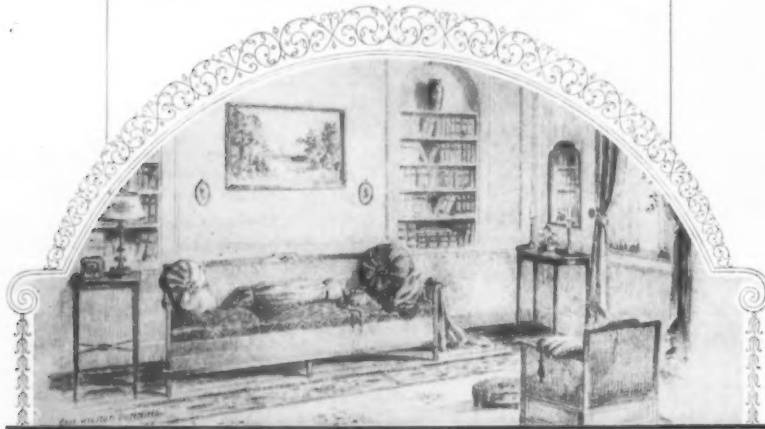
Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

A USEFUL ADDITION TO THE NEW HOME

"We did hesitate quite a while before deciding to take this little place, Margaret. . . It is a tiny one, isn't it? We couldn't figure out how we could ever have any house guests in it, for there's no place for a guest room."

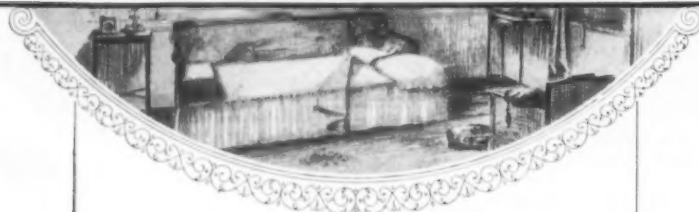
"When we were looking for furniture, though, we suddenly had our problem solved by the salesman who was showing us through the store. He overheard our discussion and directed our attention to this lovely davenport. We admired it, of course, but we didn't see how it filled our need until, with a deft motion he opened it up, and there, lo and behold, was a bed with real bed-springs and a real mattress."

"He certainly earned our gratitude, and we have had wonderful service from it, both as a davenport and as a bed. It's so snug and cozy, and adds so much to this room, doesn't it? And it is such a good example of modern living room furniture?"



The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



Thousands of families are changing their place of residence, and for many of them the Davenport Bed will solve the guest room problem gracefully and efficiently.

Equalling in craftsmanship, design and upholstering the best in modern living room furniture, the Davenport Bed gives no suggestion to the eye, in its daytime use, that a restful bed is concealed within it.

Your furniture merchant will show you Davenport Beds in a variety of designs, one of which will no doubt fit in perfectly with your colour scheme and arrangement plan. Chairs may be had to match each design.

"The Home in Good Taste" is a pleasing presentation of correct home furnishings, accompanied by photographs of many styles of Davenport Beds. Write for a copy.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
(More than 80 individual manufacturers)

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D. B. M. of A.

Pear Blossoms

[Continued from page 8]

me out of the city. So I've been staying over at the Springs. And it was so fine this afternoon that I decided to take a long hike, but the sun must have been too hot. And just as I came past here the grass looked so green and I felt so stupid and so tired that I turned in to rest a moment, and—"

"And you fainted," said Mrs. Massey, "and Miss Lucetta here found you and called for me." She surveyed him appraisingly. "I guess an egg-nog will be what you need."

"I'll make it," said Lucetta. "You sit here with him and see that he doesn't faint again. If he does—you've got the salts."

"Now then," said Mrs. Massey, slipping the bottle into her pocket. She raised her voice penetratingly. "Miss Lucetta—better put a drop of something in it. The closet key's behind the clock."

"Is she your daughter?" asked Haines Chase craftily.

"Oh my, no—she's our liberian, and a real sweet girl. She boards with me. She was just coming home to supper when she saw you." It was wonderful here—the hammock, the drifting beauty of the orchard, the amusing capable Mrs. Massey—and the girl. Strange, how sweet had been that touch of her wrist, warm satin, a living fabric of endless suggestion, a bid for dreams and whimsies. He had always made quick decisions. Now he made one and plunged.

"Could you take me to board for a while until I get better, Mrs. Massey?" he asked plaintively.

"I don't know nothing about you," she temporized.

"My name's Haines Chase," he interrupted, "and I work for—for a bank in the city. I'll pay in advance, and—look here—just let me stay twenty-four hours, and if you don't think I'm all right then, I'll go. Of course I can go back to the Springs, but I hated it there."

"No wonder. They won't do nothing for nobody there, less'n they've got a mint of money."

He passed by the implication that he was too poor to command comfort at the Springs. The girl was even more wonderful than he had thought at first. She leaned toward him and held the glass of egg-nog to his lips.

"Oh, Miss Lucetta, Miss Lucetta! By the way, what is your last name—do you mind telling me?"

"Not at all. I'm Lucetta Eliot."

She was wearing the simplest of blue cotton dresses, but the color was true cornflower and there was a white ruffle around her white throat. He wondered how she would look in blue chiffon, and whether the skin of her shoulders matched in smoothness and clear beauty the skin of her throat. And just then Lucetta moved her head and he saw that the back of her neck was as adorable as a baby's. It made him feel rather faint again, it was so utterly and bewitchingly alluring. He took several more sips of egg-nog to brace himself.

HAINES CHASE woke the next morning in the east bedroom to hear voices lifted in oburgation below—women's voices, unmistakably Lucetta's and Mrs. Massey's.

His curiosity brought him out of bed and to the window where, by craning his neck, he beheld a garden patch, and Lucetta in the middle of it, a light hoe in her hand, her cheeks red with wrath, her eyes ablaze. Mrs. Massey was invisible, but the offender could be seen, in the person of an enormous yellow cat, lithe and lean, running among the garden beds, keeping just out of reach of Lucetta's hoe, and evidently under the impression that it was all a game arranged for his particular amusement.

Suddenly Lucetta began to laugh. "Isn't he funny! He thinks he's a kitten and that I'm playing with him. Oh, you monster—you rascal! Oh—scat—"

keep away from those pansies, I tell you!"

She was in lavender, and might have been a pansy herself. Haines dressed hurriedly and ran downstairs.

"Good morning," he called. "What was all the row about?"

She looked up, startled, and then contrite. "Oh, did I wake you! I'm so sorry. Every morning that disgraceful animal comes into the garden and prances about; and he simply ruins my plants."

"Is this your garden?" asked Haines with interest.

"Yes, this is mine—Mrs. Massey lets me have it. Those are sweet-peas. That's what's left of the pansies. How do you feel this morning?"

He suddenly recollected that he must not feel too well—or Mrs. Massey might not encourage him to stay. "Oh, better. But not quite sure of myself yet."

He reflected. There must be some way to manage to be with her. "I wonder," he ventured, "if I might walk down to the library with you after breakfast. And perhaps you'd show me the telegraph office—I want to send some wires. And the postoffice—and—"

"Why, of course," she assented.

MISS ELIOT'S not a native here? Her family lives—somewhere else?" he asked Mrs. Massey as she beamed at him over his breakfast.

"Her family has all gone to the bourne whence no traveler returns," Mrs. Massey answered mournfully. "The grim reaper certainly did his worst amongst the Eliots. Her Pa and Ma was Copleytown people—he was a lawyer and they lived in that big white house t'other side of the Meth'dist church—you'll see it when you go downtown. They was both carried off by the flu when it was still lagrippe, and the money just about belt out till she got through the liberry school. She's seen a lot of trouble, Lucetta Eliot, yet so young and all."

"I hope you've decided to let me stay on until I feel stronger and more like myself," he said.

"My land, yes, you can stay. And I won't charge you more'n you can afford. You'll need your money to pay your doctor's bills," said Mrs. Massey heartily.

"I asked Miss Lucetta last evening what she thought, and she said it was plain that you was all right, and a gent'man, and that you wasn't very happy or very well, and she thought it would do you good to be here. So I made up my mind then and there you could stay."

He was waiting when she came downstairs, and they walked sedately down the tree-shaded, narrow street, a friendly, pleasant street, with the houses set back in yards and little blooming orchards, like Mrs. Massey's; a street where aproned housewives swept their own porches and walks, and exchanged mild gossip as they did so; a street incomparable for idle sauntering—and confidences.

"Tell me," he demanded, "how did you know that I was unhappy?"

She flushed under his eyes and a new gravity came to her face, a gravity that made her seem older and yet more gentle.

"People who have been very unhappy always know it in others. It's the one great touchstone of understanding. I didn't quite mean that you were actively unhappy, you know—only it was simpler to say it to Mrs. Massey. I meant that you were not satisfied, that you were restless, that you haven't got what you want. Of course, it's not an unusual state."

"No one has spoken so frankly to me for a long time. It's true what you say. I'm restless, I'm unsatisfied, I'm unhappy. But what am I going to do?"

She shook her head. "All the cures for unhappiness come from inside our own hearts and [Turn to page 60]

Nurse your baby



For those who believe in baby's rights

EVERY baby born into the world has one fundamental right which nobody can deny—the right to a healthy start in life.

This means that he is entitled to the healthiest possible surrounding and the best food that can be obtained to build up a strong, vigorous body.

Ordinarily, the safest and most perfect nourishment which a mother can give a baby is her own milk. It is a child's natural food which he

has the right to demand. Breast milk furnishes all the requirements for an infant food. No formula has ever yet been discovered that can be considered anything but a second choice to mother's milk.

By all means, nurse your baby if you can. It is not only an obligation which you owe your child but the highest privilege which a mother can have.

Unfortunately, for one reason or another, many mothers are forced to resort to artificial feeding. Often a mother cannot supply sufficient nourishment for her baby. Or perhaps when she does nurse him he does not thrive as he should. And too, in these days of complex living and increased social and industrial obligations, mothers frequently are not able to nurse their babies for any length of time.

If for any reason you cannot nurse your baby be sure to select a food with the greatest care.

It should be as nearly like mother's milk as possible—absolutely pure—nourishing—easily digested.

More than a million babies have been brought up on Eagle Brand for these very reasons. As a breast milk substitute there is no better food for babies. Thousands of mothers endorse it. Many physicians recommend it in difficult feeding cases. Its remarkable record has made it the standard baby food wherever artificial feeding is necessary.

Eagle Brand is pure cow's milk and cane sugar combined by a special process that breaks down the hard, indigestible casein and makes it exceptionally digestible. It contains all the necessary food elements for correct nourishment in an absolutely safe, dependable form.

Its uniformity is guaranteed—every can the same, no matter where you buy it.

If you cannot nurse your baby, or if he is not thriving on his present diet, feed him Eagle Brand. It is a complete food in itself. *The Borden Company, 152 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Baby's Welfare is an authoritative little book written by a physician for the benefit of young mothers. If you want help in solving the daily problems of feeding and caring for your baby, write for this guide. We will send it to you free.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



Lovely Photos Prove Nestle Invention A Marvelous Success

Dainty Home Outfit Safely Transforms Straightest Hair Into
Charming Permanent Waves, Curls and Ringlets

Sent Everywhere on 30 Days' Free Trial

Photo Taken Six
Months After
Waving

"My hair was very fine, straight and dry. The waving was a success from the very beginning. In rainy or damp weather it curls around my face just as though it were naturally curly," writes MISS MARJORIE MACDONALD, 1049 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.



The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A single application gives you naturally curly hair. No breakage, frizz or harshness is possible. The waving is comfortable and lovely, quick, the results are permanent and lovely. Illustrated booklet sent on request.



Water Beautifies Her
LANOIL-Wave

"There simply isn't enough can be said in praise of the Home Outfit," writes MRS. J. C. FRANK, 1951 Division St., Portland, Ore. "It is such a joy to have naturally curly hair."



"So Simple and Easy"

"My husband waved my bob without a bit of trouble," writes MRS. G. A. BRIGHTWELL, 828 Norfolk St., Ft. Worth, Tex. "I think it is one of the most wonderful inventions in history."

"My Hair Turned
Out Lovely"

writes MISS CORINNE MUNSON, 1211 E. John St., Seattle, Wn., "I love it because it looks naturally curly—not 'put up'."



Our fully illustrated explanatory
booklet sent free on request.

IN RESPONSE to Mr. Nestle's recent invitation to his delighted customers to substantiate their enthusiastic, voluntary testimonials with photographs, actually showing what his wonderful Home Outfit invention had done for their straight, dull hair, we have been deluged with hundreds of curly-headed photos, illustrating fully the radiant happiness the Home Outfit gives everywhere it goes.

Even Salt-Sea Water Cannot Spoil LANOIL-Waves

Although this invention has been on the market less than 2 years, and is sent everywhere on 30 days' free trial, already you will find it in over 190,000 homes, where entire families and their friends get naturally curly hair through a single application. Nearly a million waves have been given with this dainty apparatus of the eminent New York hair genius. Letters are brimful of ecstasy with our customers' new freedom from nightly curling pins, irons and fluids, of joy with their luxuriant lasting waviness.

Gentle—Safe—Quick

In Mr. Nestle's two renowned New York establishments, over 300 women of fashion are LANOIL-waved every day. The best beauty shops everywhere use his LANOIL discovery exclusively. This process has made permanent waving so simple, safe and comfortable that you can realize the dream of your lifetime even in your own home. And not just you alone. One joyful mother writes, "My sister, children and myself enjoyed our lake camp last summer more than ever before, because our water sports only made our LANOIL-waves curl up more prettily."

Send for Your Home Outfit on
30 Days' Free Trial

Are you going to go on struggling for-

ever with your straight hair, when it will cost you nothing to try the Outfit? If you prefer, we will send you our free booklet first, but you will enjoy the same success as the other 190,000 owners, so why not write directly for your Outfit on 30 days' free trial? Wave your hair, with the free trial materials. Then wait. Wash, brush, comb, test your lovely, soft, silky-bright waves and curls in every way you see fit, and if they do not look and act like naturally curly hair, if they fall short in any way of your expectations, return the Outfit within 30 days, and every cent of its cost of \$15, deposited with us or with your postman will be refunded immediately.

Send the coupon or a letter or a postal for your Home Outfit today, now, and enjoy the blessing of charming, bright, naturally curly and wavy hair through rain and shine, day and night, through all the summer months to come.

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Please send me the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

☐ I enclose \$15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.
☐ I prefer to deposit the \$15 with my postman when the Outfit arrives.

OR, check HERE, if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Eyes That Are Blind

[Continued from page 50]

he's in love, but bein' blind I see a lot o' things. . . . What's that?" Rudle had slightly stirred.

"Nothing, Mrs. Rudle—some noise in the street," Van very gently assured her. "I'll send Billy in to you when he comes back. Let me take you along to your room."

"Don't tell him I came in," the mother begged. "He'll only worry about me. I can find my own way about easy. I'll go before he comes." She turned and slid her other hand to the chair board. "Good-night—and don't keep Billy up late. He's a good lad," she repeated and, groping, left the room.

VAN SUYDAM SMITH stood quite still, staring at the closed door and listening to the scuffle of the blind woman's feet down the small hall—till he heard a noise and an oath behind him. Rudle was sitting up, rubbing his dazed eyes. He tried to get to his feet. Van stooped and helped him to an easy chair.

"Have a drink with me, Rudle—I can recommend the brand," he lightly offered, splashing whiskey into a glass and handing it to the recovering man. Rudle gulped the neat spirit and found his voice.

"You pack a wicked punch, all right," he grimly admitted; "but I'll get you in another minute."

"Listen, Friend Rudle; if you pull any more of your comedy stuff we will beat your features to a soufflé, and then rope you and extract that address with a red hot poker." Rudle's look grew quite ludicrously awed.

"Who the devil are you, exactly?" he exclaimed in angry admiration. "You'll get no address out of me, and the sooner you get out of my house, the better, 'cause it will be your face that'll be getting scrambled—"

"Rudle," Van impolitely interrupted, "let's understand each other. There's no need for any more circus stuff. We demand Amy Smee's address solely because her old mother is ill and needs her. And we don't mean to leave this house till we have got it."

Rudle looked at Van for at least a minute more. "Look here," he said slowly in a chastened voice: "are you on the level? Do you mean to say that a swell like you is taking all this trouble because some old dame is sick? Amy's mother is no kin of yours."

"Rudle, I've got an old mother of my own. That reason ought to be adequate—the best in the world. I hardly think you're the man to forget the claims of a mother. You must have one of your own somewhere about."

"Blast you!" Rudle moodily answered. Van made no comment to that, but sat down and waited. After another minute's silence, Rudle looked up. "Somehow," he said, "I'm beginning to think you're straight goods. Are the old folks going to treat Amy human if she does go home?"

"I don't think you need worry about that," Again Rudle was silent.

"What'll happen if Amy does go home?" he demanded at last. "I'll never see her again, likely as not. They'll keep her when they get her."

Van nodded. "No doubt; but the old woman will be happy, and her father," Rudle rose unsteadily, helped himself to a drink of soda water, and sat down again. He drained his glass unharriedly and with the same thoughtful deliberation restored it to the table.

"You'll find Amy, tomorrow night, at the Palais de Danse," he slowly uttered; "she's a professional dancing partner. As to where she lives—ask her yourself. Now get out of my house."

Van got up and stood for a few seconds looking down at the man with a debatable frown. "Thank you, Rudle, we've an idea you're speaking the truth, but we will find out."

"Go to hell!"

At nine the next evening, Van Suydam

Smith bought a partner ticket at the cashier's window in the Palais de Danse, and promptly satisfied himself that Rudle had not deceived him. Amy, or Hermione, in a simple dancing frock of blue voile, was, together with several other girls, waiting in the space reserved for professional partners engaged. The appearance of Van Suydam Smith, impeccably turned out in evening dress, with his burnt brown face, his wistful blue eyes, and his remote smile, caused an unusual flutter of interest in the ranks of the young women, and Hermione readily accepted his punctilious invitation to dance.

The two made a most attractive picture as in perfect unison, in equally perfect surrender to the mood of the music, they swept swaying athwart the splendid floor.

Van Suydam Smith danced one number with his partner, and when at length the excellent band held up, led her to one of the little tables.

"Thanks, awfully," she ingenuously said as they sat down; "that was lovely. I'm just crazy about waltzing, and you do waltz so wonderfully."

"Come with us tonight to Murray's," Van coolly suggested. "We can dance there as late as we like."

The girl's frankness changed at once to reserve. She looked him over with cold eyes. "I don't do that sort of thing with people I don't know," she said, "so please don't talk like that again."

"But you are doin' it, little lady."

"This is different. I'm one of the staff dancing with a client in the course of my duties. You are an absolute stranger. We don't accept outside invitations from strangers."

"Well done, little Amy!" Van applauded, his tired eyes twinkling. "Keep these fellows in their places!"

"Amy! Where did you get that name? I've never met you before."

"Yes, you have," Van insisted. "You sat on our shoulder once, with your arms round our neck, for all of half an hour; though that's a long time ago, when your father and we soldiered together in Arizona." She stared, indignation blending into astonishment.

"Why!" she exclaimed—"that's one of father's stories. Who's been telling you? You can't be—Why, yes!" she cried—"I do believe it is you, sir." The puzzled frown changed to a frank smile. "How very strange! Fancy you being here like this."

"It is myself, sure enough, Amy," Van smiled; "and I'm going to carry you away again, this very night; but not on my shoulders this time, worse luck." And making no more bones about it, Van disclosed the motive of his visit to the Palais de Danse.

"I won't go back home! Father practically drove me away. I can't understand it at all. He was so hard and said such mean things, and I know he thinks the worst of me now and believes I have gone all to the bad. Why should he want me back now, thinking I'm like that, and him a strict, narrow old Methodist? I'm sure he's never forgiven me. He's as hard as nails. How did you know I was here? How ever did you find me?" Van Suydam Smith explained that Rudle had given him her address.

BILLY?" the girl breathed—"Billy told you! I suppose father's told you Billy's a rotter. Father blames him for everything. Billy," she said, "is the best man in the world. He tried to persuade me to go back home, when he heard I'd run away, instead of coming to town. But I couldn't stand it any more in Chatham, and I insisted on stopping here. I don't know what I'd have done without Billy. He got me this job and has looked after me like a brother ever since. But father believes the worst of him, and there's no convincing father against his prejudices."

"Why didn't" [Turn to page 57]



Your Perfume Should Be "Becoming"

You choose a hat or frock for its becomingness. You select it because its style exactly suits you—brings out your best features—makes you appear more charming. You do not buy it merely because it looks pretty in the window, or on someone else.

Your perfume should be as individually becoming as your loveliest gown. You should select it just as carefully. Be sure that it is a true expression of your thoughts and moods—that it harmonizes with your own personality. Clothes are soon forgotten, but a perfume may linger in the memory for years. How important it is to have this memory a flattering one.

Florient, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, has a happy way of blending with widely varying personalities—seeming to take on a new meaning with each wearer. Or you may find your favorite among other lovely Colgate scents.

It is easy to select the right perfume with the Colgate Perfume Test—and lots of fun besides. This famous test has shown countless women how to choose the perfume that suits them best. Full instructions and materials, for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfume, will be sent you for a 2c stamp. Address

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COLGATE'S

Perfumes



Above All Else, Watch His Food

*Some amazing figures that should
cause mothers to re-check their children's diet*

THE Department of Health of New York City made an exhaustive investigation among 1,000,000 school children—the so-called "rich" and "poor" alike.

216,000 children, or more than 20%, were found to be seriously undernourished and in need of a physician's care.

611,000, or more than 60%, were reported "on the borderline of malnutrition," and in need of better diet.

Only 173,000 of that million, or less than 17%, were adjudged "well fed."

These figures, as all statisticians will agree, probably would be repeated in most other towns and cities.

So the diet of 83 children out of every hundred anywhere may be questioned with possible great profit to each child.

For these figures indicate that only one child in five is really getting proper food.

They mean that your child, perhaps, has only one chance in five to develop as he should.

Thousands of mothers who thought their children were well fed were astonished by these facts.

Are you sure about the diet of your boys and girls?

In practically every authoritative book on child feeding you find milk and orange juice advised. The diet of children from three months to ten years of age should include these two foods, practically daily, according to these experts.

In a questionnaire sent to 117 physicians we asked what fruit juice they most often recommended for children under three; 93 out of the 107 who replied simply wrote down "orange juice."

They had in mind the salts and acids; the fresh vitamins; the alkaline reaction of orange juice in the blood to offset the acid-forming foods; the slightly laxative effect, and the good effect on teeth and other benefits from this effective fruit.

Much of the malnutrition discovered in the investigation mentioned could have been prevented by vitamins alone.

Thus you see the almost vital need of watching children's food above all else.

Raw foods—fruits and vegetables—are necessities in diet.

Don't take chances with the children—your future men and women. Build the right foundation now mainly through right foods.

In abnormal cases where a special diet is required, your family physician should finally advise. Ask him about orange juice.

It is well in any case, even though your child seems to be in good health, to check its diet with some one who knows the scientific values of all foods.

Free Book—on Child Feeding

Mail the coupon for our free 32 page book, "Feeding the Child for Health," containing much valuable information, feeding schedules and recipes. This book will prove a valuable aid to any mother in keeping her children well.

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Please send me free copy of your book,
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Eyes That Are Blind

[Continued from page 54]

you or Billy go to see your parents and explain?"

"Don't I tell you?" she protested—"they wouldn't have believed me, and Billy's having never gone to the front and not being a church member would have finished him."

"We don't think so, Amy dear, if you'd told Billy's real reason."

The girl stared blankly. "What reason? I don't know anything about reasons—all that I know is, Billy has been a regular gentleman to me. Girls don't want reasons—they can tell what a man is soon enough. What reason are you referring to?"

"Amy dear," he promised, "if you'll put on your bonnet and shawl, while we have a chin with the manager here, we will introduce you and your father to Billy's reason."

"I'm not going back home," Amy asserted in distress—"anyway not stay. I'll just run up to Chatham and see if mother's really ill and then I'll come back. I couldn't be at home with them thinking like they do about me and keeping me from ever seeing Billy."

"Little lady," Van drawled, consulting his watch, "we have got a most important dancing engagement for eleven tonight. If you don't get your clothes on, we will toss you up like we did once before and carry you off pick-a-back. Your mother really is ill."

A WRY smile crossed the unhappy little face, but without another word the girl jumped up and ran away to obey Van. An hour later Van Suydam Smith arrived at the little red house of the Rudles. With him was Sergeant Smee and his daughter. The door was opened by Rudle himself, whose dressing, or undressing, had been interrupted at the collar and tie stage.

"Evenin', Rudle," Van saluted. "We have brought you a brace of visitors." Rudle stood guarding the half-open door, his left hand on his half-tied black bow.

"You again!"

"Billy!" Amy cried.

"Amy!"

"And this," announced Van cheerily, "is Amy's father. Surely you remember him! And anyway ain't you goin' to ask us in?"

Rudle for half a minute eyed the group in stupefaction, then flung the door wide. "Come in," he snapped. In the sitting-room that had been the stage of the previous evening's engagement, a fire was burning in the grate, and by the side of it sat the blind woman, her thin fingers skilfully busy with a knitted sock, unfinished.

"Mother," said Rudle, "here's some people that have come to see us."

"Have they now, my dear?" the mother exclaimed, peering with sightless eyes. "That's very nice, I'm sure. Here you are all these years, hardly having anybody in the house, and now callers two nights running. Has that nice gentleman come again to-night?"

"I'm here, Mrs. Rudle," Van Suydam Smith said gaily; "and I've brought the 'hussy' along, too; in fact, we're quite a family party."

"Have you now? if that ain't peculiar! Sonny's been a-telling me about her only tonight, and how she wouldn't marry him because of her father, who thought he'd run away with her, and he hadn't. I wish I had him here, my dears, for just five minutes—I'd talk to him. Spoiling two young lives!—he's a nasty, stupid, old man, that's what he is." Sergeant Smee coughed uncomfortably and cast an unhappy look at his old officer.

"Sergeant," Van said, designating the blind woman, "this is Billy Rudle's 'conscientious objection'; and, Amy, this is Billy's 'reason.'" The atmosphere of the homely little room suddenly became tense with pathos. The sergeant stepped forward one pace. "I'm afraid, ma'am, I've been all wrong about Amy and your son," he uneasily

said. "I thought he'd stolen her from her home, but seemingly it was Amy who run after him. And she tells me he got her a job, and she wanted to marry him, but he wouldn't because he thought she'd've been miserable afterwards on account of my views about him for not fighting and staying away from church. But the captain here has told me how your boy was doing his bit all the time by his old mother." Amy's eyes had grown starry, the frown had left Rudle's face.

BILLY," the girl said tenderly, "why didn't you tell me about her? I'd have looked after you both." Billy coughed gruffly.

Van turned to the glass over the mantelpiece and adjusted a tie that needed no adjustment.

"Yes," Smee seized the chance to reassert himself. "If you had had any sense at all, young feller, and not kept your old mother such a secret, you'd've got praised instead of blamed. What did you do it for? Why didn't you tell me that day I met you both, as you'd got a mother, instead of sneaking off like you did."

Rudle said nothing that his eyes did not say to Amy. Van Suydam Smith turned and slapped his old sergeant-major on the back.

"Now, Smee! You're getting out of step. Didn't you tell Rudle you'd shut his mouth for him if he opened it?"

The ex-soldier swallowed hard. "That didn't worry him none, sir, I'll bet. Why! he didn't even tell Amy here as how he'd got an old mother what he was a-looking after. Why didn't he tell us all and done with? What did he do it for?"

"What did he do it for?" the old lady repeated.

"Nice lot you all know about human nature. What did he do it for! Why! because he was ashamed, of course. Because him being a man he was ashamed to tell anybody as how he was a-doing the house work and acting as nurse to an old woman."

"Ain't he got his pride? He wasn't a-going about telling people he was looking after an old woman."

"He was ashamed, of course, an' I'm proud of him for it—proud as proud he's a good lad."

For a minute or more all three stood looking in silence at the aged woman, with the calm face of ivory coloring and the dark sightless eyes, sitting by the fire with old hands busy with her knitting.

It was Van Suydam Smith, the immaculate center of the group, who at length broke the silence.

"All present and correct then, we think, Sergeant Smee," he brightly announced—"and our car outside waiting to take you all to the little old mother who is lying ill at Chatham!"

The old soldier pulled himself together and clicked his heels.

"No complaints, sir, no—thanks to you!" he said, with a break in his hard voice.

"You've opened my eyes a bit, sir, opened them to a lot of things. I've been blind, sir, very blind. We've all been blind."

"Blind!" said the aged woman, turning her sightless eyes towards Sergeant Smee.

"Blind? No! you wasn't blind. None of you was blind. If you'd a' been blind you'd've seen."

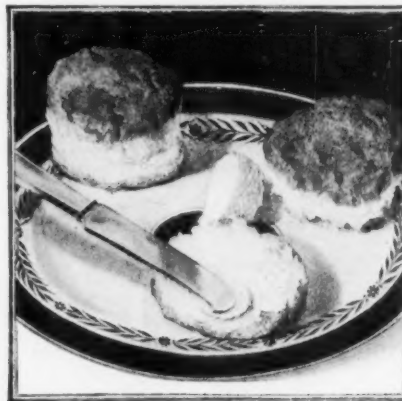
LATE that night at a cabaret where Van Suydam Smith was being more light-hearted than usual, a woman admiringly remarked:

"There is a marvelous good dancer—that sleek-looking fool with the sad, sweet smile!"

Her companion, a stout person of obvious prosperity, grunted.

"It's a pity," he growled, "that wasters like that, who spend all their time at these shows, can't be made to realize there's more in life than dancing."

PERFECT BISCUITS EVERY TIME



Bake hot biscuits for supper SUNDAY

... in 10 minutes!

Have you tried the new way to have hot biscuits for Sunday supper? You'll find you can make delicious, feather-like hot biscuits in only 10 minutes on Sunday—and hot biscuits make *any* supper a real success!

When you are in the kitchen Saturday morning mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the ice-box or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready to serve by the time the table is set!

BECAUSE two leavening agents are combined in Royal, your biscuits begin to rise as soon as the dough is mixed. Then a second rising takes place when the biscuits are put into the oven. This double acting quality makes it possible for you to bake Royal biscuit immediately or to keep the biscuit dough ready mixed for several days.

"You can depend on it"—"It always turns out right"—"I have the best luck with it"—these are the answers women give again and again when asked "Why do you prefer Royal?" They know they can trust it to give them wonderful biscuits—light, fluffy, delicious. "Good luck!"—"Success!" they call it. Dependability is the word the Royal Baking Powder Co. uses. For over three generations Royal has kept to an

absolute standard of uniformity. With Royal you can use the same recipe year after year and your baking powder will give you identically the same successful results.

Biscuit Recipe

All measurements are level. 2 cups flour; 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; 2 tablespoons shortening; ½ teaspoon salt; ¾ cup milk or half milk and half water. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add liquid slowly to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured board to about one inch in thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on greased pan and bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

Free booklet! Send today for Royal booklet on biscuit making—new recipes for muffins and quick breads. Address The Royal Baking Powder Co., 120 East 41st Street, New York.

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FREEDOM and FASHION are friends again

THE prim, wasp-waisted belle of 1870 would have been horrified at the modern girl's uncorseted figure, her knickers and open-throated blouses, her sheer, low-topped, knee-free athletic underwear. For then it was the style to look hampered and uncomfortable, quite as today every girl wants to look healthy and capable, and at her ease.

So Lady Sealpax Athletic Underwear is the natural choice of the modern girl for business and walking, tennis, golf, dancing and every strenuous activity. Lady Sealpax is so cool, scarcely touches one anywhere; yet so soft to the touch, never sticky, crumpled or clinging in the hottest weather.

And that blessed "freedom of the knees" and flatness on the hips and smoothness of tailored top and shoulder straps!

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Lady
Sealpax
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DAINTY ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

Immortal Fire

[Continued from page 12]

the main room of the cabin she met the cold black stare of Hannah, hand on hip, the enger one of the old mother on the hearth.

"Purty time to be a-gittin' up!" said the virago, "ye won't get no breakfus hyar at this hour!"

"No? That suits me perfectly—keeps me slim and graceful." And she laid once more her caressing hand on the crone's shoulder as she passed out to the yard. Here there was activity. Bill was coming in from the road with a high piled load of thin green cane stalks. Farther on a great vat steamed over fire where the sorghum was in the making. Jason, looking like a rough wild god in his great stature with his silver head bare beneath the sun, worked from spile to vat. The woman went directly to him. "Have you suffered for me—from Bill?" she asked.

"I thought he'd kill me fer fetchin' you," he said, "but he's itchin' fer all that money you promised to give him."

"He'll get only half of that," she said quickly, "him—and Hannah—" already she was falling into the mode of speech of the household—"the other half belongs to you and your mother."

A GRIM smile hovered for a moment on the hang-dog face before her, to be erased instantly after a glance at Bill's attentive attitude.

"You think so?" said Jason, whispering. "Please don't try to give us any, Missy. It 'ud only make things worse."

"Of all things!" cried the woman, her own voice lowered. "Are you afraid of him—and Hannah?"

"God!—yes!" he gritted passionately, "an' so'll you be afore long."

"Like fun I will!" she said half to herself and went back to the cabin.

Strange days followed. It was fall in the canebrake country. Warm sun poured its golden light on cypress swamp and bayou, and there was no wind. Utter stillness hung on the world like a garment. The woman, who said her name was Sydney Raine, put on plain garments and took long walks alone. From these solitary excursions she came back with more pence in her sombre eyes, more quick answers for Hannah's viper thrusts.

"Mother," she said to the crone one day, "isn't there anything in this world you want beside your pipe and chair there on the hearth?" The old woman looked up with her sunken eyes.

"I druther go down t' Peevie's Corners an' stay a night at th' hotel than anythin' I ever heard tell of. I hone t' eat a meal at a real hotel afore I die. Ef th' Ol' Man'd a lived we'd a done hit, too"—there was a belligerent note in the cracked voice, "we'd been a layin' off so to do fer fifteen year."

"Yes?" prompted Sydney, "and why did you not do it—since?"

"W'y—tribbilation an' sorrer—hit laid a heavy hand on us—an' Bill—he went an' married Hanner—"

"Yes?"

"An' Bill an' Hanner—they—"

"Ah!" said the woman, "yes—I see."

At the table that night, with its corn pone and "middlin's" under the light of the two candles in their bottle necks, she spoke like an oracle.

"Jason," she said blandly, "it's lovely weather. Will you stop your work long enough to drive your mother and myself to Peevie's Corners? We want to spend a night and eat a hotel meal." Jason laid down his knife and looked with horrified eyes at Bill.

"Tain't possible," said Bill shortly, "we got t' get th' cane through. An' we ain't got no money t' spend in foolishness."

"Which team is yours, Jason?" said Sydney sharply, "the bays or the whites?"

"Neither one, you bold hussy!" rasped Hannah, "a jail-bird hain't no rights!" Sydney Raine laid down her own bone handled fork. Her dark eyes took in the whole group—Bill sullen and bridling, Hannah trembling with rage,

the mother shrunk in her chair to a little mite of nothing, her clawlike hand across her eyes with her toothless lips shivering below—and Jason, Jason—his young face beneath his old man's hair as white as milk, his blue eyes dropped to his cracked plate, his great hand working nervously on the brown oilcloth. As if a hand had passed across a candle extinguishing its small light, just so had his dim spirit gone out entirely. He was dead inside, sunk into oblivion, a huge splendid organism struck into inertia by a woman's wicked tongue. Sydney, who was the tenth observer, you will recall, saw history laid bare for her reading—and did read. She saw the meaning of the old woman's "tribbilation," of Bill's and Hannah's methods, of Jason's deadly dullness—and the spirit that was in her rose up like a flame. There had been many things in her life—good and bad, some merely pitiful blunders, and one great tragedy—but throughout all this fire had burned in her, this sweet, swift thing that saw and understood. It had been responsible for much that had made and marred her life. Now she rose and stepped quickly round between Jason and the mother, laying an arm about the bowed shoulders of each, facing the others.

"So?" she said bitingly, "and how do you know so much? I'll ask my New York lawyer. And in the meantime—we're going to Peevie's Corners—in the wagon with the white horses—Jason and mother—and I—and if you try to stop us I'll have ten lawyers here to look into things about this cane plantation."

And two days later a triumphant procession rattled out along the corduroy—the wagon with the white team, and Jason standing driving, and the mother and Sydney Raine on split-bottom chairs in the bed behind. The weakened old woman was chattering with excitement, her fear of Bill and Hannah stilled by the wonder of the moment and Sydney's hands on hers. So they went to Peevie's Corners and stayed the night at the ramshackle hotel, and the old woman reached the pinnacle of fulfilled desire in the evening that followed when she rocked on the pine veranda and looked around at the dozen cabins and two stores which made the "settlement."

But later, when the strange woman sat daringly alone to watch the stars, a huge figure came hesitatingly out of the silence and the dark—Jason, halting, miserable, frowning in his agony. "I—got t' tell you, Miss," he said slowly, "I'm a-livin' under false colors—to you. I got t' tell—"

She reached out and touched him ever so lightly. "Sit down," she said, "don't be afraid."

He sank on the planks beside her chair, his hands fiddling with the buttons of his shirt. "I—I—" He stopped, swallowed, and went on, "I—ben in jail. Three years. Fought a man—over a turkey shootin' score—an' hit him—hit him harder'n I knew—an'—an'—he—he died!"

THERE was a rasp of anguish in the thickened voice. "I killed a man—an'—an' I ben in jail—three years!"

"Yes?" said the woman calmly, "what of that?"

"Eh?" said Jason stupidly.

"What if you have? We all have our sorrows—our sins—our mistakes. Have you not suffered over it all?"

"Suffered? Oh, good God A'mighty! I ben in hell! These folks hereabouts, they're Holiness people—can't sin—an' they sit not in th' seat of th' ungodly—nor countenance th' sinner. I ain't been spoken to fer months at a time—only Mammy—an' Bill an' Hanner—they—"

"Yes," snapped Sydney, "I know. They want the cane—and the horses—and the land, themselves. They hope to see mother die and you lose your reason—and your spirit—so they'll get it all. But listen [Turn to page 62]

Devil's Dust

[Continued from page 28]

wrote 'Aladdin's Window'—and I shall be happy."

He caught her to him again, instinctively. "I have always wanted you," he broke out hoarsely, his eyes reddish with emotion, "damn the play—don't you know how much I love you?"

A dozen contrary impulses and arguments raced through her mind. Hilary was dual, therefore, she must be patient and not antagonize either personality, lest the grosser turn on the finer and bruise it into uselessness. Only by so doing, could she finally make the finer triumph. No matter how hard it was going to be, it was worth while to prove his worth—help him finish his own Aladdin's Window. Slowly, she drifted back into his arms to be held captive. In the midst of his heavy kisses, she heard herself crying out: "Hilary—if only your mother could have known about 'Aladdin's Window'!"

Instantly, he released her. "Ah," he said in a sullen voice, "if only she could!"

After he brought her back to Hidden House, Nancy told Daphne and Peter that she would come to them as soon as someone had been found to do her work in the office! She had not the slightest fear as to Hilary's future.

BARNEY'S smouldering love was effectually extinguished by his grudge against what he termed Nancy's luck—to say nothing of Hilary's high handedness.

"Of course I knew you would go to Brighton to stay," he told Nancy, when she had secured and trained a substitute. "I don't blame you. And of course you are certain to have one of those formal weddings that make Dolthan drool at the mouth in the hopes of being invited. I'll not be coming to your wedding, only to find myself parked in the back row and given a half melted ice."

"Quite right. For my wedding will be a justice of the peace affair," Nancy bantered. "Let me see—anything else I have forgotten? I feel sure Miss Warren will prove satisfactory—what do you say?"

"The devil take Miss Warren," Barney said grimly, closing the office door and confronting her. "Do you think I want to talk about Miss Warren—a mummy faced old maid? Isn't this about the last time I'll have to talk with you as just Nancy Odell of Dolthan?"

There was a repressed look in her blue eyes which baffled as well as angered him. If only Nancy had laid her cards on the table, told him once and for all time that she saw no future as a private secretary, no chance to save money, that she rebelled at being rich people's semi-servant, semi-friend—Barney would have felt better pleased over her engagement. "You have no idea how wonderful Hilary's play promises to be," she said, as if he had not spoken of other things. "I am more than proud of it—I am reverent. Oh, the unspeakable joy in seeing him marshal his abilities and work—work," she repeated the word as if convincing herself it was true.

"So, it is a playwright again," Barney was bent on being impossible. The longer he looked at Nancy in her soft, wine-colored wool frock, the more he felt cheated out of what he felt should have been his own. "I thought he'd start in tinkering at inventions, seems as if he could get by with that easier than writing words and rhymes. Well, he'll swing back to being an inventor before long—my advice is to smile like a spring blossom at whatever trick he fancies attempting. He can pay for his dabbings—and have enough for your bonnets besides."

NANCY left her office position with an amazing feeling of insecurity. She experienced none of the customary pre-bridal rapture. She reproached herself for the insistent feeling that she was acting under some malicious hypno-

sis from which she should waken to find she had destroyed everything of right and lasting value. Reaching her room she began to pack her belongings, but was interrupted by the maid who announced that a gentleman was calling upon her. She ran down stairs to find Peter prowling about the dingy parlor, his hands clasped tensely behind his back.

"Ah, there," began Nancy, bent on appearing the radiantly happy person everyone considered she ought to be. "What's to pay? I'm packing, remember, for I'm to be at Brighton tomorrow. I expect Hilary tonight—we're to go to his club for dinner. What is wrong to bring you here like this?"

"Everything," he said quietly. "By the way, have these walls ears, eyes or clairvoyant ability?"

"All three," Nancy assured him, conscious that a creaking board without bore out her assertion. "I'll get my cape and we can walk out Bainbridge Road. We'll rumple up the leaves and sit down to rest on a funny remnant of an auto that must have tried to tie itself around an oak tree."

Peter did not break the silence until they were well along the country road. "I've found out a pretty beastly sort of thing," he said with unfamiliar brusqueness. "I feel I ought to tell you."

"About Hilary?" she asked, looking at the other side of the road, wondering why she was almost happy.

"No—Daphne. I've suspected it for a long time. Then I'd feel like doing penance every time I had the idea. You know so well how things are between us—how Daphne and I are courteous strangers—perhaps it's not such a wonder that I've been ignorant. Daphne and I are like parallel lines—side by side, true enough, but never meeting. You need a third line to form contacts, mutual interests. But she would have no children—there was nothing more to be said." He lagged behind, giving a pathetic impression of premature age, hopelessness. In silence they reached and took possession of the wrecked auto. Rapidly forming taupe rain clouds kept other pedestrians indoors.

"It is not the gamiest thing in the world to tell a woman—engaged to another man—your marital troubles! Nor you of all women, when you have squared your shoulders and prepared to take up Hilary's life as your very own. But I am unnerved—it is hideous to realize that everything in your life is futile! The thing is this—Daphne is a dope addict. She must have been for years. I had definite proof of it yesterday. I wanted you to know before you came out to stay."

"Certain of it?" Nancy let the hood of her cape drop back and her glossy, blue-black hair be lifted by the wind.

"Positive. Anne Vier, her maid, is the go-between."

"How did you find this out?"

"There was a mistake about a prescription which I had ordered for one of the maids—I thought it might have gone up to Daphne instead. As a matter of fact, it had not been sent to the house. I happened, by chance, on what I thought was the package. Anne Vier must have just brought it in—she was out of Daphne's dressing room and on guard in an instant. But it was too late. I pretended not to know what it was—for the present I think it wiser. The thing to face is telling Daphne and then curing her. No, that's not the truth," he corrected bitterly, "the thing is to make myself want to cure her, to care enough to stand by, as you are standing by Hilary—I'm a quitter for being lack-lustre, a tattle-tale, a disillusioned benedict—she probably started the thing because she was bored and I had failed to make her happy. Other women would have chosen a divorce court or a lover—it accounts for her inertia and irritability, doesn't it—my inertia, too!"

"For years, I [Turn to page 108]

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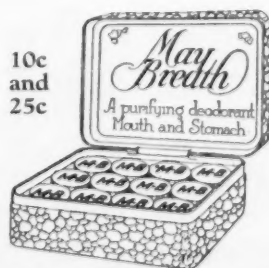
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Pear Blossoms

(Continued from page 52)

minds." As if drawn by the compulsion of his thought of her, she met his gaze, and for a moment they saw each other without the usual barrier of secrecy which human beings hide behind save in rare moments. "But there—I'm neglecting to call your attention to the sights of the town. Look—there's the Square, and the Court House. Right over there's the library."

After that revealing moment, Lucetta became elusive. He could not accuse her deliberately of evading him, but she did not make herself accessible.

BUT, Lucetta, I never see you."
"Oh, a story! You see me all the time."

"I do not. Look here. It's been ten days exactly since you found me in the orchard, hasn't it? Well, then, you've let me take you to the movies once. One evening you let me go with you to a church fair. On Saturday morning you had story hour at that library of yours. Saturday afternoon and evening you kept the blamed thing open. Then on Sunday you went to church twice. Do you realize that I can't stay here much longer? That I've got to go, whether I want to or not?"

She bent her head lower over her sewing. "Yes, I realize that."

"Put your sewing away and let's walk down the orchard," he begged. "Come—the grass won't be very wet. And it is too dark for you to sew." She dropped her work, and they sauntered out into the warm spring twilight.

"Here's where you found me that evening—ten days ago," he said.

"Is it only ten days?" she asked dreamily. "Sometimes I think you've been here for a long time."

"Sometimes I think so, too; only it could never have been long enough. The trees were in bloom when I came."

"The blossoms are all gone now."

"Look—there's one little belated cluster. Let me pick it for you. Put it in your hair. You're like that flower, Lucetta. Oh, my dear, my dearest, loveliest girl, I don't want to trouble you, but I've fallen so in love with you that I'm almost afraid to tell you for fear you'll laugh at me. It began that first day, and it's gone on, getting bigger and bigger ever since. You must have known why I stayed on here, dangling after you—didn't you? Look at me, Lucetta. You know I've got to go back to the city. I ought to go tomorrow. But—are you going to let me come back—and take you with me—for always?"

She did not move away from him, but stood still, and held his eyes with her own. At last she spoke. "Oh—I'd be a fool, and worse, if I didn't tell you the truth. I was so afraid you might see—that you might know—and it seemed so queer—to care so much in such a little time—"

He caught her to him ardently. "Why, Lucetta, you darling cheat—have you been loving me all the time?"

She managed to nod her head, though it was pressed tight against his shoulder. "You were awfully blind not to see it," she said.

During the weeks that followed Lucetta's utter trust in him sometimes gave Haines very thoughtful moments—she knew so little of him, accepted him so wholly at his word. He had said to her: "I can take care of you, Lucetta," and she had asked him no questions as to how or where.

In June they were married, attended by what seemed to Haines the entire population of Copleytown, with Mrs. Massey much to the fore, her triple chins quivering with emotion. There were tears and kisses, and some throwing of rice and flowers and a casual old shoe or two. But at last they drove off together into the quiet and isolation of the sunlit road.

"Lucetta, little dear—kiss me." He gave a perfect demonstration of driving the car with one hand, while his other

arm slipped round the girl at his side. "It doesn't seem real, does it?"

"No, and yes."

"Yes, and no. It seems too perfect to be real. Lucetta, there's something terribly on my mind to confess to you. I wouldn't tell you until we were married, and I had you safe for my own. You've thought that I—hang it, I don't know how to begin. Lucetta, would you be very angry with me if I told you that I've got a lot of money?"

"A lot of money—why, Haines, what do you mean?"

"Dear girl—just that. You've never asked me, and I never told you, because—well, there was a reason. But we won't go into that now. You see, Lucetta, it was my grandfather who founded the family fortunes, just after the Civil War. And then my father carried it on. It was he who started the bank where you thought I worked. I do work there, but I'm its vice-president, and my interest in it is part of what my father left me. There are other things, too—mines, chiefly. Everything came to me when I was twenty-three, seven years ago, and I quit college and dug right in. How I've wanted to tell you, only—"

He had the grace to look a little ashamed. "Only—I can hardly explain it to you, but—you'll think I'm just a ridiculous conceited fool, but I wanted you to love me just for myself. I wanted you to think I was poor."

She was very silent. The first doubt had come to her, but it was a doubt of herself, not of Haines. "I wish you'd told me before," she said at last. "I feel all topsy-turvy. And, Haines, I'll be so awkward, so stupid. I'm not accustomed to heaps of money—I won't know what to do with it."

Lucetta hesitated. This adventure of marriage was turning out to be far more adventurous than she had anticipated. But after all, she was Haines Chase's wife; she loved him, she trusted him. Her answer was complete, unreserved.

THEY reached New York at the close of an early July day. Through the unattractive mazes of the lesser city on the Jersey shore, then across the ferry, then an adroit and skilful maneuvering of the downtown maze, around the great Central Terminal and out into the wide plaza of Park Avenue they came. It was then but a little way when the gray car turned into the court of a stone edifice that squared the block, and towered impressively above it. At one of its impressive arches they stopped. A man in livery came out. They entered an Adam reception room and another man in livery opened the door of an elevator, gilded and mirrored and ornamentally upholstered. Smoothly and silently they rose to the fifteenth story. "And now we're at home," said Haines, fitting a latchkey.

"It's not large," said Haines; "just a living room and a couple of bedrooms, but I thought we might manage here until we knew just where and how we wanted to live. I wonder where Martin is." He pressed a bell.

An agitated butler appeared. "Mr. Chase—I didn't hear you come in. Everything is in order, sir. I think. We were expecting you, of course. Dinner will be served at any time Mrs. Chase indicates."

Dinner was laid at the end of a living-room four times as big as Copleytown's biggest best parlor. The refectory table had a strip of old creamy fllet down its dark length, and branching silver candelabra held unshaded red candles.

When it was over and Haines sat down to attack the accumulation of mail Lucetta had leisure to look about her. Haines, it was evident, was something of a connoisseur. The desk at which he sat was lustrous black and gold, opening to an interior of vermilion that fairly sang in brilliant gaiety. There were some straight chairs [Turn to page 108]



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"I read all the advertisements I could find, shopped all over town, and then bought a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator—the stove with the little Red Wheel at the side of the oven.

"It was hard to believe all the wonderful things the salesman told me, but when he said I could return the stove if I wasn't satisfied, I took it.

"They gave me a direction book which tells the exact temperature and time to use when roasting meats, boiling vegetables, baking pies, cakes, biscuits and—oh, yes, puddings, too,—in the oven. You simply turn the Red Wheel to the correct temperature and set your alarm clock to ring when the time's up. You don't have to go near the stove, peek in the oven, or worry a bit.

"The salesman said, 'Follow the directions in that book and you can't fail.' I think you'll agree with him after you've tasted this cake, and after I tell you that I haven't had a single failure since I got the stove.

"Last Thursday I went to the matinee and left a whole meal cooking in the oven—for 5 hours at 250 degrees. When I returned at six o'clock I found everything deliciously done, hot and ready to serve. Isn't that wonderful?

"Also, the direction book tells how to pack fresh fruits and vegetables in ordinary glass jars, place the jars in the oven for an hour or so, remove them, tighten the lids, and your canning's done. Isn't that easy?

"I bought my stove from the gas company, but I understand there are six different makes that have the Lorain Regulator and I'm told that they're sold by good dealers everywhere. And if I were you, Ethel, I'd get one of these wonderful gas ranges even if I had to go without some new clothes. What good are nice clothes if you have to work in a hot kitchen all day?"

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MC 5-24

Immortal Fire

(Continued from page 58)

here, Jason"—she leaned to him and put that compelling hand on his great shoulder—"you have done a wrong, but you have paid for it. Only the weakling stays down when he falls—the strong man gets up again. He lifts his eyes to God again and goes on with all the strength there is in him.

"You are a strong man. Look at these arms—these shoulders—these big hands. Your strength, controlled, will save you. And these folk who cannot sin—who will not speak to you—Bah!—they're hypocrites. Look up, Jason. You have paid your debt. You shall not go down to the end of life like this. You are a man—and a fine specimen of a man, too, in your body. It's only your mind, crushed by Bill and Hannah, that is failing in its duty. From this very night you're going to look the world in the face—and I'm going to help you."

For a long time the silence hung unbroken. Then a deep sighing breath began to come regularly, with long in-held pauses between, and she knew that the man was weeping. Not lightly, weakly, but terribly, as if the foundations of his soul were broken up. She smiled into the darkness, and the weariness of her own face was in a measure gone, as if, lighting another at the flame there was in her, the immortal fire was brightening. When the short storm had threshed itself out in violence she once more touched him—she, who knew the instant flaring of fire her touch engendered—and whispered softly: "You're a man again, Jason, from this very moment. You've paid and you owe no more—neither to Bill nor Hannah nor all the world. Only to God—and to Him you owe a straight back, a lifted head, the works of manhood once more. You're going back to look Bill in the eye. Now go and sleep—for tomorrow we're to take mother to the store and buy her things—and we'll not go home till dark."

"Th' work—" said Jason.
"There'll be work when all of us are dead. Good night."

FIRE smoldered in the cabin in the clearing—deadly fire of hatred. It burned in Bill's sullen eyes turned on the woman who lolled insolently upon the hearth, her beautiful hands beneath her head, made Hannah watch her like a cat about to spring. The week that followed the insurrection of Peevie's Corners had been a strange one. The ordered routine of the plantation had been disturbed. Twice Jason had forgotten a command of Bill's and the old woman had been shrill with childish impertinences. A small crisis was imminent. On the morrow a man was coming to settle for the shipped cane—and Bill had ordered Jason to the farthest fields for the day's work. Jason, standing by the table, lifted his blue, dog's eyes, dropped them and fiddled with the buttons of his shirt. He moved his feet and was silent, the moment all but passing.

"Jason," drawled Sydney Raine.
"No," came the answer as if upon her strength. "I'm—not goin'." Bill laid down the harness he was oiling.

"What's that?" There was slow danger in his voice and the white-haired giant trembled. Sydney sat bolt upright.

"Why should Jason go away when the cane's to be paid for?" she demanded. "He should see the accounting—since a third of it is his. And mother must be represented."

"You Jezebel!" screamed Hannah, "you lyn' white-faced hussy!"

Bill rose, a towering figure of wrath. "You pay fer yore bed an' board. Miss," he said, "it's time fer you t' go. An' you," he turned on Jason, "you remember yore place. Now git."

"Jason!" said the woman like a shot and the man looked at her with the first quick motion of years. The leaping fire in her dark eyes lit him like a torch. He flung up his head and met his brother's rage. "No," he said doggedly, then hesitated with the old fear.

"You're a man, Jason," said Sydney, "and you don't owe him anything. Stand fast."

Once more Jason flung back his head. "By —!" he said, "I will!"

With that Bill leaped—not at Jason but for the woman who had risen and stood smiling on the hearth. Black rage distorted his features. "You damned hell-cat!" he gritted, "I'll show you—!"

But quick as he was in his intention and action, something else was quicker. Before he cleared the table's edge a great bulk hurled itself forward and he came against Jason with the impact of a bull. The breath was grunted from him and the next moment he was flying backward from the piston blow of that iron fist which had once "hit harder than it knew" and killed a man. Jason, his dull face white, the shamed blue eyes wide open, shoved a chair aside and thrust forward toward him.

"Jason!" cried Sydney shrilly, "Stop. Jason! Wait! A man doesn't strike when another's down!" Even in her excitement she cleverly stressed the word "man."

THE giant stopped and Bill got slowly up staring. For a moment he made to come on, then the look of the great figure hunched and ready, the doubled fists, the face with its new white fire, had a psychological effect and he stood, sullen and dangerous. In the strained silence which followed Sydney Raine laughed with a peculiar silver sweetness. "First fruits of redemption!" she said, "Jason—I'm proud of you!" And she slid a caressing hand down his arm from shoulder to wrist.

The cane was paid for, and Jason stood in at the accounting—the first time in seven years—and one-third was given into the shaking hands of the mother who rightfully owned it all—and a woman with weary eyes slept tranquilly beneath the roof, smiling in her sleep. She did not know that Jason walked all night in the cabin's shadow—listening for Bill's treachery.

Money—what power lies in its soulless entity! The crane hid hers in a cracked teapot and planned to buy "three prints o' calico an' six clay pines"—and Jason held up his head for three days straight and worked as only he could work when there was joy in labor. And day by day he raised his eyes more eagerly to the exquisite face of the woman who was like a rod of strength in the midst of oppression. The dumb stupor of his face gave way to light that came with her presence, went with her departure.

Bill and Hannah were still and watchful, afraid and murderous. But Sydney Raine stayed on contentedly. "I've done something, haven't I, God?" she said one day in all reverence. "Haven't I laid a weight in the scale of Thy favor? Something to balance my own misdeeds? It is well. And I'll finish Bill-and-Hannah," she added naively, "as a warning to the unrighteous."

She had done something—something greater than she had bargained for—for Jason was surging back to manhood like a tide. Work was but child's play to his massive thews. He plunged into it with forgotten joy. And fear was dying in him fast. Once he raised his lighted eyes to Bill and laughed in his scowling face. Bill had moved to leap for him, but Jason had straightened his shoulders, doubled his fists, and waited. Then he had laughed once more with his head thrown back and glanced toward the cabin—and Sydney Raine watching, had made him an airy gesture of approval. But this was not all, this swift flight upward toward the sun of life. There was under it a force as powerful as gravity, a strength and an urge like the sap of life itself—for the man was become an idolator. Every breath of the day was a glad wonder, every star at night took on a mystery undreamed of. The chairs in the cabin, the rough pine [Turn to page 64]



Have you ever tried it this way?

YOU know, of course, that Listerine has dozens of uses as a safe antiseptic. But do you know of its unusual properties as a safe, non-irritating deodorant?

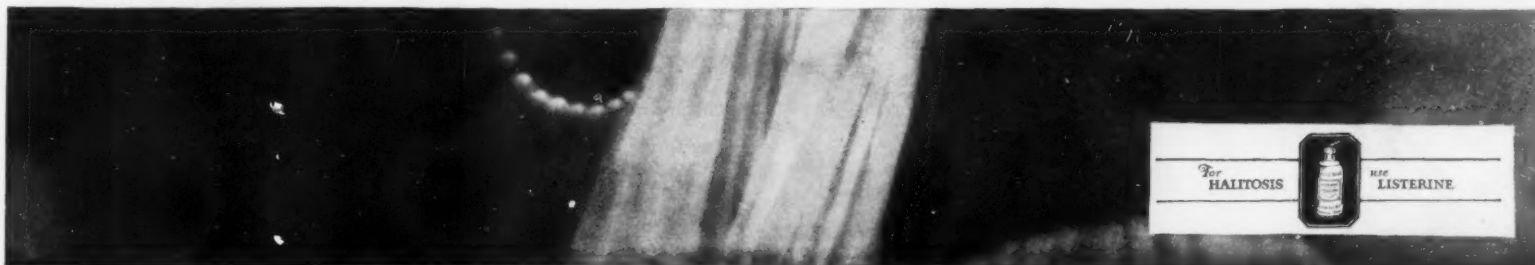
Whenever you don't have time for a tub or shower, or when these are not accessible, simply try dousing on Listerine. See how cool, refreshed and clean it leaves you feeling.

And best of all, Listerine used this way as a deodorant cannot irritate or injure the most delicate skin. Rather, it is soothing, healing, evaporates quickly, and

cannot stain garments. It is the ideal deodorant.

Try Listerine this way some afternoon when you feel hot and sticky after a game of tennis; or some day when you have just finished a hot afternoon's shopping; or when you are on a motor trip and it's miles between tubs; or when you are traveling and you miss the old shower 'way back home.

You will be delighted with the refreshing, exhilarating effect and you will pass this suggestion along to your friends.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*





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If you want to know how long Mirro Aluminum lasts, date it. Just mark on it with the point of a knife the month and year; for example, "5-24." Then prepare to wait very patiently.

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Women who have used Mirro know that Mirro utensils stand the wear; and that their smooth, polished surface is exceedingly easy to care for. The reason is found in good thick metal, made dense, tough, and glassy-hard by rolling and re-rolling under eight tons' pressure.

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Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO

The Finest Aluminum

Immortal Fire

[Continued from page 62]

table, the clean swept hearth, all these had become holy. He stepped as lightly there as his great stature allowed. His blue eyes, no longer shamed but eager as a child's, were dog's eyes when he looked at this woman who was his deliverer. Over and over he told himself her magic words.

"You owe no one anything—but God—and Him you owe a lifted head—" He paced, cat-like, in the cabin's shadow many nights, guarding her sleep. He lived in the light of her presence, thought nothing of the future—dreamed as only the very young can dream—for he had been young when his tragedy descended upon him. Now he took up life where he had dropped it ten years back and was a shy boy, dreaming. Armed neutrality held sway in the cabin. And then came the day when the fire which Sydney Raine had lighted from her own spirit flared to the high Heavens, and the crux was reached. It was early winter now in the canebrake country. "Jason," she said wistfully, "I'd love to ride in the slashlands—I want to bump on the corduroy and gather some of those tawny things you brought in the other day."

"Persimmons," said Jason promptly, "they're honey-sweet with frost." He turned obediently to the stables. Bill, watching, doubled a murderous fist but said nothing. His cold eyes drew into narrow slits of hatred, studied a moment, then fell as with some sudden thought. So it came presently that Sydney Raine stood in the wagon behind the great form of Jason and rode gaily into the soft brown-grey forest where the nuts were dropping and the bitter-sweet glowed red. Her hand, white as a snow-drop on some mossy bank, clutched his shoulder—and the world swung perilously to his consciousness. They drove across the level floor beneath the tall-canopied trees and Jason told her this and that of leaf and weed and flower stalk. She nodded her black head and there was little or no weariness in her long dark eyes, but rather a tranquil peace. "This land," she said, "is God's garden, full of light and sweetness."

"Now," said the man suddenly, "it's shore different. I mighty nigh died hyar onces. When no man speaks to you, there hain't no use in livin'." She nodded understandingly. They left the wagon and Jason laid persimmons in her hands, pulled down high vines for their sugared grapes. So the hours passed quickly and the sun of noon stood overhead. There was utter stillness in the slashlands. One could see far beneath the bare roof of the forest. Jason, walking behind, marvelled at the sunlight on her head, the softness and whiteness of her neck. She was the

Queen of Sheba whom the preacher talked about at fall camp-meeting, and Ruth and Martha, not to mention the Angels. She was too wondrous for the plain old earth—And then, sharp and awful in the golden silence, there came the crack of a rifle—and the black head struck back against his breast. For one breathless moment the scared dark eyes looked into his before she slumped, dead-weight, in his arms.

An hour later an awful spectacle staggered into the cabin and laid a woman on the nearest bed—Jason, haggard, milk-white, open-mouthed, his blue eyes black and terrible. He was red with Sydney Raine's life blood—and he was stark mad.

"Bill!" shrieked Hannah, "Lookie!" But Bill, whirling from a corner, had not time. Death was upon him—and upon the woman too, for Jason caught her in one great hand and flung her through the open door. Then he took Bill in his hands and twisted him for all his massive bulk, like a stalk in the mill. There was no resisting, there was no measure for this panting strength, for the white agony of the awful face, and Jason went about his business of killing Bill like a deadly machine. The battle wrecked the cabin—all but that holy bed with its precious burden—Jason saw to it, even in his madness, that they came not near it—and the old mother covered in the corner at its foot. So—death, rattling in Bill's throat—peering from his fast dimming eyes that bulged from his purple face across Jason's steady knee. So—death—and finally—and then—a moan that cut above the rattle—

"Jason," whispered Sydney, "Jason—stop!" With one leap the man had dropped his victim and was across the room, gasping, choking with reaction to the sound of the voice he had believed stilled forever. The woman looked at him. "This—for me?" she said. "You'd kill—again—for me?"

JASON went down beside the bed and laid his forehead on her arm. "I'd go—to hell—an' burn—through all eternity—for you!" he sobbed.

For a long moment the woman looked at the cabin wall with its row of pans. As life flowed back in her with the surge of her indomitable spirit the dark eyes visioned many things. "Why—not?" she whispered to herself, cryptically. "Peace—and good achievement—and—and love—great love, Jason," she breathed aloud, "tell Bill—I'll buy his—third—in—plantation—and—kick him out—at once. You—and I—and mother—we'll live forever—here—in God's garden. I—think I love you, Jason—you are my man."

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Housecleaning
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Clean house with Old Dutch; it makes everything spick and span, quickly and easily.

It is most economical, too, because its flat-shaped particles erase the dirt without grinding it in. Due to their flat shape, these particles cover a greater surface. A little goes a long way.

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The young bride waved her hand as the car drew away from the host of well-wishing friends.

"Stop waving, darling," said the happiest man in the world. "I want to look at you—you never seemed so beautiful as you do right now!"

Just MARRIED

Choosing your own kind of beauty

By MME. JEANNETTE

IT is one of the fascinating miracles of today that pretty women become beautiful—and quite plain ones become really attractive—through the simple arts of the dressing-table.

But much depends upon the kinds of powder and rouge that you choose, and upon the skill with which they are applied. Too many women make the mistake of using a miscellaneous assortment of cosmetics—one from this maker, another from that.

It is far better to stick to one maker's products throughout, for when a chemist develops a new rouge, he naturally "tries it out" with his own powder, and vice versa.

Thus, one maker's powders, rouges, and lip sticks will always harmonize better and blend more closely with one another than with other kinds.

The Powder

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in a sufficient variety of shades to meet every complexion tint; also, to provide for those whose skins require powders of different tints under daylight and under artificial light.

These powders have been developed for naturalness of effect and for adhesiveness. A powder that *stays on* means a face *always* properly powdered, rather than one that is alternately powdered, unpowdered, and repowdered.

The use of Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your powder will make the powder go on more smoothly and adhere still longer.

The Rouge

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge especially prepared for use with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It can be had in the new Orange tint or in light, dark, or medium shades.

It combines two advantages rarely found in the one rouge—it will not break or crumble, yet it comes off easily and readily on the puff.

The Lip Stick

Pompeian Lip Stick lends the exquisite natural red of youthful lips. It has a pomade quality, too, that gives it additional value in protecting the lips from chapping. It is chisel-pointed for accurately following the curves of your lips, and comes in a telescoping gilt container.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
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GET 1924 POMPEIAN PANEL AND FOUR SAMPLES FOR TEN CENTS

The newest Pompeian art panel "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon and mail today.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada



Pompeian Bloom—a rouge

IS YOUR SKIN DRY OR OILY?

There are two generally-accepted classifications of skin character—the dry skin and the oily skin. It is safe to say that every woman's skin tends toward one or the other of these definite types. But whichever way your skin is inclined, you may be sure it requires cream to cleanse, protect, and refine it!

A Dry Skin

The very fine-grained skins are the ones most liable to excessive dryness. Their texture is so delicate that, like gossamer silks, they are easily hurt! The wind, the sun, or applications of drying lotions exaggerate the dry condition.

A dry skin needs quantities of cream to replace and supply the lacking natural oil. Pompeian Night Cream is the ideal cream for a dry skin. It is excellent as a cleanser, skin-softener and as a powder base. Many women who have dry skins use Pompeian Night Cream exclusively for cleansing with wonderful results.

If the skin seems unusually dry, or roughened by exposure, bathe the face in warm water, dry with a very soft cloth, and then, with gentle finger tips "pat" small quantities of Pompeian Night Cream into the skin till most of it is absorbed.

Pompeian Night Cream is also an ideal cream as a powder base for the "dry" skin. It should be rubbed over the face and then wiped off thoroughly with a dry cloth—just enough of it will remain to make an adhesive base for your powder.

An Oily Skin

Contradictory as it may sound, oily skins require quite as much attention with creams as do the dry skins. In fact, an oily skin needs two creams. An oily cream for cleansing—a vanishing cream for a powder base.

The natural oil in abnormally oily skins sometimes becomes hardened in the pores and clogs them. The counter-acting oil found in Pompeian Night Cream prevents this, and so prevents the real cause of blackheads. Use it generously, rubbing it vigorously about the chin and nostrils where greasiness seems to be acute. Then rub off thoroughly, and finish with a dash of cold water or a quick ice rub.

Pompeian Day Cream should be used on this type of skin during the daytime and evening. It is a vanishing cream that disappears as you apply it, leaving the skin smooth and clean, and removing shine. It may be used with excellent results every day. It is the ideal base for powder if your skin is oily, and forms a protection against sun and wind.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

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What shade of face powder wanted? _____



Ernest Flagg



Miss Marcia Mead



Grosvenor Atterbury

Building New Homes on McCall Street

Reported by Dorothy Giles

THE house that Jack built—every one has heard of that; but when Jill goes to house building—what then?

For years house building has been classed as a profession for men. Then, after the houses were built, it became woman's task to turn them into homes, not always an easy thing to do if the plans took little account of the kind of life to be lived in the house.

"But those days are over. Now we are planning homes to be lived in, and planning them so from the first pencil stroke."

From Miss Marcia Mead, the clever woman-architect whom McCall's has retained as its architectural consultant, this promise comes. No more houses built to be looked at and not to be lived in; no more dark, winding halls, steep stairs, grooved woodwork that collects the dust. In fact, a new day in home building!

"The small house has come into its own," said Miss Mead. "Home builders everywhere are demanding not only houses that are more beautiful but that are better, houses that are adapted to the needs of present-day living. The day of the poorly constructed, jerry-built house is over. Home owners are entitled to the services of the greatest architects in planning their homes—no matter how small or how simple those homes may be."

Miss Mead was too modest to tell me the story about herself—how a design of hers was awarded first prize in a big town-planning competition; of her work at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in a big housing development which was a success from the start, and, during the war, of her service to the United States Housing Corporation.

Then Miss Mead came to McCall Street, putting her experience, her knowledge of housing needs, and her womanly understanding of what other women want in their homes at your service. From her came the suggestion that McCall's enlist the services of the greatest American architects in a program that should put plans for beautifully designed, soundly built and thoughtfully equipped small houses within reach of every home-hungry purse.

The architects who are engaged in this are all famous in their profession, men whose work is acclaimed everywhere, and whose services are sought by wealthy home owners and building corporations. Of these architects the name of Ernest Flagg is familiar as the architect of the Singer Building, and as the author of "Small Houses." By a revolutionary scheme Mr. Flagg claims he can reduce the methods and cost of small-house building. Grosvenor Atterbury at Forest Hills Gardens has been conspicuously successful in community planning. Otto R. Eggers is partner-member of the distinguished office of John Russell Pope. Aymar Embury II is one of the most gifted of small-house architects. Clarence S. Stein is Chairman of the Committee of Community Planning of the American Institute of Architects. During the war, Frederick Lee Ackerman won laurels as architectural head of the United States Shipping Board Housing Committee. W. D. Foster plans houses in which is captured the charm of the old world. Dwight James Baum is the youngest winner of the 1923 Architectural League Medal of Honor. W. B. Chambers, too, holds various medals of honor in his profession. Albert Lawrence Lloyd is a member of the firm of Pond and Pond of Chicago.

These great architects see in our home-building plan the dawn of a day when the small houses of America shall be truly beautiful, and with the zeal of all great artists are bringing that day near.

Cooperating with these master architects—bringing her woman's experience and homemaker's training to bear on all the intimate problems of interior arrangement and equipment is Marcia Mead, architect, housing expert and homemaker.



Otto R. Eggers



Clarence Stein



W. B. Chambers



W. D. Foster



Aymar Embury II



F. L. Ackerman



Dwight James Baum



A. L. Lloyd

THIS fifth of the series of articles on the directors of McCall's homemaker departments, introduces our consulting architect Miss Mead and the great architects who are contributing to our home-building program.



We Always Go

to this summer-land. For there's not another like it
BY AN EASTERN WOMAN

SOME years ago a friend made to us what we then thought was a strange recommendation for a vacation. But she soon convinced us. So we went to Southern California for the summer. We knew it was a lovely spot, but feared that it would be too warm.

Imagine our delight when we discovered perfect days, a summer full of them. And cool nights—we always slept under blankets.

So out of curiosity we looked up the records and this is what we found. For forty-seven years the average mean temperatures in a great central city in this district, as recorded by the U. S. Weather Bureau, have been:

47 Junes	66 degrees
47 Julys	70 degrees
47 Augusts	71 degrees
47 Septembers	69 degrees

And there was not a rainy day during the entire summer. Oh, we loved it and love it still for now we go each summer.

There's so much to see. The Spanish missions are old and quaint. The majestic trees, hundreds of years old, are a never ending inspiration.

There are beaches by the score where the children play for hours in the sun. And the mountains offer innumerable haunts, new and strange and interesting.

Great groves of oranges are green and beautiful. Gardens of rare blossoms delight the eye. A desert like Sahara is unlike anything you've ever seen.

In fact, it is a constant source of wonder why so many pleasures, as many as three continents combined can boast, have been concentrated in this small section of our own United States.

We never have a wasted hour. We motor over the 4,000 miles of paved boulevards which lead to all of Southern California's wonders.

Or we play golf or tennis. A day along the trout streams is never without its reward, while many sportsmen devote hours to the landing of just one of the great fighters of the sea.

The bridge trails are like trips of exploration. There's a vast wilderness for your camp site. Surf bathing is wonderfully invigorating and the finest kind of fun. We hike for a day in a gorgeous canyon or along the ridge of a mountain.

It's a glorious summer from beginning to end. We are out of doors for hours every day. It's all new and different.

And we return home fresh and eager for the activities of another year. You, too, should try one summer there. We recommend it without the slightest hesitation.

Almost anyone can go. For the accommodations are expensive or reasonable as you like. Then, too, the special round trip summer rates, effective from May to October, are remarkably low.

Ask your railroad ticket agent or send the coupon below for additional information. And plan to go this summer to the finest of all vacation-lands.

All-Year Club of Southern California

Southern California is the new gateway to Hawaii.

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Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

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BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

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Forhan DDS

Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
PROFESSION BY THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

"The House of Service" shown here—building cost \$13,500—offers a possible solution for the ever-present housing problem



A Two-Apartment House

By Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect

THE two-apartment house may rightly be called The House of Service: It helps to pay for itself: It houses, under proper conditions, twice as many families to a given area:

It appeals to the family of limited means, to the real estate investor and to the industrial magnate who houses his workers. To the individual home builder and to the real estate investor the advantages of the two-apartment house as an investment proposition are obvious. And to the manufacturer who must provide homes for his workers, this type of house enables him to provide twice as many homes in a given area, to reduce substantially his selling costs and to give his buyers an income-bearing proposition. He could safely carry second mortgages which the income from the investment would enable the home owners to pay off promptly, thus freeing themselves from a sense of obligation to their employer.

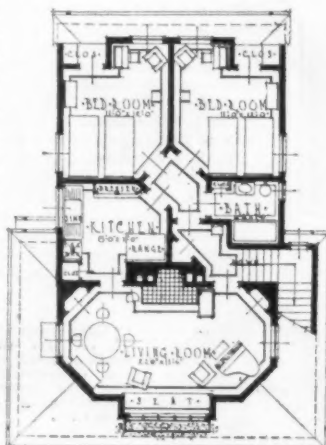
The first principle of home-owning is to secure the land free from encumbrance. By arranging for one family to live over the other, each in a complete apartment on one floor, instead of living side by side as in a double house, the structure can be built on a lot the size required for a single-family house, cutting in half the cost of the land.

Each family has a separate entrance and yard. The cellar is divided to provide separate heater rooms, storage space, and fruit closets. The first-story apartment is entered through a small vestibule. At one end of the living-room is a spacious dining-alcove. The rooms all open into a small

hall affording easy communication and privacy, a feature too often not taken into consideration. These rooms are 8' 6" high, with level ceiling. In contrast to this uniformity, the rooms in the second-story apartment, which is similarly arranged, are treated with more freedom. The outside walls are kept low, and the bedrooms and service-rooms are like those in a one-and-one-half-story house. In the living-room the walls are about seven feet high, but the room, in the center, vaults up to a height of nine or ten feet.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

A door in the hall just beyond the kitchen cuts the bedroom suite off from the main hall. For reasons of economy there is but one stairway, which forms the entrance to the second-story apartment. The cellar stairs go down underneath this stair. A rear entrance door on the landing is used for service.

The exterior treatment is shown in the popular stucco, but a combination of brick and shingle would be attractive.

The two-family houses—the one shown on this page and "The House of Thrift" which appeared last month in McCall's—have been included in our present series of "houses you asked for," because of the demand for them, because of their investment possibilities and because of the urgent need for them in congested suburbs. The cubage and cost of both houses is the same.

On a fifty-foot lot it is far better to build a two-family apartment with ten feet of space on either side, than the usual two narrow single houses with which we are familiar.



From the miracle of the first tooth to the quiet charm of the grandmother's smile, beautiful teeth are equally important. At all ages, teeth are equally subject to the danger of tartar. Tartar respects neither youth nor age, place, power nor wealth; it climbs all barriers, it defies all remedies except the dentist and the tooth brush. Tartar can be prevented by brushing with a brush properly designed, such as the Pro-phy-lac-tic



This is what the microscope sees

THE beauty of teeth depends upon cleanliness, more than size and shape. Beauty in face and form is an accident of birth. Everybody can have the beauty of clean, white teeth. It is merely a matter of care, and the microscope shows what care is needed.

Your teeth are not as smooth as they look. There are tiny hollows and depressions in each surface. You cannot see them without a microscope, but a microbe can. Microbes fasten in these hollows. Tartar collects and makes a hard, rough surface from which the microbe cannot easily be dislodged.

Let us name these microbes the "tartar germ." Protected by the tartar, the "tartar germ" bores into the enamel of a tooth and soon digs through. When the hole is big enough for you to see, it has to be filled by a dentist. If not filled, sooner or later that tooth is lost.

Keep your teeth beautiful

You can keep germs and tartar off your teeth when you use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush correctly. The bristles are set in a curve that reaches every tooth. The bristle tufts are wide-spread and saw-tooth-pointed. They reach between the teeth and clear out germs and tartar-forming substances from the crevices. They reach depressions in the gum line where teeth and gums meet, a danger point too often neglected.



Highly magnified un-retouched photograph of a tooth showing tartar formation. The white spots are high points. The dark or shaded portions are hollows or depressions where germs and tartar first collect.

The large end tuft

Molars, or back teeth, are the most important teeth you have. A tartar-stricken, decayed molar not only affects the chewing and digestion of food, but can pour poison into the system until serious disease results. The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush reaches the gum line on the inner or tongue side of teeth, and reaches all sides of molars. You can see how the end tuft does this, in the photographs below, at the right.

Brush often

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic often, at least three or four times a day, and you can keep your teeth clean easily. Tartar is formed after germs and food debris fasten to your teeth. Keep teeth clean and free from germs, and tartar is held in check, as it does not get a chance to form. Remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

There are three sizes, sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Prices, in the United States, are—adults' regular size, 50c; adults' small size, especially suitable for boys and girls, 35c; and babies' size, 25c. Each size is made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet, all about teeth and how to take care of them. Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.



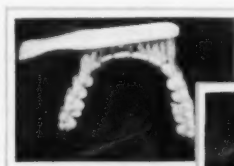
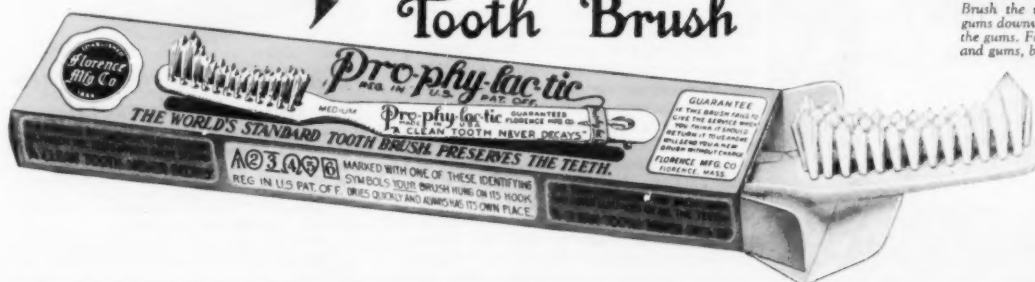
The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts clean depressions in the tops of molars, or back teeth, while the large end tuft cleans the backs of molars clear to the gum line.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth, at the same time the serrated bristles clean the backs of teeth and the crevices between them.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

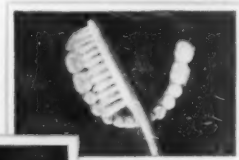
Tooth Brush



Brush the upper teeth and gums downward, away from the gums. For the lower teeth and gums, brush upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit. It reaches and cleans all teeth and the crevices between them.



9,000,000 germs on one cleaning cloth

Microscopic examination of a brand new cloth, used for only one week in the usual cleaning work around a house, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria—even after the cloth had been thoroughly washed with soap and water.



Thousands of housewives now disinfect as they clean

SURFACES and corners on which soap and water have been used may look clean—but the microscope tells a different story! You would be amazed at the mass of germ life that the microscope would reveal on your cleaning cloths and brushes. The sanitary, healthful home must be kept free from these germs at all times.

This does not require any extra work or trouble. Simply put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water every time and everywhere you clean. Dip your cloth or mop or broom into this solution.

Acquire the habit of doing this regularly. Continue to disinfect frequently, as undoubtedly you now do, the special danger spots where germs thrive most readily—the toilet bowl, the drain pipes, the garbage pail. Then you will be keeping every part of your home safe and healthful.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear solution which is 100 percent effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" is the disinfectant used by hospitals—endorsed by physicians—sold by all drug stores. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

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Use "Lysol" in all your cleaning water

Washing: floors, woodwork, staircases, clothes closets, linen closets, laundry hampers, all dark, out-of-the-way corners.

Wiping with damp cloth: carpets, rugs, bath mats, door mats. *Disinfecting:* bed frames and springs, mattresses, finger marked door knobs.

Cleaning: wash basins, sinks and drains, underneath the plumbing, the refrigerator waste pipe.

Hygienically cleaning: the bathroom, the sickroom.

Renovating: cellar, garret, storeroom.

Sterilizing: combs, hair brushes, clothes brushes, nail brushes.

The Social Kill-Joy

[Continued from page 14]

a censorship, you need a shotgun." Now there is an idea. If there was talk of twins, a double-barrelled shotgun could be used; and if triplets were mentioned, a machine-gun could avenge it. The Board doesn't say just whom it would shoot, but that is a detail.

Some pictures, it is said, are unsuited for juvenile minds. That is surely no argument for destroying those films whose appeal is to adults and forcing all productions to cater to the kindergarten—and the moron. It is an argument for keeping children away from non-juvenile performances. The church, the school and the home are not impotent. They have not abdicated. Even adults, as patrons, have some rights; and as parents, have some responsibilities. Children see newspapers—and there are yellow newspapers—but it does not follow that every editor should be compelled to submit his proof sheets to the sheriff! True, papers are not so graphic as pictures, but neither do they so speedily flash by; they may lie about for days; they may be reread repeatedly; and they have pictures, too—rotogravure sections with illustrations of bedrooms and bathing beaches and other terrible dives of sin.

The viciousness of censorship is its attempt to delegate a job that isn't transferable. There are some things a man can't do by proxy—he must do his eating and sleeping and exercising and voting personally. There are other things he shouldn't do by proxy—picking a religion, or a wife, or a political party. We'll make mistakes in doing these things—some of us will make little else but mistakes. The next generation, though, will tend to make fewer or smaller ones; and the following generation still fewer. Otherwise we might best haul down the flag, take in the "Democracy" sign, and lock up the shop for the long night.

The world's champion censors have been the Bourbons in France, the Romanoffs in Russia, and the Hohenzollerns in Germany. But in the long run these folks took, or were helped to, other positions. The stuff just doesn't jell. . . .

ONCE upon a time, two armies began a great battle—a battle so long it seemed never to end. The opposing armies had little in common. One was a well-groomed body with plumes and shining swords. Their marching formations were beautiful to see. Their commander rarely smiled. "Intolerance" he had been christened, but he was called by many names. The other crowd was scarcely an army at all. It was a noisy lot, with a motley array of uniforms. No two of them seemed to carry the same weapons. If they had any discipline it was well concealed. Their leader hadn't the appearance of a general; he hadn't the appearance even of a soldier. Sometimes he would disappear for a long time and then turn up in the most unexpected places. "Freedom," his name was, and he had a tag called "Truth." No one remembered what had started the war between Intolerance and Freedom; it went back further than anybody could recall. But any one could tell you what an astonishing fight Freedom's guerrilla lands could make when put to it, for all their lack of discipline. However much they were driven back, some little company could always be found smiting the hips and thighs of the enemy. They would appear to be suffering defeats all day, only to reappear the next morning fighting for their old positions. Freedom's closest intimates never heard his explanation of the phenomenon of losing so many skirmishes and winning so many battles. It must be admitted that the forces of Intolerance were never quite routed. In fact, one wondered, watching the fighting day by day, whether the army of Freedom was advancing at all. But old men say his troops are well beyond the lines they used to hold.

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A Word About the Bible

[Continued from page 40]

of the original text, but I doubt it because it does not fit the circumstances. The New Testament very clearly brings out the fact that John the Baptist was one distinct feature in the divine plan for the life and work of Jesus Christ. It was intended by God the Father that Jesus should be baptised by this energetic preacher of the wilderness, and as Christ did everything else that He did during His ministry under the impulse He received from God the Father, so He went to John the Baptist for the ministration of the form of physical baptism. At that period in the history of the world Jesus Christ was no longer a promise. He was a fulfillment. He was on the spot and actively at work performing the mission He had been born to accomplish. The cry of Isaiah when he prophesied the coming of John is classic in its clean cut utterance: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." This Goodspeed changes to read: "Get the Lord's way ready." Certainly there can be no question between the two utterances as to which is the dignified, the impressive form of English, even if it is "antiquated."

Further along Professor Goodspeed tells us: "No slave can belong to two masters, for he will either hate one and love the other or stand by one and make light of the other. You cannot serve God and money." Now, as a matter of fact, since a slave is a slave, he might be owned by two men, and it is this distortion of the original intention of the text with which I find serious fault. What the Bible says is that "no man can serve two masters," and there is a great difference between service and ownership. Neither do I care for the stringing together of the two slang phrases "stand by" and "make light of."

Still slightly further along the description of the baptism of Jesus is made to read: "He went right up out of the water." Between the incorrect use of "right" and the stringing together of prepositions, this descriptive bit becomes a gem.

Then the Professor reaches one of the most exquisite things in the Bible. This is what I read: "Look at the wild birds. They do not sow or reap or store food in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more account than they? But which of you with all his worry can add a single hour to his life? Why should you worry about clothing? See how the wild flowers grow. They do not toil or spin and yet I tell you even Solomon in all his splendor was never dressed like one of them."

In the lines I have just quoted and the three preceding the word "worry" is used repeatedly until one is tempted to cry, in the parlance of the day, "I should worry!" And how I dislike having the line "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" cheapened to "Solomon was never dressed like one of them!"

Then the beautiful and impressive command that has done more to soften the hearts of men and to establish the brotherhood of man than any other one command that ever fell from the lips of Jesus Christ: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is changed in the Goodspeed version to read: "Therefore you must always treat other people as you would like to have them treat you." There is nothing complicated, nothing involved, nothing that a ten year old could not understand, in the foregoing instance. Why cheapen it from dignity and beauty and high-sounding expression to the common and mediocre?

You will recall the command of Jesus to the man sick of the palsy: "Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house." We are asked to substitute for this: "Get up, pick up your bed and go home." The declaration of Jesus: "For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," is

changed to read: "I did not come to invite the pious but the irreligious."

Christ is recorded as saying in the King James version: "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves." I love to have exquisite and sonorous English put into the mouth of Jesus Christ because He was the Son of God. He was fully aware of His mission, that it was the greatest and the most dignified that ever had been committed to a being in the form of man. No one can place too careful and compelling translation upon words issuing from the mouth of our Saviour, and so I resent having this changed to read: "Here I am, sending you out like sheep among wolves. So you must be wise like serpents and guileless like doves." This should read "as serpents" and "as doves," a mistake which is constantly made in this translation, not to mention the cheapening of the language.

To avoid growing tedious I will simply record a few further expressions that can be found in the gospel according to Matthew, Americanized by Goodspeed: Jesus said the birds "lodge" in the mustard; Goodspeed prefers "roost."

The question of Jesus to His disciples concerning their lack of understanding is changed to read: "Have even you no understanding yet?"

"How long must I put up with you?" "You will never get into the Kingdom at all."

"Alas for the world for such hindrances! They have to come!"

"And I tell you God can produce descendants for Abraham right out of these stones."

"You are certainly God's Son."

"How think ye?" is changed on the lips of Christ to "What do you think?"

I confess that I am shocked to the depths when the words of Jesus Christ: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not" are changed to read: "Let the children alone." Since "let" means to permit, I really think that the word Professor Goodspeed intended to use is "leave," which means to depart from.

"Lest they faint in the way" changes to "give out on the way." Into the mouth of the Supreme Being speaking from the clouds to Jesus, Peter, James and John, these words are placed: "This is my son, my beloved. He is my Chosen. Listen to him!" The next paragraph informs us that when the disciples heard this "they were dreadfully frightened and fell upon their faces." This is no marvel. In like circumstances almost any of us would have fallen down. And then the Professor tells us that the Son of God touched the men with Him and said to them these imposing and God-like words: "Get up and do not be afraid."

Certainly the quotations offered are sufficient to convince any one that Professor Goodspeed has surely wasted valuable time and taken pains to commonize, to cheapen, a collection of writings which all the world has agreed is for the most part classic. I am aware of the fact that he and his publishers set up the claim that this is done to make the New Testament more attractive, more easily understood. Who ever had any difficulty in understanding the New Testament, save, possibly, parts of Revelations? I cannot see how filling the mouth of Jesus with slang and bad grammar can make His plain, simple teachings any easier of comprehension. So far as I am concerned personally, I am shocked and repelled and if I were forced to use the Goodspeed edition, I never again should read a line of the New Testament.

If, with all the schools and colleges and the educational advantages in our land today, it is necessary to tear up the Bible, to fill it with slang expressions, with double and triple prepositions linked up with a never failing chain of conjunctions, then there is precisely as much [Turn to page 109]



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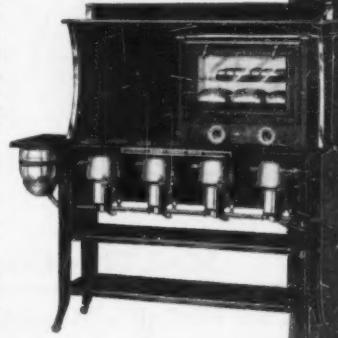
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When all is said, you buy a piano for its power to awaken emotion. No piano, however coldly correct in scale, can really reach the heart until years of devout endeavor have put into its voice the rich, warm, sympathetic tone characteristic of

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

One does not have to be a virtuoso to play an Ivers & Pond so that it seems almost alive with the vibrant sweetness of real music.

A New Small Grand
(5-foot Colonial)



How to Buy

If no dealer near you sells the Ivers & Pond, you can buy from our factory as safely and advantageously as if you lived nearby. We make expert selection, prepay freight and ship on trial, in your home, in any state in the Union. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans. For catalogue and valuable information to buyers, mail the coupon now.

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Name

Address

FREE Eleven Delicious Whole Wheat Crackers

Build Strength
Protect Health

Good for
You
Good for the
Children



This photograph is only one-ninth the actual size of the package of Wheatworth Crackers sent you absolutely free. These crackers are endorsed and recommended for flavor and wholesomeness by Alfred W. McCann, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Luther Burbank, Dr. J. H. Kellogg and other leading pure food authorities.

WE want you to try Wheatworth Whole Wheat Crackers at our expense, because we want to prove to you how wonderfully delicious and nourishing they really are. 100% body and brain food in tempting cracker form—nut-sweet, crisp and fresh. Taste them for yourself. Enjoy them with tasty fillings of butter, peanut butter, cheese, jelly or jam; break them in a bowl of milk; or eat them plain—right from the box. The children, too, will love them. Right now, while you think of it, mail this coupon, with 4 cents in stamps to cover postage and the special FREE trial package will be sent by return mail.

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134 Ave. D, Dept. E, New York City.

I enclose 4 cents in stamps to pay for postage on Free Sample Package. Wheatworth Whole Wheat Crackers to be sent promptly to address here given.

Name

Address

Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 26]

to be ready with the dogs and with my war bag packed. We'll leave this place, Johnnie and I. All I wish is you could go too. What is there here for you?"

"I've lived here all my life." Tears were in Annette's eyes, suddenly. She was woman after all.

"All right. Then stick. There'll be no McTavish here a year from now. The old man won't live till spring. You'll have no chance with Barnes. Churchill 'd laugh at you. Where'll you go—back to the Loucheux? Be a woman on a Husky boat? Well, if you can't do better, come down to me, a man that can tell the world to go to hell, and we'll have the priest marry us in the cathedral of Good Hope! You're not all white, but I'm playing it as though you was, for I swear you're the prettiest girl I ever saw. Me, I'm all white man and all man. If you don't think so, feel my arm; look into my eyes, Annette!"

She looked into his eyes, bold, dark; in her own dark eyes for an instant so much of the gazelle, frightened, that almost he had remorse. Not quite.

IN the assembly room sat four persons—Garth, Barnes, Churchill and Christine. They were in utter silence, had so sat for an hour save for the sarcastic grumblings of old Angus, in his half-mad soliloquies, as he sat, head drooped, at the feeble blaze of the fire.

He turned at last to Major Churchill as though he recalled some sense of obligation as host. "Ye maun be weary, Major. I'd fair ask ye to go back to your music, but ye're thin as a herring, and as red as ane, and as dried out and mayhap with no more tongue. Sing, Kerstie, by your lane! Sing or we'll all go mad in this accursed place. D'ye hear me?"

Without a word, Christine rose and moved to the door. The three men sat morose, and got no notion of what went on in the diminutive passageway that led to the room beyond where the melodeon stood. There, just emerging from her room, Christine met, face to face, her sister Annette. The Indian girl made no effort to conceal the heavy burden which she carried over her arm—fourteen black fox skins worth perhaps a thousand each.

"Where are you going with them, Annette?" asked Christine coldly.

"Why take my furs?"

"I was just going to show them to Major," replied the quick-witted girl.

"But he is in the big room. Why go the other way?" She stepped to the narrow window that opened from the passage. "Why open this?"

Annette wore her hair in two long heavy braids. Bound in ribbons, wound with copper wire, tipped with dangling teeth, the braids came down in front of each shoulder, reaching almost to her waist. And now, lacking better weapon, with one swift grasp at her own hair braid, Annette cut Christine across the cheek a vicious slash that brought the blood spurting in a long red line!

The startled scream of Christine brought old Angus to the door. He pushed in, saw the two girls close, caught blood on the face of one, and thinking it must have come from a weapon at the open window, sprang to the opening, thrust through his head. Very naturally, he saw the legs of Johnnie Atlin, standing on a ladder, working at the lock of the fur loft. This sight, while it infuriated the factor, sobered and calmed him. He did not lack decision.

"Quick, men!" he called as he sprang back through the door. "The fur loft's being robbed!" And just as he spoke, coolly, calmly, lighting a cigarette, Stikeen Harry opened the front door and strolled in.

"Yon's the man!" Garth sprang for his rifle over the hearth. He could never have reached it had not the swiftly whipped weapon of Barnes covered Stikeen as he swung back his parka. Stikeen stood trapped.

[Continued in June McCall's]

The Gift Enchanting

RADIANTLY beautiful as the happy Spring bride herself is the gift of a Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag. No gift can convey more delicately the esteem and exquisite taste of the giver.

Happy the bridesmaids, too, who receive a Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag to mark the momentous occasion. And the Bride of Yesterday, on her anniversary, thrills to the beauty imprisoned in shimmering silver or mellow gold. Doubly dear to feminine hearts for its smart correctness, as well as its daily usefulness.

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In Canada, Sherbrooke, Que.

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In the Better Grades, Made of the Famous Whiting Soldered Mesh



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250 Samples on Request

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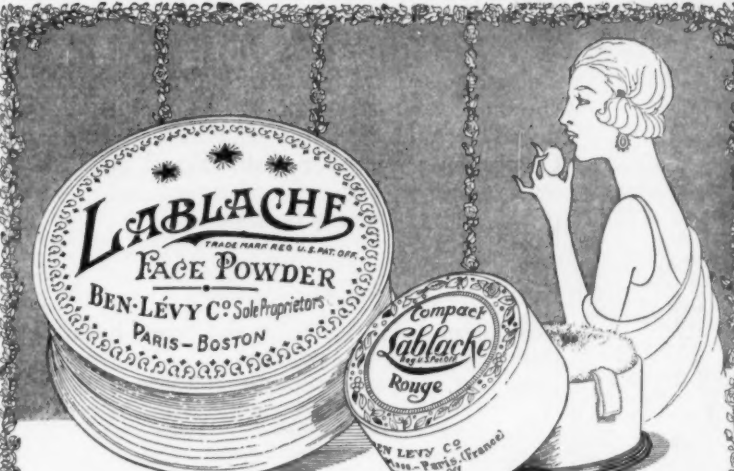
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Department 201

125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.



Every good scout brushes his teeth regularly after each meal and just before going to bed. Colgate's is the safe dentifrice to use.

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

"Be good to those teeth of yours, my boy, and they'll be good to you.

"Good health is a blessing—you'll find that out as you grow older—and good teeth are important to good health."

* * *

Sound advice that, for every one to follow, if sound teeth through a healthy lifetime are desired.

This Dentifrice Does Not Scratch Enamel

Colgate's is the safe dentifrice to use because it contains no grit—it "washes" and polishes; doesn't scratch or scour your thin tooth enamel. Grit is dangerous,* for tooth enamel, once marred or worn down can never be replaced. Neither can its natural beauty be restored.

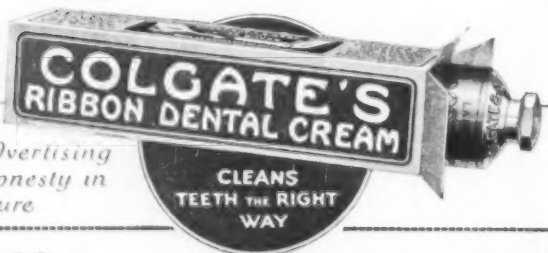
*The U. S. Public Health Service in its book "Good Teeth," Keep Well Series No. 13, 1921, warns against grit in dentifrices.

The Colgate habit is a health and beauty habit, easy to form and safe for a lifetime.

Large tube, 25c—at your favorite store.

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New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream

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Address _____

It Was a Perfect Wedding!

Directions by Emily Post

Author of Etiquette; The Blue Book of Social Usage

No credit for a perfect wedding belongs to the bridegroom. He has only to order the bride's bouquet; boutonnières, ties and gloves for himself and his own attendants; and to provide the wedding-ring and the clergyman's fee. On his wedding day he puts on clothes matching those of his ushers and best man, and goes to the church with the latter and—waits. When the mother of the bride is seated, the organist begins the wedding-march. The clergyman enters from the vestry with the groom and best man.



Then the procession starts. The ushers, two by two, come first; then, two by two, the bridesmaids; then the maid-of-honor alone. Last, with her left hand within her father's right arm, comes the bride.

At the chancel the ushers divide. The bridesmaids follow and stand in front of the ushers. The bride transfers her bouquet to her left hand, and gives her right hand to the groom who draws her hand through his left arm and takes his place beside her facing the clergyman. At the end of the ceremony, the procession leaves in reverse order.



The bride and groom go first, then the maid-of-honor. In many cities the best man escorts the maid-of-honor although in New York it is the fashion for him to leave the church by way of the vestry. The bridesmaids follow the maid-of-honor, and the ushers go last.

Illustrated by Nancy Fay

A WEDDING perfectly planned is the dream of every bride-to-be! Of course you have many more problems to solve than those which are simplified by Mrs. Post's directions on this page. Whether you are planning a church wedding or a simple home wedding, you want to know the correct procedure. There are the perplexities of invitations, of preparations for the wedding, and the thousand and one details of the reception. These questions are answered in our booklet, "The Bride's Own Book," which will be sent, without charge this month, to all who send name, address, and a two-cent stamp to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

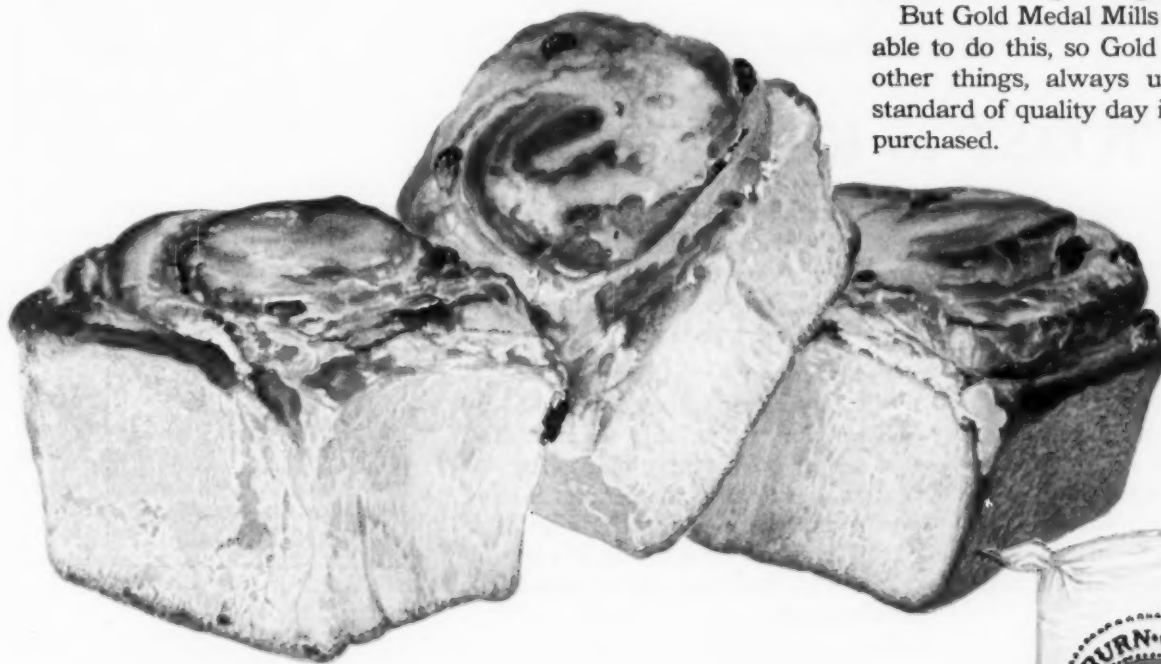
Gold Medal Flour

You know that flour is made from wheat, but do you realize that all wheat is not the same, nor is all flour the same unless great pains are taken to make it uniform.

There is as much difference in flour as in tea. But all wheat contains starch and gluten, and all flour is starch and gluten. The *difference* in flour depends on the proportions of each, and on the quality of the gluten.

The desired proportion, the one obtained and maintained in Gold Medal Flour, is secured by mixing wheat to the right proportion, and then making the flour from that mixture. This method is possible only to a very large mill, because vast quantities of wheat must be bought from all the various wheat growing areas of the country.

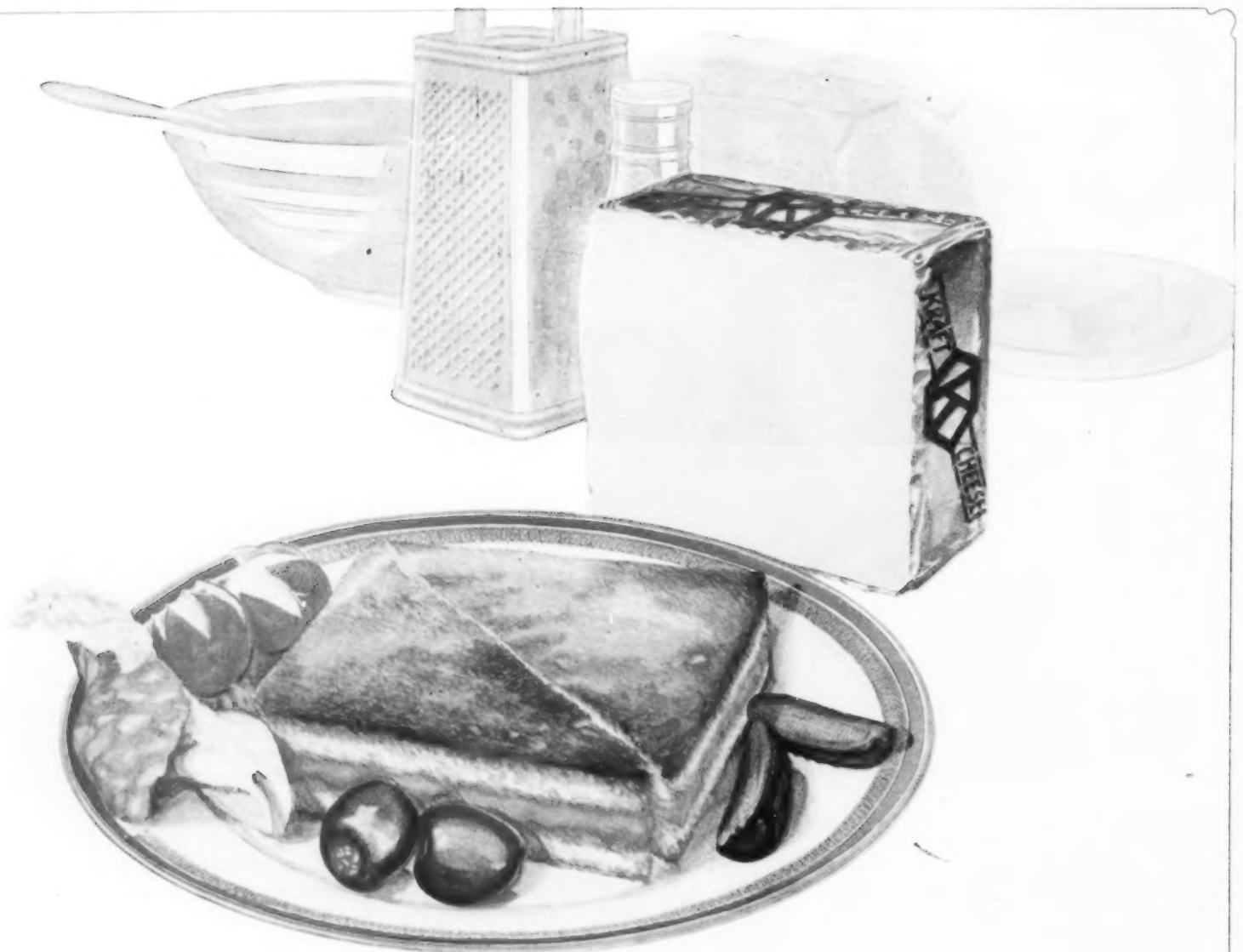
But Gold Medal Mills are very large and are able to do this, so Gold Medal Flour is, among other things, always uniform, the same high standard of quality day in and day out wherever purchased.



WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

Mills at MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. BUFFALO, N. Y. KANSAS CITY, MO. CHICAGO, ILL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. GREAT FALLS & KALISPELL, MONT.





A TOAST to KRAFT

THIS isn't just a toasted cheese sandwich; it's a toasted sandwich of Kraft Cheese—*there's* the difference. You may not *see* much difference—difference in flavor is never visible.

But the very first taste of the golden brown toast blended with the delicious, mild, mellow flavor of Kraft Cheese will convince you of the superiority of the Kraft quality. You will see at once that it really works magic with even the most ordinary dish. Kraft Cheese means perfect flavor.

If you could choose from the best of America's cheese; then if you could cure it and age it until it was fully matured—ripe, rich and mellow—you would think it a rare privilege.

Yet you can have just such cheese, if you buy Kraft Cheese, for we do all this for you. Not only select it, and ripen it in our country plants, but we pasteurize this choice cheese for further purity and blend it for the inimitable Kraft flavor. That's why it's so impossible for imitators to approach the Kraft quality.

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Cut slices of bread about one-fourth inch thick, and butter lightly. Take a small quantity of Kraft American or Pimento Loaf Cheese — rub through grater, add a little butter, and work until smooth. Spread the slices of bread with this mixture, put 2 slices together and cut into triangles. Toast until delicately brown on both sides and serve at once.

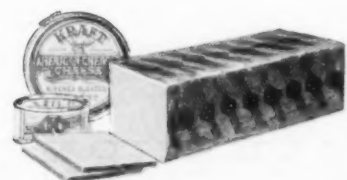
Send For
Free Recipe Book, McC-5

KRAFT CHEESE

Decidedly Better

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KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese





Hints That Make Mothering Easier

Big and Small, Common and Unusual, Here are Appliances Which Save Work and Worry for Mother

By Lucy A. Studley

Assistant Professor, Home Management Section, University of Minnesota

MOTHERING is such a great, intangible sort of job—one that never seems to be done—that we are less likely to think it can be simplified than cooking or cleaning or sewing.

But it can be, and we are listing this month such aids to mothering as other

women have actually discovered to be helpful. In the first list are the least expensive articles, which can be made at home or bought for almost nothing. In the second list the prices will range probably from less than one dollar to three dollars. In the third list are the more expensive articles.

Won't you write to me in care of McCall's Magazine and tell me whether you have found these lists helpful? I should like to know, too, of any other devices *you* have used successfully in caring for your children. Your contribution may help some other mother to make her task of mothering easier.

The Care of Children

List No. 1



- OILCLOTH BIB AND TRAY COVER (bib used under cloth bib)
- CREPE BIBS (to save ironing)
- BASKET FOR TOILET ARTICLES (convenient when bathing child)
- BOX FOR WASH-BASIN (strong wooden box for child to stand on when washing)
- BASKETS OR PAILS FOR TOYS
- BOARD FOR BATHTUB (labor-saving when bathing or dressing child) or
- LOW PADDED TABLE (for dressing baby after bath)
- CASTERS ON CRIB
- DRESS-HANGERS (small size)
- LINOLEUM MAT (for use under nursery chair)

- PLAY PEN
- GOVERNMENT LITERATURE
- SIMPLE GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS (kept for rainy days)
- DRESSES AND UNDERGARMENTS WHICH IRON OUT FLAT (for convenience in ironing)
- NAME TAPE (for marking children's hose and garments)
- INDIVIDUAL TOWEL RACKS, TOOTH-BRUSH HOLDERS, DRINKING GLASS, AND SO ON (for child's use in bathroom)
- FIRST AID CABINET (containing bandages, absorbent cotton, iodine, and so on, for emergencies)
- LEADING REINS (to lead small child when walking instead of holding it by hand)

- SHELVES (low shelves for child to use for storage of his own toys)
- BLANKET FASTENERS (to prevent pinning blankets)
- HOT WATER BOTTLE
- HOT PLATE FOR BABIES' FOOD (a double-deck plate with hot water in lower part)
- OILCLOTH SCREEN FOR NURSERY (to prevent drafts—easily kept clean)
- SMALL CLOSET FOR CLOTHES (low enough for child to hang own clothes on)
- SMALL IRONING-BOARD
- FEVER THERMOMETER
- STOCKING FORM FOR DRYING SMALL HOSE
- SHIRT FORM FOR DRYING SMALL WOOLEN SHIRTS
- SMALL BATHTUB

- SMALL FOLDING CLOTHES DRYER (for use in nursery or bathroom)
- PASTEURIZING THERMOMETER (for preparing baby's milk if the milk must be pasteurized at home)
- SAFETY STRAP (to hold child in carriage or high chair)
- TURKISH TOWELLING APRON (to use when bathing baby)
- CHILD'S BREAKFAST SET (individual breakfast dishes and tray)
- PLAY OVERALLS (to protect clothes when playing)
- SLEEPING BAG
- FLASHLIGHT
- COVERED PAIL FOR SOILED DIAPERS
- CORK MAT FOR TUB (to keep child from slipping in big tub)

List No. 2



List No. 3

- ELECTRIC HEATER OR
- PORTABLE OIL STOVE (convenient when extra warmth is needed for child)
- ELECTRIC IMMERSION HEATER (metal stick for heating liquids by putting it into liquid)
- SMALL ELECTRIC IRON (convenient for ironing small garments)
- PLAY ROOM (special room set apart for children's use)
- BLACKBOARD AND CHALK (in play-room or nursery to keep child amused)

- NURSERY ICE-BOX (small metal ice-box to keep child's milk in)
- NURSERY SCALES (to keep record of child's weight)
- WALKING-CHAIR (for small child learning to walk)
- ADJUSTABLE HIGH CHAIR (can be raised or lowered)
- HAMMOCK FOR AUTOMOBILE (for baby's comfort when motoring)
- ELECTRIC PAD
- BOOKS ON CHILD MANAGEMENT AND PSYCHOLOGY



For young and old alike

BEECH-NUT Peanut Butter has just as many friends among the grown-ups as it has among the children—even though the youngsters in particular do love to scoop it out of the jar, a delicious golden spread for bread. And they couldn't eat anything more wholesome.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter may also be used in many delightful sandwich combinations that never fail to please everyone—of every age. Try mixing it with chopped raisins or figs, for example. And then there is the famous Beech-Nut French Pancake—that most delicious of novelties—a pancake spread thick with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, topped by shaved maple sugar or jam, and folded into an appetizing roll. Coupon will bring book of attractive suggestions.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is in a quality class all its own. Ask your grocer.

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"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



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Canaoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

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City and State



How to be sure baby's bottle is clean

There is only one way to be sure your baby's bottle is safe and sanitary. Use the Hygeia Nursing Bottle.

The mouth of the Hygeia is as wide open as a drinking glass. The sides are straight. You can reach every part of this bottle with a cloth. No brush needed for cleaning—no funnel needed for filling.

The improved, patented Hygeia Nursing Bottle has a breast with a rib that prevents collapsing. It is positively the only breast-nipple having this feature.

Broad and flexible, the Hygeia breast is easy to slip onto the bottle; and is so like mother's that weaning is easy.

Sold by drug stores everywhere.

Made in two sizes by
The Hygeia
Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.



Hygeia

NURSING BOTTLE



PROTECTS YOU

Keeps the Underarms Sweet and Dry



Send for Testing Sample
If you wish first to make a personal test, send us 4c for testing sample and booklet telling what medical authorities say about armpit perspiration.

DAINTY women have for many years safeguarded their personal charm by the use—twice a week—of NONSPI, the old reliable antiseptic liquid remedy for Excessive Armpit Perspiration.

Physicians endorse this pure antiseptic liquid—nurses find it indispensable—and by its use you, too, can end the mental and physical ill effects which not infrequently attend over-stimulated sweat glands, for we have never known NONSPI to fail in correcting this disordered condition if the simple directions were followed.

Normally dry, absolutely odorless underarms result from only two applications of NONSPI weekly, so, by all means, permit it to be your friend in need. Begin its use at once and protect yourself from that humiliating loss of poise which comes from the consciousness of underarm odor—the chance of chafing or an eczematous skin irritation—and those unsightly perspiration stains which ruin expensive gowns.

You can obtain NONSPI at any toilet or drug counter or by mail from us, postage paid. The price is 50c per bottle (several months' supply).



AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

THE NONSPI COMPANY, 2630 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Three Poems

By Howard Bement

QUEST

(The Young Husband Speaks)

ON WHAT far voyage do you now depart!
To what remotest verge of fairyland,
To seize, with mother-hunger in your heart,
The little soul that waits you on the strand!

Long, long the journey; tedious the time
That you must spend in mounting those far seas
That wash, with lucent surge, the golden clime
Whence happy mothers bring their argosies.

But you'll not fear the length'ning weeks and days,
Nor once despair the age-worn seas to roam;
For Love sits by and holds you fast, and prays
That you may bring your treasure safely home.

JOURNEY'S END

(The Young Mother Sings)

I DREAMED I went to fairyland one night,
And there, in broad expanse of tranquil, light,
I found thee, Child of mine, and brought thee here;
Stole thee away—because I loved thee, dear.

A little changeling thou, my blessed child—
So wonderful thou art, and yet so mild.
Rest in thy new home, here with me abide;
Be human now, lay fairy wings aside.

I sought thee far and near and high and low,
For oh! I wanted, dear, to find thee so!
I longed for thee and dreamed as mothers do,
And thou, sweet baby, art my dreams come true—
Art all my dreams come true!

Over the earth there's a mantle of snow,
And there's eiderdown in the air;
I wot the shrill little birds are cold,
But my little bird is here.
Warm and cozy in thy nest,
Sleep, my little one, sleep and rest.

Thou hast never seen a bright blue sky,
Or a greeny wood or a brook;
But all of these and more I see
When into thine eyes I look.
There are wonders, dear, in store for thee,
But thou art the wonder of all to me.
Warm and cozy in thy nest,
Sleep, my little one, sleep and rest.

LOSS

(Husband and Wife)

THE evening shadows seem to breathe our sense of loss,
As fades the glowing west;
Of loss the lonely wood-thrush in the dell
Sings ere it goes to rest.

The plaintive cricket from the ruined wall complains,
The ebb-tide from the bar;
While patient, tearless, near the dying day
Waiteth one lonely star.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

A Mellin's Food Baby



Mellin's Food and milk is just the diet a baby needs to thrive and develop, as Nature intended.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company
177 State Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR

Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 151, St. Louis.

Rock-A-Bye Send for BABY PERFECTION BOOK

MOTHER, send for the Baby Perfection Book, a complete manual and dependable guide on the health, feeding, exercise, care of your baby. Illustrated charts and pages for keeping record of baby's growth, etc. Prepared by baby experts for the creators of the famous Rock-A-Bye line of nursery specialties. Price \$2 postpaid. Cash or money order—no checks. Handsome Nursery Thermometer given with every book. Perfection Mfg. Co., 2715 N. Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Swing No. 2 \$2.00

BABY PERFECTION

Corns

Never Use a Knife!

It is so easy to get rid of a corn. Blue-jay ends them. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at your druggist.



© B & B 1924

Blue-jay

alone in the good work it does

Nothing else will do the work of Sani-Flush. It cleans toilet bowls snowy white. Removes every spot and stain. No scrubbing. No hard work.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush. The porcelain shines. The hidden, unhealthful trap—impossible to reach by other means—is also cleaned, made sanitary. Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors.

It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

FREE BOOK Learn Piano!
This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings the beginner or experienced player. Highly endorsed. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio McSS, 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25; Mass.

ROUGH ON RATS
Get rid of Rats
WHY be annoyed with rats and mice when you can clear them out quickly and cheaply with Rough on Rats? Mix it with some different food each night and you'll get them all. At all drug and general stores. Send for free booklet "Ending Rats and Mice."
E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Man-Eater

[Continued from page 38]

polished leggings and dusty spurs, nothing but a soldier. He watched the ground ahead, and did not glance toward her.

Suddenly he halted and raised one hand. The padding of hoofs and creaking of leather which followed them stopped. Out of the mirage that dissolved the waste behind them, a horseman came galloping.

"We caught Fazl Muhammad and his two brothers," cried this messenger. "We have them at the fort, sahib."

"I'm afraid you must turn and come with us to the fort, Miss Wayne."

"How splendid! I was about to beg you to let me watch the fun."

He looked at her askance under drooping eyelids. "Fun? There won't be much of that; but I don't see what else to do with you."

Along the dusty track where they had come all went plodding with the sun in their faces now, and the disappointment of the horses under them to deject their spirits. Past a gray-green thorn clump on a rise, they reached a higher level, and saw near by a mud fort squatting under foothills. The mountains rose behind.

A crowd of Waziris in grimy robes and greasy locks, with naked boys, and dust-powdered ponies, blocked the fort gate, but were held in order by a few dismounted troopers of this outpost. Morgan helped her down from saddle, waved them apart, and brought her to a rock under the shadow of the old brown wall.

"If you'll sit here," he said, "we can keep an eye on you." He plunged into the crowd and was gone.

She felt the hour, place, and people fantastic. Tribesmen, long-robed, wrapped in cloth as if cold, packing themselves tightly together elbow to elbow, grinning with excitement, rank with sweat, endured a blaze of heat and on tiptoe craned their necks to behold her, when all the background, mountain unto burnt mountain, declared that man and his doings were naught, the buzz of a scorched fly in a lamp chimney. She had never known such a feeling, unreal yet sharp.

Morgan returned from the fort, under the gate beam, leading a squad of men. He halted them on open ground, beyond the shadow.

It was an odd little group which he had brought out: four troopers with carbines, who looked virtuously stiff and solemn; a tall, handsome, gray-bearded lion of a man with his left arm in a sling, across his forehead a blood-stained bandage peeping from the folds of his turban; and three young villainous Pathans, jaunty, dirty, hard-featured, all wearing a most impudent leer.

Morgan faced his prisoners, made them a short speech, and pointed at the beam of timber in the gate.

The three brothers laughed heartily. Laughter also passed round the onlookers, but it conveyed no mirth—a dry cackle which ended in the hiss of drawn breath, followed by whispers. Miss Wayne found Morgan beside her, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. "You go in," he ordered. "Now." "Oh, no." She sat firm. "What was it? What did you say to them?"

He stared angrily at his watch.

"I said . . . Well, it's proved. The merchant remembered their faces. Of course they denied. Two of 'em I'd seen before, that night in the house of my enemy Gulab Din. The third brother, Fazl Muhammad, told me just now, in so many words, they helped stone her, that poor girl, to death." The captain fought something down. "That means nothing to you, nor to me now in the present case. But they're guilty this time as well. They denied they ever saw any caravan. I said—and I'll stand to it, 'If you brothers don't produce fifteen camels, the merchant's wife, his *kajawaka* with the full tale of Bokhara carpets, dried fruit, silks, and spices, to the value of about two thousand rupees per camel, I'll hang you all three by the neck to that beam, at sunset."

[Turn to page 106]



This Fascinating Test Reveals Beauty's Only Secret

Ten Minutes Will Show You, Too,
The Only Sure Way to Beauty

So that you can easily understand how to gain and preserve a clear, attractive complexion, Mr. Ingram has devised this interesting, educational test you can make in your own boudoir.

In no other way can you learn so quickly and convincingly the real secret of a beautiful skin. In addition to clearly showing you the causes of complexion faults, the Dermoscope will show you how and why Ingram's Milkweed Cream, unlike any other, destroys these almost invisible dangers and builds the firm, clear, youthful skin that you should have.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream, used over thirty years, is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfort-

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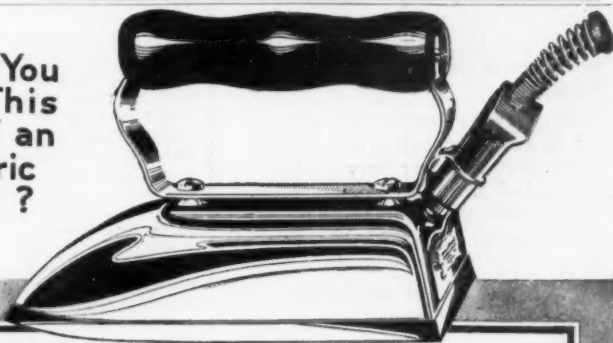
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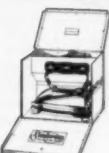
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with food grains that entice

Novelty, variety—change from routine—here is the secret of intriguing the most indifferent morning appetite.

Quaker Puffed Rice is the lightest, gayest, most enticing of modern foods—a grain confection, crisp, flaky and nut-like.

Each kernel is steam-exploded to eight times its normal size to make digestion easy. Quickly assimilated and turned to strength and vigor, for the invaluable food elements of whole grains are contained.

Serve with sugar and cream, or in bowls of half-and-half; try with melted butter or with fresh or cooked fruits. Each grain an adventure—a conspiracy to tempt the appetite.

Another cereal confection

Quaker Puffed Wheat is as enticing as Puffed Rice—the bedtime dish supreme—nourishing and rest-inviting, placing no tax on the digestion.

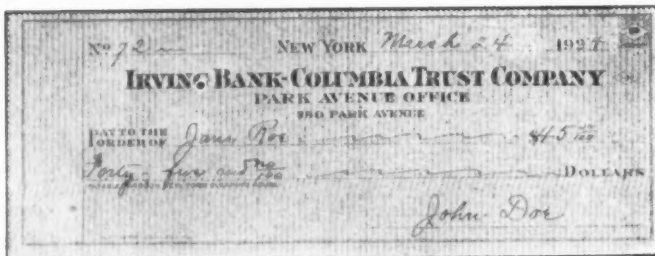
Professor Anderson's Invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famed inventions of Professor Anderson—food shot from guns, grain foods thoroughly cooked.

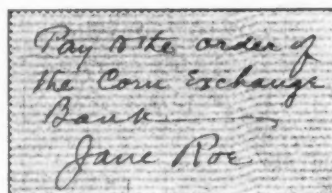


Quaker Puffed Rice

Quaker Puffed Wheat



Number and date every check. Write in full name of person to whom it is to be paid, and amount both in figures and words. Begin at extreme left of each space and draw line after the writing. Always sign your name the same way. When you endorse a check, begin at top of left-hand end of check.



Your Bank and Bank-Books

By Mary Harding

THERE are two kinds of bank-books, and I am going to talk about both; but the one mentioned in the note on this page is for your savings account.

You can start such an account with almost no money. No matter how small a deposit you begin with, the savings bank people will welcome you. They know, and you will find out, that small deposits lead to larger ones.

When you put your money into a savings account, leave it there; and keep adding to it every cent you can scrape up. It will be drawing interest all the time. After a while you can take it out and invest it in something that will pay a higher interest.

The day you make your first investment will mark the beginning of your progress toward independence, comfort and safety. That is a wonderful goal. If you haven't already started toward it, begin this very day.

But there is also another kind of bank-book. The first one helps you to save money. The second helps you to handle wisely the money you spend. To get it, you must have a "checking account."

Every woman handles money. It may be her wages or salary. It may be the sum her husband gives her "to run the house." But, however it comes, you have that money to spend.

The only safe place to keep it is the bank. Open a checking account. Become the proud possessor of a bank-book and a check-book. In that way, you will learn the A, B, C of handling your money.

Your check-book contains a "stub" for each check. On this stub you write the amount of the check, the date, the name of the person to whom the money is to be paid and what it is paid for. This gives you a complete record of where the money has gone.

Most banks send a monthly statement to people having a checking account. This statement shows the balance you had at the end of the previous month, the deposits you have made and the checks you have drawn during the month just ended, and the balance you have left in the bank. With the state-

ment will also be your "cancelled checks." These are the checks with which you have paid your bills. When the grocer and the butcher, for instance, cash the checks you give them, these checks go back to your bank. It charges them to your account, cancels them and returns them to you.

Keep these cancelled checks! They are your receipts for the money you have paid out. If you paid the grocer, for instance, in cash, you would have no proof that you had paid him. But when you get your check back, which he has endorsed and cashed, you have unquestionable evidence of having settled the bill. If your bank does not send out these monthly statements, take your book in occasionally and have it balanced.

Keep your stubs and your cancelled checks in a place where they will be together. Number each one when you write it. Then, when the checks are returned to you, arrange them in the order of their numbers. If one is missing and does not turn up when you think it should, find out whether it was received by the person to whom you sent it. If it was not, inform your bank so that payment on it can be stopped.

When you make out a check, remember that it represents your money! You must not be any less careful than you would be if it were the actual cash. With this article there is an illustration of the right way to make out a check. Study it and follow the directions given.

When any one sends you a check, cash it or deposit it promptly. Sometimes the checks which I have sent to people have not been cashed for months. Women, I must admit, are the chief sinners in this matter. They tuck a check away in a pigeon-hole of a desk, or in a book, or in a bureau drawer, and apparently think that is a good way of holding on to the money.

In the first place you can't be sure that the person who sends you a check is going to have funds in the bank to pay it when you finally try to cash it. I know of one case where a woman kept a check two days before taking it to the bank. In [Turn to page 82]



How to Make Jam and Jelly with One Minute's Boiling

An Easier Way That Never Fails

By ANN PROCTOR

Think of making pure grape jelly in the dead of winter, or the best strawberry jam you ever tasted with only one minute's boiling! Yet in three years both have become actual facts in about 5,000,000 homes.

The reason is that jam and jelly making is now easy, quick and fascinating. All the old worry and failures and most of the labor are now eliminated by a simple, year-round, accurate method.

What is the Secret?

No one can possibly make jam and jelly without pectin, which makes the juice set when boiled with sugar and which is present in varying quantities in some fruits and entirely absent in others. This same jellifying product of fruit is now obtainable in concentrated, refined form by asking your grocer for a bottle of Certo with recipe book. With them you can make jam and jelly any time of the year with fresh fruit, with canned or dried-fruit, or with bottled fruit juice. Note how quickly and easily you can now make

GRAPE JELLY

From Bottled Grape Juice

Into a saucepan, put 4 cups bottled grape juice, add 5 cups sugar, and stir until dissolved. Bring to boiling point, add 1 cup (1 bottle) Certo, stir thoroughly, and bring to boiling point over a hot fire. Boil hard for one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, skim and pour.

Certo is a pure fruit product, and contains no gelatine. With it you boil only one minute and thus save the fruit juice and flavor formerly boiled away. You also obtain one-half more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit. Be sure to try Certo with strawberries. Everybody loves

STRAWBERRY JAM

Wash and hull 1 quart fresh strawberries, cut in halves, or crush slightly with a wooden masher, then measure, packing solidly into the cup until juice and fruit come to top of cup. Put into saucepan. To 2 cups strawberry fruit and juice, add 3 cups sugar and mix thoroughly. Bring to boiling point and boil vigorously one minute over hot fire, stirring constantly. Add 1/4 cup (1/4 bottle) Certo, mix thoroughly, remove from fire, skim, let stand few minutes to cool slightly, then pour quickly into glasses.

Send for Alice Bradley's Recipe Book

Containing nearly 100 special recipes for jams, jellies and marmalades made by the new method. Miss Alice Bradley is Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., and cooking editor of Woman's Home Companion. For free copy send postal with your address to

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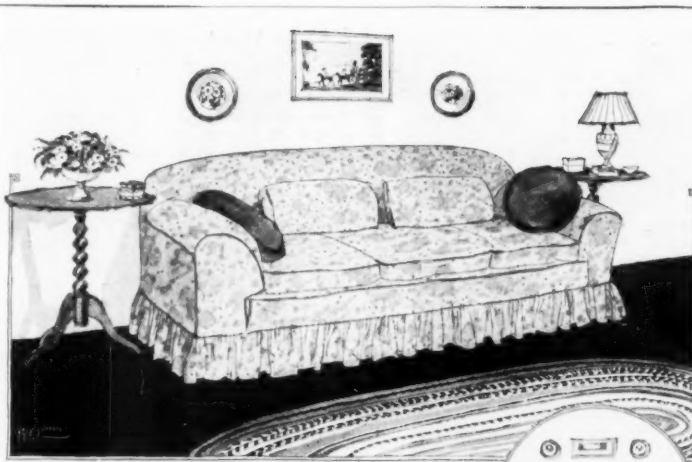
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And Now—Cushions

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

A WOMAN with an overdeveloped cushion complex can spoil the best room ever furnished. Indeed, the two worst plagues in decorating are cushions and silver-framed photographs.

I have no grudge against cushions. In their proper place they offer additional comfort and good decoration. But the plague descends when they are piled on sofas, chairs and even on the floor!

A very large sofa that has a deep seat will need a number of cushions to make it comfortable; but these must be planned as carefully as is the upholstery of the sofa itself. If the sofa is covered with chintz, additional large cushions should be made of the chintz for back support, and several smaller ones, covered with entirely different stuff, may be used at the ends. For instance, a green chintz covered with red flowers and green branches may invite small cushions of plain red silk or linen, or of dark green, or of some other color that occurs in the chintz. A sofa covered in plain dark stuff may have, at each end, two or three small pillows of brightly figured silk or needlework.

Cushions used on sofas may be divided roughly into two classes—those needed to give proper support, and those soft enough to put against one's face when lying down. Cushions intended to be used for solid comfort should always be covered in material that is pleasant to the touch and easily cleaned.

Floor cushions are usually useless and objectionable, but occasionally, in a bedroom or small sitting-room, a long, hard cushion or a pair of square cushions may be used in front of the fireplace. Such cushions should be stuffed with hair or some hard filling, and used like stools or a low bench.

The average large easy chair will be very much improved by the addition of a small, soft cushion chosen with great care and made of the same material as that with which the chair is covered, or in harmony with it. A large tape-

stry-covered chair may have a cushion of soft, plain-colored silk or linen repeating one of the main colors of the tapestry. A plain velvet chair may have a small cushion of some figured silk or damask. By selecting a cushion in perfect harmony with each chair, a number of different interesting materials may be introduced into the room without conflict.

Cushions of lace and of embroidered linen are only suitable for the bedroom or chaise-longue of the private sitting-room. I do not like them on the bed unless the bed has a cover of the same sort of material; but a chaise-longue may have many of these washable pillows if they are kept immaculately clean.

FOR sun-rooms and porches a greater variety of cushions may be used because greater informality is possible. Wicker furniture is so simple that it can stand brilliant-colored cushions of chintz or brightly striped linens. Lately I have been making a lot of charming cushions of plain-colored linens checked with various-colored linen tapes. For instance, in one sun-room which had natural-colored reed furniture, the large sofa had its seat cushions of a dark brown linen printed with birds and flowers in all colors, but with a predominance of yellow and red. On the back of this sofa we put two large cushions of this same linen material and then added half a dozen cushions of yellow linen checked with red, green and brown tapes. Of course, if a checked linen could be found, it would do away with all the labor of applying the tapes. In this same room we used, in the large easy chairs, cushions of brown linen checked with tapes of all the various colors in the chintz—yellow, red, green and several neutral colors. The room when finished had a gay, out-of-doors air, and yet everything in it was in perfect harmony.

In an informal studio sort of room, a greater mixture of pillows is permissible than in a conventional room. If the wall spaces are plain and the couch cover is plain a great mass of pillows variously colored may be used, but this requires real skill in arrangement. It is better to stick to harmonious materials.



In a small sitting-room a pair of square floor cushions may be used like stools in front of the fireplace

A Recipe from Fifth Avenue

IN the kitchens of the world's famous mansions—some of the simplest ingredients are combined with just those touches of artistry which send them to the dining table in the form of exquisitely dainty and original dishes. One of these—a delicious dessert—owes much of its originality to

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

It is a dessert of real charm, that can easily be made by any housewife, according to this recipe:—

Pineapple and Rice Mold

- 1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup scalded pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Few grains salt
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add scalded pineapple juice, sugar and salt to rice. Strain into this the gelatine and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into molds lined with slices of canned pineapple, or cut up pineapple may be added to the juice. Chill, and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple, and candied cherries added for garnishing.

100 More Ways to Grace the Dining Table

It is just as easy as not to serve dainty food in an appetizing way. The two Knox books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," give many recipes for delicious desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes that are sure to add to the attractiveness of any menu.

We shall gladly send them to you, free, together with an instructive booklet on "The Health Value of Gelatine," upon receipt of your grocer's name and 4 cents for postage.

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GOLD RING



SAME RING
PLATINUM
Covered

Your Bank and Bank-Books

[Continued from page 80]

the meantime the firm which had drawn the check went into bankruptcy! That was an extreme case but it shows the folly of not cashing or depositing checks promptly.

A railroad official told me recently that they sent out thousands of checks every year to their stockholders in payment of dividends; and hundreds of these checks are never cashed! The explanation is that people put the checks away somewhere. They are lost, accidentally destroyed, or the people forget where they put them. I know a woman who hunted and hunted for a check she knew she had received. After months of searching, she discovered it by chance in an old book. Even then, she had no recollection of having put it there.

Before you can cash a check made out to you, you must endorse it; that is, you must write your name across the back of it. Remember, that when you have written your name on it in this way, another person—any person—may present it and get the money. So don't endorse a check and then leave it lying about where some one can steal it.

There are two ways of endorsing a check. One is simply to write your name across the back. This is called "endorsing in blank." If a dishonest person gets a check endorsed in this way, he may be able to cash it. Even when you deposit the check in the bank, it is more business-like to write "Pay to the order of the — Bank" and then sign your name.

When you endorse a check, write your name on the back exactly as it appears on the face, or front, of the check. Sometimes it may be misspelled. If your name is Katharine Smyth, some one who doesn't know you well may write it "Catherine Smith." In that case, endorse it first with the *wrongly spelled name*; and below write your name as you do habitually.

You may say that a bank account is all well enough for persons who have a lot of money but that you have not very much. Then you need at least a savings account. That is the first step toward having a lot! As for those of you who have even a moderate amount, a bank will be a friend and servant to you in many ways. You know how money "burns a hole in your pocket" when you have it in cash. If it is in the bank, you will not make so many foolish purchases; you will have a *written record of the money you spend*.

If you move to another town your banker will recommend you to a bank in your new home and will transfer your account. That gives you standing in a community where you are a stranger.

To have a bank account makes you respected and deferred to. If you want to rent a house or an apartment, a prospective landlord is always favorably impressed if you can refer him to your bank. The same thing is true if you want to open an account at a shop. If you are going away on a trip, your banker will help you in arranging to get money when you need it.

In return for these and other services, try to understand that there are some things a bank cannot do for you. It cannot allow you to overdraw your account. Watch your balance and be sure it is adequate. Most city banks insist that an account shall be kept above a certain figure. It varies somewhat but as a rule it is at least several hundred dollars. Be careful not to let your average balance fall below this amount. If you keep the record in your check book you will know exactly how much you have in the bank at any time.

And remember one more thing. Our purpose in these articles is to help you to become a woman who has means, property, money! To do that, you must learn the first principles of handling it. The place to learn them is at a bank; first, through having a savings account; then through having a checking account. Next one will take up the matter of how to invest your money to make it earn more money.

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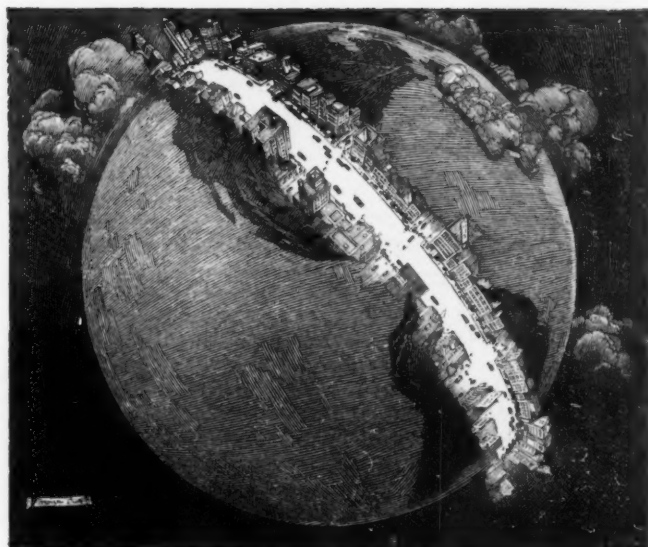
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"ALWAYS YOUNG"



The Little Girl Who Had Never Seen the Easter Rabbit

By
Cynthia Comstock



They had spent the afternoon coloring Easter eggs

JANE and Jamie had spent a busy afternoon coloring Easter eggs. They looked very proudly at the big platterful all finished. "Tomorrow's Easter, tomorrow's Easter," sang Jane, "and I've got a new hat and two new shoes!"

"And maybe the Easter Rabbit'll bring you something more," said M'ri-in-the-kitchen.

Jane looked up eagerly. "Who's he?" she asked.

"Pooh!" Jamie was very disdainful. "Don't you know? We had him in school. On the blackboard. He had a basket on his back with eggs in it."

Then Jamie was called away to take a music lesson, so Jane hopped into M'ri's comfy chair and curled up.

"Tell me about the Easter Rabbit, M'ri, please do," she begged.

"All right, but you must wait till I get the biscuits made. I can't count the cupfuls and teaspoonfuls if I'm talking. You go play till I call you."

So Jane went to her little swing on the porch and patted Belinda. Now and then she peeped into the kitchen, but there was M'ri still counting cup-

fuls and spoonfuls, so she sighed and went back again. It was one of Belinda's restless days, and finally Jane simply had to lie down beside her to get her to sleep.

She sat up suddenly, thinking M'ri had called her, but it was a little patter near her—a funny squeak. Right on her porch was such a thing! A white rabbit with darling gloves on his paws and a little blue fan in his hands. He was looking ever so crossly at a fat yellow bunny in a red coat and blue panties. You could tell they had been pretty near quarreling. Suddenly both turned and eyed a shiny, snowy rabbit, coming daintily up the steps.

"All right, let's let Jane decide," said the rabbit with the gloves, in a high little voice. "She knows us all. She can tell us."

But Jane shook her head. "My goodness, Jane," he said, "I'm surprised at you. I've been read to you several times."

Suddenly Jane clapped her hands. "Why, I do know you—you're Alice's White Rabbit!"

"Yes, yes," said the White Rabbit impatiently, "and the Duchess wants her fan, so hurry up and decide quick!"

"But what am I to decide?" asked Jane, bewildered.

"These two say they're the most important rabbits in the world. Any one with half an eye can see that I am! We want you to be the judge and say which one of us is the most important. Hurry up, so I can get the prize and go to the Duchess."

"What is the prize?" Jane wanted to know.

"A whole head of cabbage," said the White Rabbit, and his proud nose wiggled ever so faintly. The fat little rabbit was so excited he just shook all over at the very thought.

"You know me, Jane," said the fat bunny.

This time Jane was sure. "Of course I do—you're Peter Rabbit. Oh, you've been read to me lots and lots of times! And I'm always so glad when the farmer doesn't catch you. I hope he never will!"

The snowy rabbit on the step came a little nearer to Jane.

"You don't know me very well, but your Uncle Andy did show you my picture last week in [Turn to page 90]



"You must wait till I get the biscuits made."

Best Way To Cook Breakfast Prunes

First soak them overnight, or for several hours at least. Second, cook *slowly* until tender, in the water in which they were soaked. Third, use plenty of water so the fruit will be "loose." Fourth, do not cook them too long as they will become too soft. Flavor with cinnamon, sliced lemon, or orange juice. Sugar to taste.



How 60,000 Doctors Start their Breakfasts

THIS is of real importance to your children and your men. An investigation shows that more than 60,000 doctors—more than half of the entire medical profession—begin their breakfasts with delicious prunes.

The main reasons stated in the replies to this investigation are,—“I like them,”—“They are delicious food,”—“I like their flavor,”—“Nothing better when well cooked,”—“The most delicious of all fruits,” etc.

Then follows, “Prunes are good for anyone,”—“Nothing is more nourishing for breakfast,”—“A fine energy-food,”—“They keep the system in the best condition,” and scores of other comments, far too numerous to mention.

But all agree on two points—the luscious flavor and the general healthfulness of prunes. These doctors know the value of the fruit-salts and the pulp, the energizing nutriment, the fortifying iron content and the growth-producing vitamins of prunes.

All say that they prescribe them. What greater tribute could a food receive?

This luscious dish, in fact, should be the breakfast-habit in your home for these physicians' reasons.

When cooked as we've suggested elsewhere on this page, there is no food that better suits the most discriminating palate.

You'll find prunes like them served as a specialty at all the finest hotels and best restaurants, and in several million homes, so men can get them almost anywhere.

And you'll find that prunes are economical, one of the least expensive of all foods.

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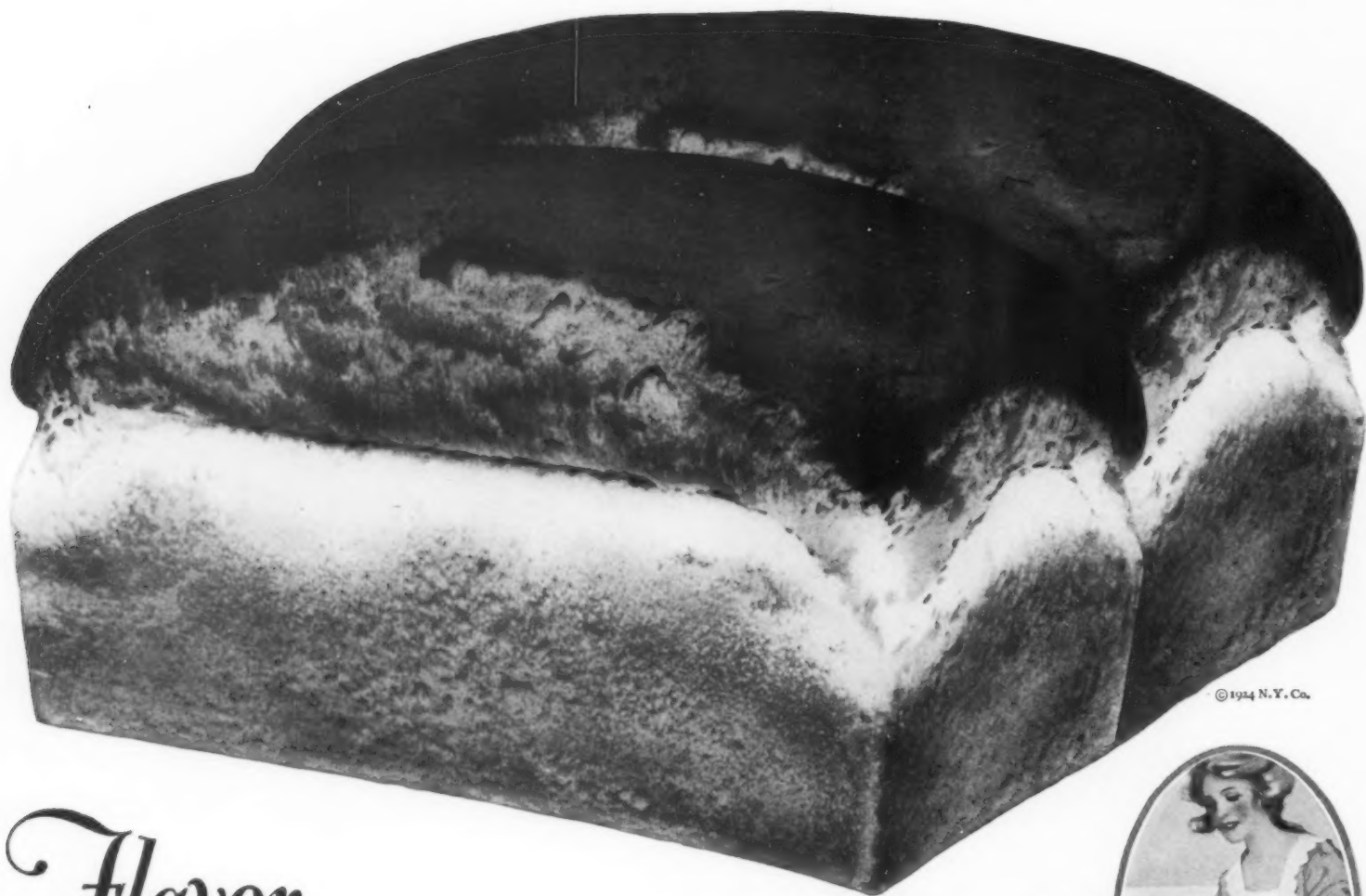
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Are You Still Growing?

Test the Size of Your Soul and Mind by Your
Willingness to Understand Other People

By Sarah Field Splint

YOU have seen their house, the big Colonial brick with the sunken garden, over on the River Road," said the Country Doctor, settling back comfortably in one of my porch chairs. He had just finished his afternoon rounds, and until his office hours began, his time was his own—provided no one else happened to want it.

"Eleanor sold the place after Ned died and moved to New York with her daughters—or I wouldn't be telling you her story now." His shrewd old eyes twinkled at my look of delighted expectancy. I adore the Doctor's stories even though I often suspect they are intended to point a moral at me.

"Eleanor was the conscientious kind. She ran her house well from the very beginning, she was always becomingly dressed, and she brought their two children up to be orderly, conscientious duplicates of herself.

"Naturally for a long time after their marriage Ned was happy. His interests were identical with Eleanor's. When he was not at business you always saw them together. They had the same tastes in friends and amusements, the same opinions about politics, agreed absolutely about religion. One was an echo of the other.

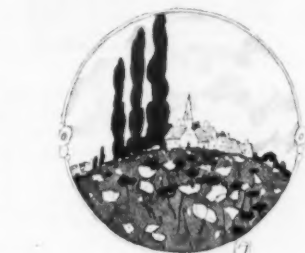
"Now experience has taught me that it is always a dangerous thing for a husband and wife to turn their interests into absolutely identical channels. It is tempting nature, for no two people ever are alike in every particular, and a time is bound to come when one of them discovers something inside him or her which clamors for expression. That is the time for the other mate to display intelligence and generosity, and to follow if he or she is able; but at any rate it is the worst possible plan to drag back and disapprove.

"Well, the parting of the ways came to Eleanor and Ned. He went out to the Coast on a business trip and while he was there he saw a lot of an old college friend and his wife. The friend had become a prominent lawyer and his wife, though she was a woman of no beauty, I understand, had immense charm. She was bringing up three children and running a house, yet she found time for many other things. She managed to read a good deal, to hear all the fine music that came to their city, to see the good plays and to entertain her husband's friends who were of every variety under the sun.

MEETING this delightful couple who had so many interests besides themselves and their home, seemed to open up a new vista to Ned. He realized he had narrowed down his life until it excluded everyone but his business associates and the two or three married couples who, living in their own close little community, visited back and forth playing bridge and interchanging gossip about the neighbors.

"I can tell you, when this light broke upon Ned he felt as if he had been wasting some good years of his life and he could hardly wait to get back to Eleanor to lay the whole matter before her and talk over what could be done about broadening them out.

"Well, he didn't get very far with her before he came right up against a stone wall. Eleanor did not see why they should reach out for any new friends or interests. She saw nothing the matter with their life. Wasn't he more success-



ful than most of the men of their acquaintance? Hadn't he a nicer house, nicer children, more substantial investments, than any other man they knew? Was there anyone else who had a more considerate, devoted wife?

REALIZE that all developed personalities have many facets, many interests, many modes of self-expression and that *you* may not be able to meet your beloved in all his or her interests. Therefore do not stand in the way of his or her enjoyment with some one else of the things in which *you* are not interested.—*Carl Ramus*

"But, don't you see," he explained, "I feel all shut in suddenly, as if I had been locked away in a closet for years, when in the room just outside were ever so many things to start you thinking and growing."

"No, I don't understand!" answered Eleanor. "I don't know why you say you have not been growing. Didn't we start our life together in a little two-family house in the village? And now haven't we the handsomest house for miles around? You've worked hard and you've been successful. I simply can't imagine why you should be discontented."

"I'm not discontented with what we have," Ned argued. "It's what we haven't got, what we've lost. Our minds and souls have shrivelled since we married. We're not half the people we were twelve years ago. Do we ever think about anything except ourselves and the children and what we can buy to put into this house of ours?"

"Well, as you can imagine, from this time on the trouble grew. Eleanor was bound to bring him back to their old mode of life. Ned was determined to spread his wings. Eleanor wanted life to stand still. Ned wanted life to grow and take on more colors. Eleanor said Ned did not love her any longer. Ned declared he loved her just as much as ever. The children and home and Ned were enough for her, Eleanor said. Ned tried to make it clear why they were not enough for him.

"Month by month the breach grew wider. Finally business took Ned to Europe, and though he asked Eleanor to go with him, she refused in an attack of outraged dignity and stayed on here with the two girls.

"One day when I was driving out on my rounds in the country I passed her house. She was in the garden and I called to her to come and jump in with me. Somehow, I knew something was

wrong and I thought she might take this chance of talking to me. By the time we came back I had the whole tale."

"What did you say to her?" I asked. "Well," said the Doctor, "I asked her then if she had ever heard the old precept, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly,' and I told her that this was the only safe way to proceed in marriage. If the breach comes, don't let it widen. Throw a bridge across as quickly as you can and get over to the side where the other partner is. When you get there, sit down and talk things out in love and calmness."

"I reminded Eleanor of the old days when Ned was courting her and looking back on them, she was fair enough to admit she had gone to a lot of trouble to gain and keep his interest. I asked her if she realized that to keep love it was necessary to win it over and over again. Somehow, she had not thought of that. She just took it for granted that because Ned was her husband it was his duty to keep on being in love with her. I inquired whether it was very much more trouble to try to understand his tastes now than it had been then. She admitted it ought not to be.

"And then we got to the mother side of her. I asked her if she was unwilling for the girls to grow and develop, and she said 'Oh, no!' She wanted them to. They must. She was doing everything in her power to broaden their minds and to set them firmly on the road to useful womanhood. Had she no such feeling of solicitude for Ned, I inquired. Did he not need

her help just as much as the girls? And could she give it to him unless she grew as fast or faster than he?

"I think it was the first time she had ever really thought of putting something new and glowing into her relationship with Ned. She had gotten so in the habit of taking a lot out of it that it never occurred to her she hadn't been putting much of anything except the physical comforts into it.

"We decided she would cable Ned as soon as we got back to town, that she and the children would join him in Europe. But that day—that day Ned was killed as he flew from Paris to London. It was a most terrible shock to Eleanor. She could never bear to live here afterwards, and just as soon as her affairs were wound up she sold the house and moved to New York."

THE Doctor rose, a little feebly. I thought, He has carried so many people's burdens so many years.

"Time for office hours," he said, taking my hand. "And don't you go stifling anybody's natural interests. Help them to find expression in the best way they are able."

I think all women want the people they love to get every bit of joy and achievement they can out of life. Only we don't always agree that the thing they want is the best thing for them. That is where the trouble begins. We nag and we scold and soon we find that husband or child or friend is drifting away from us, when a little patience and intelligence might have held him and helped him.

Self expression is every one's right, and it is up to us women to see that we get it for ourselves as well as to help others to find it. In either case our aim must be to turn it into the best and noblest channels.

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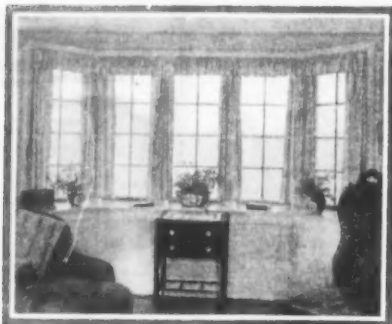
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or will gladly get them for you

Movie Censorship

[Continued from page 15]

worst picture she had ever seen. The Kansas editor wrote to her, in part, as follows:

"I quite agree with you. I had nothing to do with the filming of it. I wrote a book which had an entirely different story. I sold the movie right of the book to the outfit that made the picture. They changed the plot and made it a nasty sex thing, and I am just as much ashamed of it as you can be, but I have no rights in the courts. I thank you very much for your frankness in the matter."

Now let us examine the harvest, among the impressionable, of this unbridled screen display of criminality and other socially disintegrating features:

"MOVIES INSPIRED WRECK"
"Two Michigan Boys Tried to Duplicate Scene on Screen."
"MOVIES INSPIRE BOYS TO TRY TRAIN WRECK"
"Four Are Arrested in Syracuse Following Effort to Ditch N. Y. C. Flyer."
"BOY BURGLARS USE CHLOROFORM IN MOVIE STYLE"
"Administer Drug to Sleeping Woman as Done in Films in Search for Papers and Cash."
"SHOOTING MOVIES' LED BOY MURDERER TO KILL MERCHANT"
"Bowery Bootblack Says He Emulated Wild West Heroes."
"SQUIRTER OF IODINE 'SAW IT IN MOVIES'"
"Boy Bicyclist, Whose Victims Were Women, Blames Thrillers."

Such are a few newspaper headlines. It represents an infinitesimal part of what probation officers and the officials of institutions for delinquent minors all over the country, the Big Brothers Movement and many other welfare agencies can and do tell of the ravages of demoralizing motion pictures on the youth of the land. Grand juries have filed presentments on the subject. Teachers' associations have called attention to the deplorable situation. Many localities have raised the bars against "crime films," but still the deadly work goes on. The motion picture people lay the blame on the parents and parents are not wholly blameless in the matter. But many parents must be absent from their children a good part of the time and cannot possibly know what they are doing. Under these circumstances some of our states have passed laws forbidding the admission of children under 16 years to places of amusement when unaccompanied by parent or guardian.

What happens then? Children's societies can tell, and I can say of my own knowledge, that under such conditions many lower grade houses maintain an adult person to receive money from young children, buy their tickets, accompany them into the theatre, see them seated and then return to the front of the house to greet the next youthful evader of a wholesome statute.

Screen portrayals are comprehended by the most illiterate. It is the universal language of communication by the representation of imagery. Many an immigrant receives his first ideas of American life from misleading films which he sees exhibited in some little "hole in the wall" in the congested district of a great city. Before he learns of a law against the carrying of revolvers, he is led to believe that every American "totes a gun" and shoots indiscriminately.

World peace, if it ever comes, will arrive only as the result of a true mutual understanding among the peoples of the earth. If the manner of living of one nation is represented in an undesirable way to the people of other nations, the era of mutual understanding is thereby retarded.

A newspaper headline reads:

"LADY ASTOR DEPLORES 'UNTRUE TO LIFE' FILMS."
"Says Movies Make All Americans Cowboys and Crooks."

Even the present Secretary of State has found it necessary to utter a warning against this agency for misunderstanding and the estrangement of peo-

ples. It is a well-known fact that films are manufactured here and shipped to South America and other countries which their manufacturers certainly would not submit to any reviewing agency in the United States. False impressions of our people and our manner of living are thereby spread broadcast.

SUCH is the motion picture industry and, while freely and thankfully conceding that there are many meritorious pictures and some reputable producers, such are the results.

With a view to counteracting some of the evils due to selfish and reckless and ignorant exploitation of undesirable subjects, some of our important states and cities require that no films be shown within their jurisdiction without the approval of a local commission. This has worked out favorably. It has acted as a preventive measure and has proved a public benefit. It should be general. A bill is now pending in Congress to exclude objectionable films from interstate commerce. It should be enacted and in addition there should be governmental supervision over films offered for export. To avoid the shifting or neglect of responsibility, in every state there should be a commission to approve and license any film exhibited therein. Such a movement requires strong and persistent leadership. The opposition is organized and has unlimited financial means. But they can be overcome. In New York it took eight years of persistent work, but the result was achieved and has justified the tireless effort. Indecency, incitement to crime, scandalous character of persons portrayed, should cause disapproval. However, it is a mistake to make such commissions a part of the political machinery and its appointments matters of political patronage. In every instance such a commission should be a part of and wholly under the direction of the state educational department. Its members should be appointed because of some distinct qualification for such duties and not because they can swing the vote of some district. Moreover, such officials should be wholeheartedly devoted to the public service, uninfluenced by the producer's wail of material loss or the flippant writer's shallow criticism.

The screen proponents will tell you—we have heard it daily: "You can't make people good by law." Conceded. But by law and its enforcement, a very potent factor in the general environment, which tends to mold thoughts and manners, can be curbed. The moral atmosphere can be freed to a noticeable extent from commercialized indecency.

The youthful mind, the impressionable mind, may be saved in an appreciable degree from being gorged with thoughts directly at variance with the thoughts with which they should be filled.

If we have conveyed the impression that screen regulation is a cure-all or is so intended, we make haste to emphasize the fact that it is merely the effort of the state in cooperation with the whole people to gain a desired result. It is still of the utmost importance, and always will be, that parents and those who are primarily responsible for the conduct of others should work without ceasing to instill in the minds of their charges the true values of life, the difference between right and wrong and the desirability, above all else, of right conduct. No official agency can take the parent's place. But it can assist.

With regard to incompetents, it is common legal practise to secure the appointment of a "committee of the person." Where incompetents are vicious or reckless and their activities constitute a national menace, a charge of criminal negligence will lie against a generation which fails to exercise its judicially affirmed power effectively to deal with the situation in the interests of posterity.

News!

Old ideas of oil stove service swept aside by new and improved Blue Chimney New Perfection—Faster cooking, greater economy, new conveniences—moderately priced

for 10 MILLION Women

To ten million homes without gas—and to other millions where gas rates are high—this improved oil stove brings a new conception of cooking comfort.

To the trouble-proof dependability that has made the New Perfection world-famous, is now added even quicker heat and greater fuel economy.

It lightens kitchen cares and gives women more free time! The higher, roomier top and extra shelf space are step-saving conveniences. The new straight-leg design is sturdy, compact, easily cleaned.

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Also makers of the well known PURITAN "Short Chimney" oil stove.



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Blue Chimney Burner
Faster More Economical

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The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.

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Without Cabinet and Oven . . .	35.00

Higher in the West, Southwest and Canada.

New Cook Book—Send ten cents for the 1924 New Perfection Cook Book, forty-four pages of recipes, menus for all occasions and invaluable cookery suggestions.

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Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



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Watkins Home Remedies have been the favorites for more than half a century, and their popularity increases year by year. Only medicines of known value bear the Watkins label. Unless Watkins Home Remedies were of the very highest quality, their popularity would have faded and died in the beginning.

There are no secret formulas in Watkins Home Remedies. They are the same old standbys that our grandfathers used, and the kind we use every day ourselves. They are the kind of medicines that should be in every home, Aspirin, Liniment, Gripe Tablets, Cough Medicine, Compound Mustard, Menthol Camphor Ointment, and many other common every day medicines that you know and use.

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Buy From Your Watkins Dealer—It Pays

The Little Girl Who Had Never Seen the Easter Rabbit

[Continued from page 83]

your daddy's new en-eye-lo-pe-di-a." Jane nodded. "He said you are called the Angora rabbit, and you are the loveliest of all the rabbit family."

The Angora Rabbit walked up and down to show Jane how lovely he was. His whole body was a silvery white but his feet and his ears and his nose were coal black and his eyes were pink as mother's best guest-room soap.

"Now," he said in his stately way, "you've seen us and know about us all. Now go ahead and choose one of us, Jane!"

Jane looked at them all in turn—jolly little Peter, and Alice's White Rabbit, and that lovely shining thing on the step. They all waited; the pink noses quivered ever so little.

Jane could not make up her mind. She was just going in to ask mother to help when a deep sort of voice came around the corner of the house—and another bunny had arrived! A big brown one this was, all soft and silky, and he hopped with a very serious hop. There was a deep basket on his back, and it was empty.

"Well, I got here just in time," he declared.

Jane looked at him perplexed. Here was a rabbit she had never met anywhere. "I'm so sorry, but I really don't know who you are at all."

"Ho, ho! I'm the Easter Rabbit. Why, I'm as old as Santa Claus and as old as presents and as old as any bunnies that ever were or are. I bring Easter eggs and candy bunnies to all good little children."

"But," objected Jane, "I colored eggs myself today, some for the orphans, and some for M'ri's little boy."

"Don't I know it?" said the rabbit with a grateful smile. "It has been some help to have you and Jamie do that. Am I busy? You can't even imagine it. The worst of it is that I've taught the children that I'll hide the eggs for them to hunt. I have

to think up places to hide the eggs, and after fifty years or so it gets hard to think of new places. And I do want to please them all." He unstung his basket and sat himself down.

Jane looked around at the others. "Honestly," she said, hesitating, "I guess the Easter Rabbit is the most important."

They all jumped up and Jane thought they were angry till she saw their faces.

The White Rabbit smoothed his gloves. "Indeed, I think so myself. It is work that makes you mostly important and he does more than we do," he declared.

"Yes," chimed in Peter Rabbit, "and he has made children happy lots more than I have, or ever could."

And the Angora Rabbit nodded his beautiful head.

"The head of cabbage," said the White Rabbit, "is yours." And into all their eyes crept a regret that they tried to hide.

"Wait just a minute," begged Jane. She ran out to the kitchen and came back with a bunch of carrots. She watched her visitors munch their refreshments in happy silence.

"Won't you have one too?" asked the White Rabbit courteously.

"No, thank you; my nurse has to wash and cook them for me first."

They all shouted at that, and Jane did too. Through their mirth they suddenly heard a heavy step on the porch. They all scampered away in different directions, with not even time for a good-by. Jane blinked a moment and then the porch was empty except for Belinda still asleep beside her in the swing and M'ri standing in front of her.

"Wake up, Jane, and I'll tell you about the Easter Rabbit now," said M'ri, shaking the flour from her hands.

Jane followed her to the kitchen. "All right," she said, "but do you know, M'ri, I know a lot more about the Easter Rabbit than I thought I did."

Spring in the Kitchen

[Continued from page 48]

water 3 hours. (Quick tapioca need not be soaked.) Cook in water until transparent. Add other ingredients and cook until rhubarb is tender. Pour into molds, chill thoroughly, turn out and serve with cream and powdered sugar. (6 to 8 servings.)

RHUBARB DELICIOUS

1½ cups rhubarb	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup water	2 tablespoons flour, or
½ cup sugar	1 tablespoon cornstarch

Whites of 3 eggs

Cook rhubarb in water until tender. Mix sugar and flour and stir into rhubarb. Cook 8 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool, add lemon and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve with whipped cream or custard sauce made with egg yolks as follows: Beat 3 egg yolks, add 3 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Heat 1½ cups milk and stir gradually into egg mixture. Cook over hot water until thick. Cool. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. (6 servings.)

HORSERADISH is fresh now, and this is the time to grate it to add zest to the Spring menu or to use later on.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

4 tablespoons grated horseradish	¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon vinegar	Dash of cayenne
	½ cup whipped cream

Mix all ingredients except cream, then beat them into cream with spoon.

"THE FISH ARE RUNNING" as the fishermen say—shad, that most delicious of all fish, and salmon which is always popular.

TO COOK SHAD

For broiling: Wash shad quickly in cold water, dry as much as possible. Salt and pepper. Place on well-greased broiler. Cook until flesh flakes from bones. Remove to hot platter, spread with butter and garnish.

For baking: Wash and dry shad. Sprinkle inside with salt. Put in stuffing. Sew or tie up and place in baking pan. Place little strips of salt pork (lardons) at intervals over top. Dredge with flour. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) 30 minutes to 1 hour, depending on size of fish. After fish begins to brown, baste often, renewing hot water in pan, when dry.

STUFFING FOR FISH

1 cup bread crumbs	¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup cracker crumbs	½ teaspoon onion juice
¼ cup melted fat	2 tablespoons chopped pickle
¼ teaspoon salt	¼ to 1 cup hot water

Mix ingredients, adding water slowly as a moist stuffing is not necessary.

SAUCE FOR FISH

3 tablespoons fat	¼ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons flour	¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup hot water	Dash of cayenne
1 tablespoon minced parsley	1 hard-cooked egg

Melt fat, add flour, then water slowly. Stir until smooth. Boil until mixture thickens, add seasonings, and chopped egg.

CREAMED FINNAN HADDIE

2 cups flaked finnan haddie (1½ lbs.)	1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup fat	¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup flour	4 hard-cooked eggs
2 cups milk	½ cup dry sifted bread crumbs

Place fish in cold water. Bring to boiling point and simmer 20 minutes. Remove skin and bones, and flake with fork. Melt fat, stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk gradually. Bring to boiling point stirring constantly. Slice eggs and add with fish to sauce. Place mixture in shallow dish or in scallop shells, sprinkle with crumbs. Bake until crumbs brown. (6 to 8 servings.)

Use standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements level.



THE CREED OF BEAUTY

"I believe in Beauty, in the power of Beauty to give happiness, and that to help create, develop and perpetuate Beauty is the finest work I can do in this world."—ARMAND

YOU have felt the gladness of the morning sun, when little winds make merry with white puffs of cloud in bluest sky. You have seen apple blossoms aquiver at sunset while the breezes are whispering. You have watched waves dancing in the path of the moon, and in the far-off silver stars you have read how Beauty brings happiness.

As surely as night follows day, you recognize in your own life the intense desire to reflect the Beauty that you see about you. Armand is in business to make the world happier. Back of every Armand product are the highest standards, behind them principles, and beyond those—ideals.

Armand Cold Cream Powder was created to bring increasing loveliness to every woman who wants her complexion to express her best self. The magic touch of cold cream; the alluring fragrance of rare perfumes, subtly combined; the exquisite quality—result in a powder of enchanting charm. You will find it softer, finer, smoother, much more adherent, in every way more satisfactory and effective than any face powder you have ever used. Because of the cold cream, it stays on till you wash it off, doing away with the need for continual powdering. Because of its delicate texture, it blends with flesh tones, with the happy naturalness that shows good taste. In White, Pink, Creme, Brunette, Tint Natural and the new Gipsy Flame. Price \$1.00 a box everywhere.



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Let us share with you secrets of Beauty we have discovered. Learn how simple it is to have a charmingly natural complexion when you use the Armand aids. The Week-end Package includes the famous Cold Cream Powder and three other powders, generous purse box size. There is also a purse box package of Cold Cream Rouge, a tube of Cold Cream, a tube of Vanishing Cream and a little cake of Cold Cream Soap. You will find these toilet requisites in quantity sufficient for several days—till you become thoroughly acquainted with Armand. Above all, there is your copy of the "Creed of Beauty," a little book that will help you find happiness. Clip this coupon and mail it to-day. Address ARMAND—Des Moines, or Armand, Ltd.—St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

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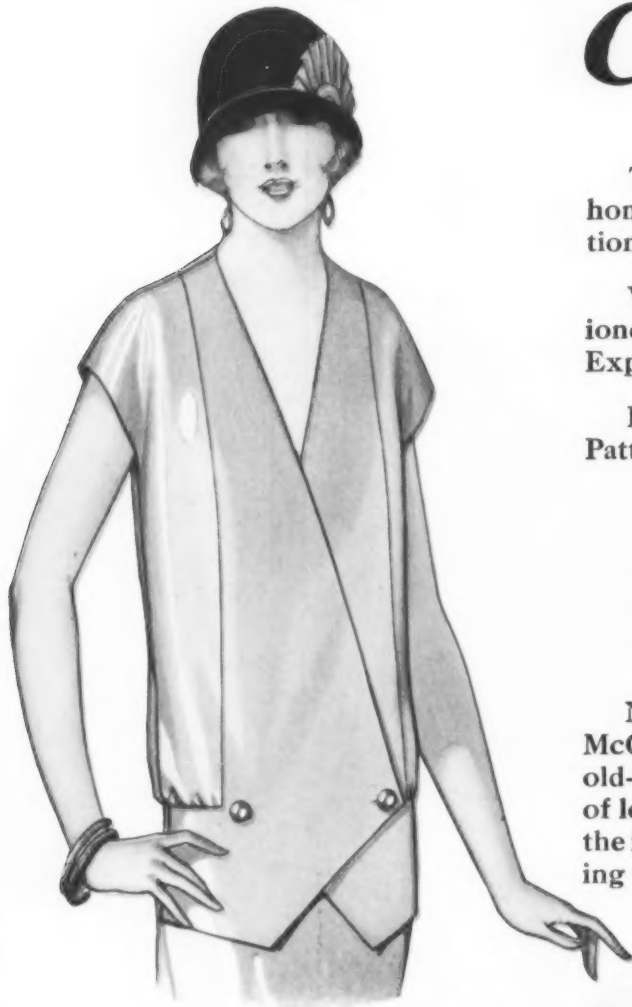
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Rose	Double Compacts	VANISHING CREAM
	Rouge Compacts	In jars
COLD CREAM		In tubes
SOAP	LIP STICK	

(Refills may be purchased for all the compactes)

McCALL PRINTED PATTERNS

Can't be imitated



The invention of the New McCall *Printed* Pattern revolutionized home sewing. It substituted printed words for puzzling perforations, a printed cutting outline for an inaccurate paper edge.

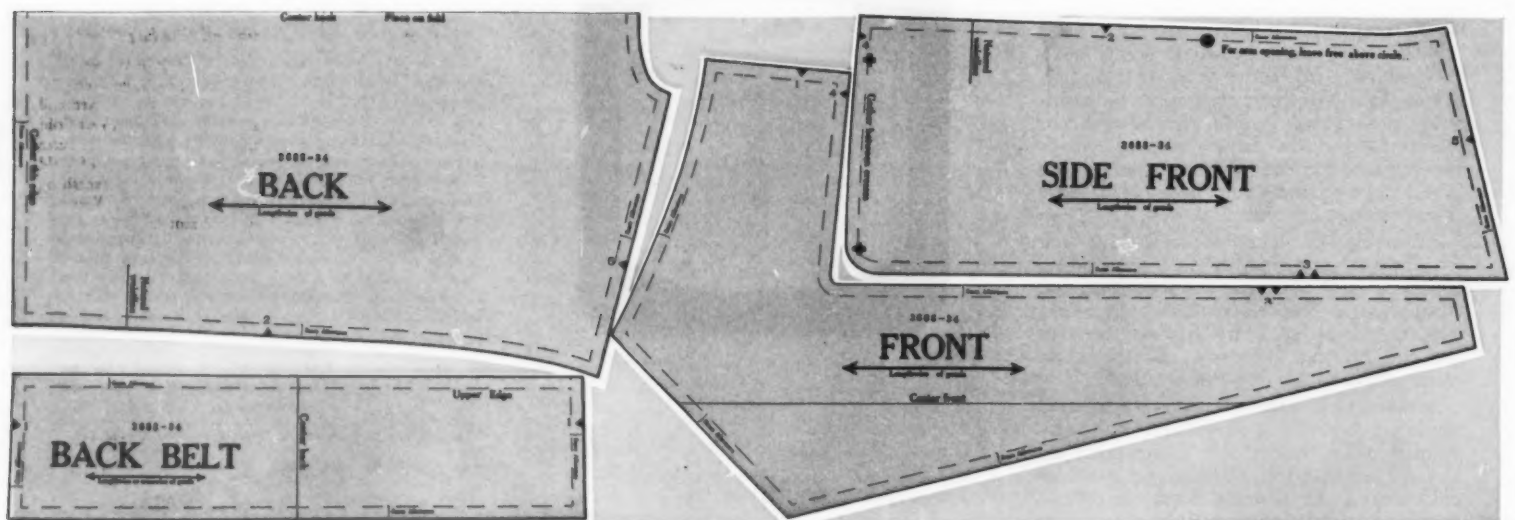
Women who have been afraid of the difficulties of the old-fashioned pattern find they can easily use the McCall *Printed* Pattern. Expert home sewers achieve style results they never had before.

In addition to its great simplicity and its accuracy the Printed Pattern offers in the "Printo Gravure":

1. Cutting diagrams for two widths of material in each size.
2. Construction diagrams showing how to assemble.
3. Suggestions for materials and trimmings.
4. Photographic charts of finishing details and sewing helps.

Not being able to make a pattern with the patented features of the McCall *Printed* Pattern, attempts have been made by producers of the old-fashioned type of pattern to strengthen their product by means of leaflets of explanation. Such attempts do not in any way change the inaccuracies or difficulties found in any pattern not made according to the modern method which is an exclusive McCall feature.

If you want a successful dress, demand the only modern, accurate and easy to use pattern, the McCall *Printed* Pattern.



PRINTO GRAVURE NO. 3688

<p>No. 1</p> <p>Diagram showing how to fold the pattern pieces for cutting. Labels include: BACK, SIDE FRONT, FRONT, BACK BELT, BELT, and BELT.</p>	<p>No. 2</p> <p>Diagram showing how to assemble the pattern pieces. Labels include: BACK, SIDE FRONT, FRONT, and BELT.</p>	<p>No. 3</p> <p>Four developments of this Pattern suggested by our designers for your convenience.</p> <p>Diagram showing four different ways to develop the pattern pieces. Labels include: BACK, SIDE FRONT, FRONT, and BELT.</p>	<p>No. 4</p> <p>Photographic charts showing sewing details and finishing techniques. Labels include: HOW TO MAKE A LAPPED SEAM, HOW TO MAKE A FRENCH SEAM, HOW TO MAKE A BAG UNDERFACING, and HOW TO MAKE A BOUND BUTTERFLY.</p>
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Hope Hampton The Famous Movie Star In Two McCall Frocks

The Outlook

By Anne Rittenhouse

IT IS well to watch the phases of dress that sweep over us like benign epidemics. If we know the formulated idea behind the mass of seasonal clothes, we approach the task of assembling our wardrobe with a clear understanding of what we want.

Think out this method. You will conclude that it is beneficial. It saves both money and time. Don't worry over methods of arranging ornamentation, nor the vexatious choice between new colors, nor the minutiae of trifling decoration.

Get clearly in the mind the style of dressing which the world has hit upon as successful. Then work it out in an individual manner, if you have talent. If not, follow the crowd.

This season the boyish style of dressing prevails. It is a revival from the days that ushered in the Great War. Paul Poiret and his patron, Eve Lavalliere, turned the trick. He invented the boyish style of dressing. She exploited it in so vigorous and graceful a manner that her followers were legion.

It was curious to see her imitators dancing the languorous tango in such costumes. One had a right to expect the rough, colorful brilliancy of the Argentine rancher.

Girls were called "gaminers" that winter. They wore the hair short, but not frizzed. It did not bear the close resemblance to the coiffure of

There are women who are well-nigh hysterical at the mere thought of trying to look like young boys. Nevertheless, they will adopt as much of the boyish simplicity as age and figure permit. They may even shingle their hair. Many grandmothers find it attractive. The tailored suit, cut on boyish outline, will be tortured, probably, to suit those whose curves are unsuppressed. It is better to leave it to the slim.

[Turn to page 105]

an Abyssinian bride that it does now, except by those who shingled the hair.

This boyish style of dressing is revived with enthusiasm. The attempt at eighteenth century artificiality in dress has subsided. It may have been alluringly pretty in its day and generation, when life was different. But it does not suit modern pavements, motor cabs, street cars, business offices. It is one of the world's discarded, like the sedan chair.

No. 3686, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The blouse has the new shirt bosom front which may be smartly monogrammed in satin-stitch using Embroidery No. 1257.

No. 3664, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. An unusually pretty trimming is suggested in the flowers in buttonhole- and darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1360.



3686 3687 3664 3657

No. 3687, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 2 yards of 36-inch material, 3 yards of 36-inch for skirt. Width, 2¼ yards. In the Chinese monogram. Embroidery No. 1267, will be found a smart suggestion for trimming a scarf.

No. 3657, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. A border of darning-stitch flowers from Embroidery No. 1314 would be charming for decoration.

3657 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46
Emb. No. 1314



3686 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46
Emb. No. 1257



3687 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
Emb. No. 1267



3664 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16,
36-44
Emb. No. 1360



The Latest Paris

Ideas



3689 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46

3661 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3666 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3690 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16,
36-50
Emb. No. 1069

3677 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42

NO. 3661, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; two-piece skirt; straight lower edge. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

NO. 3689, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Suitable for gingham, linen or striped flannel.

NO. 3675, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with apron tunic. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; chemisette, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Nothing could be smarter for decoration or simpler to work than the Chinese design Embroidery No. 1337, as suggested.

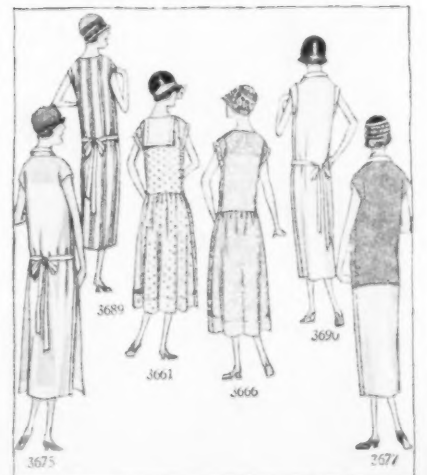
NO. 3666, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Embroidered voile, taffeta or crêpe de Chine would make up daintily.

NO. 3690, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. A most pleasing effect would be gained by working a monogram in French knots and outline-stitch from Embroidery No. 1069 in the center of the dress.

NO. 3677, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch for skirt, collar and facing. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

3675 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16,
36-44
Emb. No. 1337

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



For Sports, Street And Afternoon



3669 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16,
36-50
Emb. No. 1267

3695 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46

3679 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20
Emb. No. 1100

3670 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46

3673 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
Emb. No. 1072



NO. 3679, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2½ yards. This dainty dress of organdy may be adorned with rose motifs carried out in lace and silk floss from Embroidery No. 1100.

NO. 3695, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; three-piece draped skirt. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

NO. 3669, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS WITH VEST. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch, ½ yard of 36-inch for vest and sleeve puffs. Width, 1¾ yards. Pippings of braid and monogram in satin stitch from Embroidery No. 1267, are new trimming suggestions.

NO. 3670, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards.

NO. 3673, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch, ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, 1¾ yards. The addition of a small monogram worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1072 would be fitting.

NO. 3660, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material, 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting for collar. Width, 1¾ yards. The popular apron tunic is here treated in a novel way.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3660 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46



3543 Dress
10 sizes,
14-16, 36-50

3581 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46
Emb. No. 1257



3122 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3666 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20
Emb. No. 1351

Parisian Hints For Sport

3581 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42

3677 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
Emb. No. 1337

3690 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16,
36-50
Emb. No. 1352

No. 3581, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. Flowered chiffon is especially suited to this draped model.

No. 3533, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2 yards. Hardly a sports frock goes without a monogram. Embroidery No. 1257 is suggested, worked in satin-stitch.

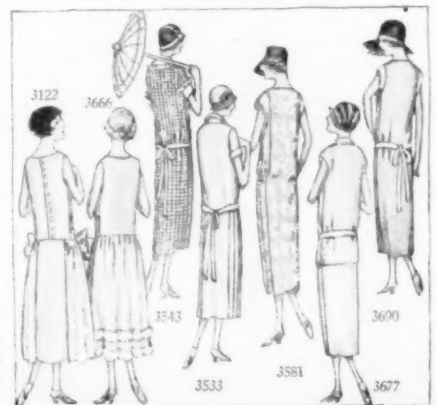
No. 3543, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 3666, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards. On a dress of satin, beaded butterflies from Embroidery No. 1351 would be a charming touch.

No. 3122, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. 2½ yards of 40-inch lace for tunic and bows. Width, 1¾ yards. Taffeta and lace would be a charming combination for this type of frock.

No. 3690, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1352 in chain-stitch in two or more colors, would be attractive trimming.

No. 3677, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Motifs and a border worked in darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1337, would be decorative.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



Street And Evening Wear

3689 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46
Emb. No. 1267

No. 3689, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; chemisette, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1267 offers a Chinese monogram to be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 3678, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 27 yards of 32-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. To simulate a pocket, a motif from Embroidery No. 1337 in Chinese colorings may be added.

3678 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
Emb. No. 1337

No. 3566, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A flower ornament of silk dotted with beads may be made from Embroidery No. 1157 for a smart finish.

No. 3680, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for waist, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for skirt, collar and vest. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. To complete this sports frock a small monogram is suggested, using Embroidery No. 1072.

3680 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46
Emb. No. 1072

3669 Dress
10 sizes,
14-16,
36-50

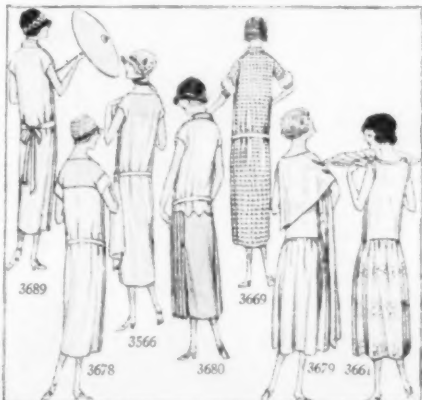
3566 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16,
36-44
Emb. No. 1157

No. 3669, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS WITH VEST. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3679, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, 3 yards of 36-inch material; drapery, 2 yards of 18-inch. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Chrysanthemum sprays worked in simple stitches from Embroidery No. 1317 would add much chic.

No. 3661, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 16, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A girdle of ribbon roses from Embroidery No. 1157 would make a dainty finish.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



3679 Dress
5 sizes,
12-20
Emb. No. 1317

3661 Dress
5 sizes,
12-20
Emb. No. 1157

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(Canadian Factory Brantford)

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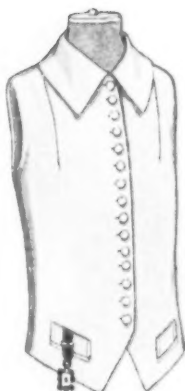
MY DEALER IS.....

My Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Outer Wear And Its Accessories



3693 Vest
9 sizes, 34-50
View A



3693 Vest
9 sizes, 34-50
View B



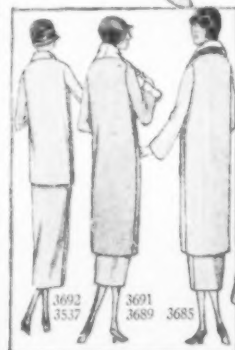
3576
Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1267

3560 Blouse
9 sizes, 34-50

3557 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46



3692
Coat
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46
Emb. No. 1174



3691 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16, 36-50

3685 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46
Emb. No. 1072

No. 3693, LADIES' VEST. Size 36 requires, View A, with collar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; View B, without collar, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3576, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 2-inch ribbon for bands. An appropriate trimming suggestion for the sports blouse is the Chinese monogram worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1267.

No. 3560, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3557, LADIES' KIMONO BLOUSE; surplice closing. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3692, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Embroidery gives added attraction to a coat of this type. A design in outline, and cross-stitch, such as Embroidery No. 1174, would be most effective.

No. 3537, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3691, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 9-inch fur banding for collar and cuffs.

No. 3689, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A small round monogram worked in satin-stitch in a solid color may be developed from Embroidery No. 1072.

No. 3685, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; three-quarter length. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. This smart wrap for spring and summer is cut on the approved straight lines.



3685 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16, 36-50



3659
Set of Vests
9 sizes, 34-50
View A

The Tailored Costume Complete



3668
Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3688
Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3671
Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46



3659
Set of Vests
9 sizes, 34-50
View B

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



3694
Cape
4 sizes, Small, medium, large, extra large

No. 3659, LADIES' SET OF VESTS. Size 36 requires, View A, 1 3/4 yards of 32-inch material; View B, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3668, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; dropped shoulder; without sleeves. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. The new neckline is a feature to be noted.

No. 3688, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. This model simulating a vest is a smart complement to the tailored suit.

No. 3671, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Dainty in crepe de Chine, georgette or silk voile.

No. 3683, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 36, 1 3/4 yards of 48-inch material, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 3562, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2 3/4 yards of 48-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 3692, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch for lining. Braid and silk floss worked in darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 936 may be used to trim.

No. 3500, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. The long overblouse of figured silk makes a charming addition to the suit.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in two pieces. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, 5/8 yard of 36-inch. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

No. 3694, LADIES' CAPE; 49-inch length. Small size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, 3 yards of 36-inch lining. Width, 1 1/4 yards.



3692
Coat
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46
Emb. No. 936
3500
Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46



3683 Coat
10 sizes, 14-16, 36-50
3562 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

The NEW IMPROVED WEST-ELECTRIC HAIR CURLERS for long or bobbed hair



Do you wave your own hair in a few minutes in your boudoir—or do you spend hours by appointment down town?

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Heat and chemical preparations are totally unnecessary—all you need is pressure properly applied. That is the principle that has made The New Improved West Electric Hair Curlers popular with well groomed women everywhere.

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The New Improved West Electric Hair Curlers are guaranteed to last you a lifetime. There is nothing to get out of order, no porous surface to become oily or unsanitary. They cannot injure the hair. You can buy them wherever notions are sold. A card of five costs 25 cents—two on a card, 10c.

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The Leading American Coiffure Specialists
Makers of the famous
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gray and white—15c

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Start the day right—put on a pair of Gordon Silk stockings. No matter what the day's work or pleasure may be—Gordon will meet every hosiery need.

The fine texture, the lustrous appearance, the even knit, and wonderful wearing qualities of Gordon Hosiery, from the sheerest chiffons to the heaviest silks, have made it a favorite among discriminating women for generations. Made according to the most rigid specifications, Gordon Hosiery is known for its long wearing qualities and it never fails to give lasting satisfaction.

It is often costly to buy "just any silk stocking." To get the best quality in all the new Spring colors, always ask for Gordon by name.

BROWN DURRELL COMPANY
Gordon Hosiery—Street Mills Underwear
New York Boston



Established 1871

Frocks of the Simplest Lines

3604 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1260

3684 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3602 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1072

No. 3602, GIRL'S SLIP-ON Dress. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A small round monogram may be worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1072.

No. 3604, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The pointed monogram from Embroidery No. 1260 would be smart in colors.

No. 3684, GIRL'S SLIP-ON Dress. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

3486 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3456 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3684 3486 3456

3596 3679 3674

3602 3604

3596 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1257

3679 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20
Emb. No. 1357

3674 Dress
5 sizes, 4-12
Emb. No. 1249

For other descriptions see page 105



The Eyes of Your House —are they sunny and cheerful?

GLEAMING in the warm Spring sunshine, your windows decked in their gay chintzes are truly the eyes of your house. And if you choose Hartshorn quality both in Shade Rollers and Shade Fabrics, your windows will be just as sunny and cheerful as their chintzes—and your satisfaction will be as complete as your welcome of Spring.

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Makes Every Face More Beautiful

A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and lustrous. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes—their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere even the most beautiful actresses of stage and screen realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. MAYBELLINE is unlike other preparations. It is absolutely harmless, greaseless and delightful to use. Does not spread and smear on the face or stiffen the lashes. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades: Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes. The AT YOUR DEALER'S order from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine MAYBELLINE and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-54 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO



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a study in Art

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Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine is a high-grade water color for all interior surfaces—even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures, and contains no aniline dyes. Comes in standard colors which intermix to make many shades—mixed with either cold or warm water—and is so satisfactory that you may do the work yourself when decorators are not available. Being sanitary as well as artistic, Alabastine is the acceptable wall coating for homes, offices, churches, theatres, schools—wherever beautiful walls are desired.

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Miss Ruby Brandon, our "Home Betterment" expert, saves time, expense, and disappointment in the decoration of your home—her advice is free. Write Miss Brandon. She will reply with color chart and directions for the use of Alabastine. She will gladly assist in beautifying your home.

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Makes Every Woman
Look Her Best

It holds the hat snugly yet comfortably in any desired position. Bobbed or long hair, thick or thin—it's all the same to the De Leon. Adjustable to any size hat and can be inserted in less than 10 seconds by merely a push on the prongs. No sewing—no stitching.

If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c with dealer's name and we will send one promptly postpaid. State color, black or white. 35c in Canada.

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Dealers—See your jobber; if he can't supply you, write us giving jobber's name.



Adjusts to Fit Any Head

Party and School Frocks

3674 Dress
5 sizes, 4-12



3662



3662 Dress
4 sizes, 8-14
Emb. No. 1194

3605 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 869



3452 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3674, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch for waist, 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch for skirt.

No. 3605, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. This frock may be prettily adorned with cross-stitch from Embroidery No. 869.

No. 3452, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3662, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. A cluster of lazy-daisy flowers from Embroidery No. 1357 would be most decorative on this dress.

For other descriptions see page 105



3684 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1252



3661 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3666 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20
Emb. No. 1311

3663 Dress
4 sizes, 8-14
Emb. No. 1357



3661 3666



3663 3684



3674 3605



Summer suns can't fade
the beautiful new colors of
this beach-cloth weave



Iron-Proof

We are pleased to call the attention of every woman to the many unusual good qualities of



Wash-Proof

PAMICO CLOTH

for we know that it will prove satisfactory in every respect. Of the so-called "beach cloth" weave and strongly made from selected two-ply yarn, Pamico Cloth has won first place in every market because it looks better, wears better and really is better than any of the somewhat similar said-to-be-fast-color cloths made.

May we ask you to take particular pains to see that every yard of PAMICO CLOTH offered you is branded on its selvage, "P. M. L. Guaranteed Fast Color" as this imprint proves that the cloth you are buying is made, and its colors and wearing qualities guaranteed, by the

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who are the largest makers of printed, dyed and bleached cotton dress goods in the world.

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is sold by most retailers, but if you fail to obtain just the color you desire, write Mrs. Charles R. Small, 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass., for free samples and information as to where you can secure it.

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This Pacific Trade Mark is a guarantee of the excellence of every fabric that bears it



IRENE CASTLE
Photograph by Ira Hill

*The four silhouettes
of the season
find their complements
in four different silks*

Each of the silhouettes sanctioned by Paris this Spring demands the careful selection of individually adapted materials.

The bouffant silhouette, so engagingly youthful, needs the airy crispness of Corticelli Service Taffeta, exquisite in two-toned pastels or printed with flowers. The graceful loveliness of the draped gown depends on the soft folds of a pliant material such as Corticelli Cashmere Tremaine.

For the favorite tier-dress, Corticelli Satin Sa-on is perfect—soft, gleaming, yet gracefully adapted to tailored lines. And Corticelli Crepe Koran gives becoming suppleness to the boyish tube dress.

Good department stores everywhere carry Corticelli Silks—their quality has been famous for generations. Our new booklet of Spring silks will be sent you gladly upon request. The Corticelli Silk Company, Florence, Mass.

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Please send free booklets I have checked.

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☐ New Corticelli Silk Hosiery
☐ Irene Castle Corticelli Fashions

Name
Street
City State



American Red Cross Layette

(Superseding pattern 100)

*Specially designed and approved
for the work of all American Red
Cross Chapters and Auxiliaries*

No. 3676, AMERICAN RED CROSS LAYETTE. Consists of dress, petticoat, nightgown, shirt, jacket, cap, booties, blanket, diapers, binders, sundry bag. The dress and petticoat would be very dainty with eyelet and satin-stitch sprays from Embroidery No. 990 and No. 991.



3351 Apron
6 sizes, 2-12

3676
Layette
Emb. No. 990,
No. 991

3310 Suit
4 sizes, 1-4

No. 3310, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3577, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3493, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 6, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. For added daintiness, the eyelet spray from Embroidery No. 1261 is suggested.

3559 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1361

No. 3559, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Small motifs from Embroidery No. 1361 are suggested to trim.

No. 3510, GIRL'S COSTUME SLIP. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Scallop Embroidery No. 317 would serve nicely as a finish.

No. 3351, CHILD'S APRON; tied under the arms. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of ribbon.

3510 Slip
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 317

3493 Undergarment
6 sizes, 4-14
Emb. No. 1261



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We are ready to replace any garment made of genuine PETER PAN GINGHAM if it fades.
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If your dealer cannot supply you with PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM, in plain shades, yard wide; in woven checks, 32 inches wide, with my name on the selvage, write to Henry Glass & Co. for the book of

34 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES FREE

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house. When you write for these FREE SAMPLES be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE The Antiseptic Healing Powder

Insures Foot comfort and is an everyday Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning. Shop all day—Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. It will convince you. Allen's Foot-Ease is adding charm to thousands of faces. Let us show you what it can do for you.

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Smart Hats You Can Easily Make

These Patterns Include a Series of Photographs Showing How to Make the Hats Step by Step



No. 1354, McCALL PATTERN FOR LADIES' HAT. Contains pattern for hat and large photographic directions showing step by step how the hat is made. Small views suggest different ways of finishing. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1355, McCALL PATTERN FOR LADIES' HAT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Contains pattern for hat, transfers for appliqué design and embroidery design, and large photographic directions for making the hat step by step. Amount of materials stated, full directions given. Price, 35 cents.

Two Special Patterns with Transfers for Boys' Suits



No. 3682, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 36 inches wide; contrasting, ½ yard; embroidery in French knots, lazy-daisy and single stitches, 3 skeins of six-strand cotton. Price, 35 cents.



No. 3681, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). In 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ¾ yard 36 inches wide; contrasting, 1 yard; embroidery in darning, lazy-daisy, satin and cross-stitch, requires 3 skeins of six-strand cotton. Price, 35 cents.

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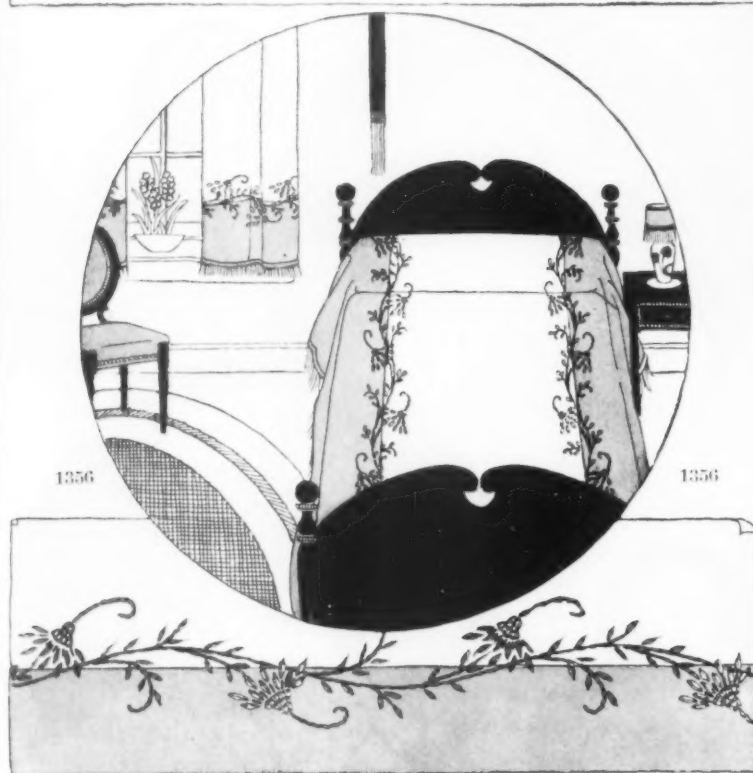


BROWN DURRELL COMPANY
Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear
New York Boston



Spring Embroideries for Bedroom and Dress Accessories

By Elizabeth May Blondel



1356

1356

No. 1356. Detail of Banding Used on Bedspread



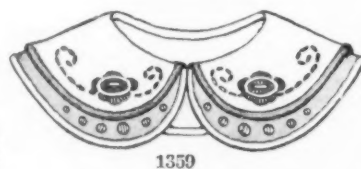
1358

No. 1359. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR DOUBLE COLLAR AND CUFF SET. Requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for upper, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for lower collar, in contrasting colors. For satin- and running-stitch; full directions. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

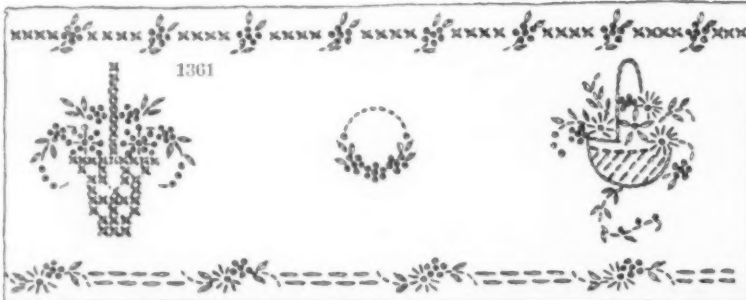
No. 1361. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR MOTIFS AND BORDERS. Includes 8 of each basket about 2 inches high, 14 wreaths, 6 yards of each border. Full directions. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1356. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BORDER. Includes $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. A charming bedspread may be made from cotton crepe in contrasting white and yellow, with the design stamped along the seams as illustrated, and embroidered in yellow, white and black. Stitches are "lazy-daisy" and outline. Matching motifs from No. 1357 (price, 25 cents), can be used for bureau scarf, etc. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1358. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR LONG COLLAR AND CUFF SET. Collar is 40 inches long, cuffs $5\frac{1}{2}$. Requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36 -inch linen; smart effect in colors. Price 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



1359



1361

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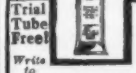
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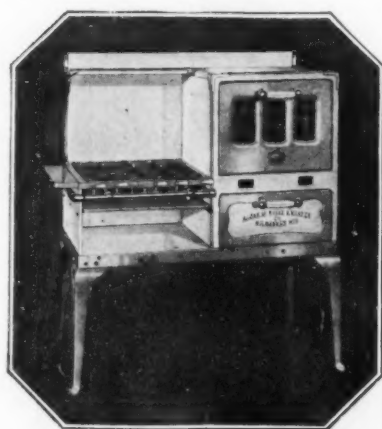
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The Outlook

[Continued from page 93]

It is the main and outstanding truth of this season that it is only necessary to have two kinds of clothes; clothes for sport and for evening. Neither may be worn for tennis or dancing. That matters not. All clothes are modeled on the types invented for such pleasures. This fact is the foundation stone of the wardrobe. Build on it as you will.

Fighting for the Flowered Hat

What are the accessories that go with boyish clothes? What are the small things that make the costume?

Suppose we start with the hat. It is the most important adjunct. The cloche goes on. It seems to be as well established as the Solar System.

Thousands have worn the starfish felt cloche of Rose Descat, the Parisienne, who made a fortune from this invention. Therefore, we are glad that she contributes a new one to this season. It has a tricorn brim that rests low on the forehead like a Russian tiara and on the back of the neck like a collar.

Fine felt will be used through the spring, but moire is newer and lighter, so are satin and taffeta, or a combination of any two of these. The double-headed pin remains as an ornament. The front tiara of rhinestones is a threadbare fashion. Every one wore it too quickly, and at the same time. Our national fault, that.

The silver, steel or rhinestone-studded shoe buckle goes in front of many hats. The fastidious woman uses a buckle that matches those on her slippers. The striped band of Roman ribbon ending in a flat pump bow in front is good. The narrow folded crown-band of figured silk or wool to match the neck scarf is a Florida fashion which will serve through summer. There is no lack of sponsors for the larger hat. It is of lace, of tulle, of picot straw, with flowers or ribbon as decoration. Yet, women who are enthusiastic over boyish clothes look askance at what is complicated or Victorian.

The turban of wound fabric, such as the Queen of the Belgians introduced to us when she came a-visiting, is now worn on the street and under the roof, as when Mesdames DeStael and Recamier held their Court in France.

Brocade is a bit too heavy for it in warm weather. Exquisite printed silks are preferred. The turban and the neck scarf often match. The silk houses have seen to it that the hectic quest for Spanish and Venetian shawls should lead to their offerings.

The fight for flowers on hats is well organized. With such powerful leaders in millinery as Reboux and Marie Guy, of Paris, adopting flowers, the cloche will have many rivals.

Flower decorated hats should be kept for the afternoon hours when one goes a-pleasuring. Poppies are used, not in red, but in several shades of pink; also carnations. There are roses in many shades of one color which cover the crown of a hat or are run over the top like an arch. Daffodils came in with the spring and will remain until the golden-rod.

It is difficult to persuade women to wear colored hats. They continue to ask for black and white. Shades of pale brown and light beige are in good order. Chiffon hats will be seriously considered during the fashion for flowered chiffon frocks.

The most persistent rival to the cloche is the small hat with high crown which has outstanding bows to broaden the width of the head at the back or over the temple.

Brimms have a tendency to turn up. That's a pity. Shaded eyes are alluring in youth and youthful in middle age. The blessing is that brims do not turn directly off the face. They are kind enough to give a slight shadow to the eyes before starting on the upward, backward slant. Tiny face veils, almost invisible, are often worn with small-brimmed hats but not with silken turbans. These often carry long veils wound about the neck.

A Return to Black Stockings?

Women who lead fashion are not averse to wearing fine black thread stockings with black afternoon frocks and slippers. It has been so long since one has seen a black stocking on a well shod foot that its recrudescence is startling. Brilliant red ones on the street could not give more surprise. The Spanish fashion of putting white stockings against colored slippers has reappeared. Silver gilt slippers, also green ones, carry a fine white stocking, or one that just turns cream. Stockings that match the shoe are accepted when there is a revolt against nude or rose beige.

It is better taste to wear boys' pumps than Cleopatra sandals during the day. The heel is Cuban or flat. The pump is not of patent leather unless it is for the afternoon. It is of the many varieties of kid that bootmakers have extracted from animal life. Satin slippers are kept for the house. Strapped street slippers are worn, but they are not as new as the pump. Small silver buckles return for street shoes. Brown and black are the ruling colors. The Oxford tie, with Cuban heels, is decorated with perforated strips of patent leather. Silver and gilt slippers are preferred to brocade ones. Black satin dance pumps have the vamp embroidered with small, colored flowers.

Glove Makers Should Be Happy

Few women wear long gloves. Sport clothes do not demand any. But the gauntlet glove with an ornate cuff or a strap fastened with a conspicuous pearl button sells like hot cakes. Brown and tan kid are not in fashion. White wash gloves are smart; pale yellow, in various tones, is worn with every kind of frock. Heavy embroidery, in the same tone as the glove, accentuates the back and no restriction is put upon the embroidery on the cuff.

Neck Scarf the Popular Fashion

The boyish suit, the formal frock, the straight afternoon gown, each carries a neck scarf. Printed silks, flowered, striped, checked, are in demand; so are chiffon, Georgette crepe and patterned crepe de Chine. Thin wool, with brilliant bordering, is worn in the country. Every evening frock has a scarf to match.

Descriptions for Page 100

No. 3486, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material, 1¼ yards of 40-inch plaid.
No. 3456, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.
No. 3596, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.
A monogram in a contrasting color would be attractive worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1257.
No. 3679, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. On a dress of taffeta, a spray of lazy-daisy flowers from Embroidery No. 1357 would be most effective.
No. 3674, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, 1¼ yards of 36-inch for skirt. Embroidery No. 1249 in darning-stitch is suggested for a border of trimming on the waist.

Descriptions for Page 101

No. 3662, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. A bright touch may be added by the use of appliqué circles from Embroidery No. 1194.
No. 3684, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. This model would be excellent in linen with a satin-stitch monogram in color from Embroidery No. 1252.
No. 3661, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar.
No. 3666, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The new ribbon trimming may be developed from Embroidery No. 1311 to decorate this frock.

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WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Man-Eater

(Continued from page 79)

"They laughed. You heard 'em. They told me: 'Go ahead and hang.'"
"Oh," she exclaimed, "you never—"
"They understand I have no legal right to do more," said he, "than clap them into jail for three months. That's why they laugh."

In the gate appeared a hurrying trooper. He carried an old ammunition box and a coil of light yellow rope. The box he placed carefully and squarely under the gate beam; the rope he tossed aloft, so that it flew over and came dangling to hand, double. Shocked by the sight, Miss Wayne found herself looking at the crowd with a dull belief that some one of course would interfere. Not a man moved. When she looked back she saw three stacks of boxes in a row under the beam, and the three brothers, each on a stack with a loose rope round his neck, and hands bound behind him. All three were laughing. She sat down, weak.

"Don't let this go on. You can't."
"They are robbers and murderers," Morgan's look seared her, his voice was loud, rough. "They can restore the caravan or hang at sunset. It is their choice."

He walked back and forth past the gate, back and forth slowly, giving nobody another word or glance, but seeming to count every pace and meditate as if alone. Miss Wayne could not even guess the nature of that meditation. His rebuke to her was a roar, with a strange flash of something hidden, false, perhaps cruel. "Think what you are doing!" she cried.

"No!" He shouted. "No, I tell you!" He swung round, and continued to pace off dust. Angry, beaten, abashed by the unwinking public stare, Miss Wayne sat down on her rock. A voice rose out of the crowd. "Sahib!"

Through the ranks burst a lean little fellow who ran to the captain.
"I am Ali the Runner. Sahib, grant me leave to speak privately with those three brothers."

"Jemadar, remove the guards from the prisoners," called Morgan. "There you are. Go ahead." Miss Wayne, who caught the meaning not of the words but of the pantomime, watched this new figure saunter and go skipping to the gate. All three noosed heads bent close to his. Minute after minute slipped away. "I go!" cried the little man, suddenly. "I go!" He dove into the crowd, to reappear next moment as a tiny mustard-yellow shape running far off across the sand.

For a long time afterward there was no change but one, and that hardly perceptible, the creeping of shadow from the fort walls along the crowd, up their bodies, over their faces, out on the dust behind them. Morgan leaned against his piebald mare as if tired. A trooper at the gate hauled the three ropes taut over the gallowes. He then stood by, ready, watching Morgan. A knock with a carbine-butt would send the scaffold of boxes toppling from under. Every one knew it, waited for it to happen.

"Look," Morgan said suddenly. She raised the long field glasses to her eyes,

at first blinded by the great red disk of the setting sun. A caravan was filing slowly out of the ravine. A great sigh of relief went up from the crowd of natives milling about the wall of the old fort. There would be no hanging this time.

(Continued in June McCall's)

The Unknown Quantity

(Continued from page 32)

voice, and Jeannette gave a little laugh as it reached her.

"Upon some one who has a greater right to it than any one else in the world," she said. "I am going in with my father."

When dinner was over Lord Conister remained by her side. As they all trooped forth into the illuminated gardens Jeannette drew back. "Let them all go first! Will you wait here?" Jeannette said with a touch of constraint. "I just want a word with my father."

"Certainly," he said courteously. She thanked him with a glance and ran back to the house, obeying a blind instinct that in some fashion compelled. She had last seen her father in the hall outside the dining-room. She ran on swiftly to the study. The door was shut. She opened it and stopped short. "Father!"

(Continued in June McCall's)

The Message of Easter

(Continued from page 30)

the One "Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man." It is the One Who said to the widowed mother "Weep not" as He raised her only son to life. It is the One Who stood with Martha, and Mary, at the grave of Lazarus, and said, "Lazarus, come forth." It is the One Who, on the resurrection morning, came forth from the empty tomb. It is the One Who stands today in the glory which He had with the Father before the worlds were, and into Whose hands is given all power in heaven and in earth.

The One in Whom we trust does not change. He is still able to cleanse the sinner, and heal the sick, and give life from above to all who will believe in and follow Him. We trust Him wholly for this life, and for eternity, "Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, and today, and forever." Let us keep our faith in Him strong, and true, and clear. Let us be steadfast in those things which keep us conscious of our fellowship with the risen and reigning Christ, our prayers, our part in public worship, our use of the sacraments, and spiritual blessings of His Church. Let us see to it that our children are taught to know and trust Him, to use and love the holy words which express our faith in Him.

Let us do everything that we can to give Him the place that belongs to Him in our homes and families, in our own lives and in the life of our country.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices: 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

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3456 .30	3557 .30	3602 .30	3664 .30	3676 .20	3684 .30	3692 .40
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990 .25	1100 .35	1249 .40	1261 .25	1317 .30		



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Where Perennials Reign

By Mrs. Francis King

Author of "The Little Garden" and "Variety in The Little Garden"

THE most fascinating thing with which to begin a garden is surely the small perennial border. In the first place the results are quick and permanent; in the second place one can work on a much bolder scale with such plants as delphiniums and phloxes, which quickly give sheets of beautiful color, than with annuals; and there is this satisfaction too, that each year improves perennials and gives one more plant by division.

Let us set to work here to plan a perennial border of the prettiest and most practical type, yet remembering that for the first year at least some annuals and biennials must be introduced as fill-gaps.

Let the border be away from the house that its beauty may be seen from certain windows; let it be, if possible, on the axis of some door so as to tie it to the house by means of that invisible but all important architectural line connecting two points; if possible give it a background of shrubs, and if there are trees beyond these so much the better. If you have a wall or a high fence as a background for your border, clothe this with green vines. Try to relate your border to your house, to a fine tree or to some other feature of the property.

Dig the soil well, use bone meal for fertilizer—some sand too if your soil is of clay. Make the top fine and crumbly, and begin your planting as early as you can get the plants sent you from the nurseries.

The soil prepared, the plants grown or ordered, let us now discuss varieties of flowers and their arrangement in the border. For convenience we shall assume this border to be twenty feet long by five feet wide. For a beginning, place at the back line of your border three groups of hollyhocks Newport Pink, not more than five plants in a group, set irregularly. Between these groups and at each end of this back line use other groups of a tall growing delphinium, such as Reverend E. Lascelles; King of the Blues; King of Delphiniums. Between the hollyhock and delphinium groups, and on either side of the hollyhocks put one plant of buddleia, either the variety *veitchii* or *variabilis*, for lavender late summer flowers. In front of each delphinium group set two plants of *artemesia lactiflora*, for cream white bloom in late August; and next, toward the front of the border, place in groups of three, that delicious pale pink phlox, Elizabeth Campbell.

Between the plantings of pink phloxes, iris plants in threes or fives should be used. Among these plantings should come phlox *Tapis Blanc*, a beautiful low-growing white variety. Near the front edge of our border should rise in four places groups of three plants of the hardy violet-flowered sage, known as *salvia virgata nemorosa*; and between these plant *heuchera sanguinea*, for its lovely coral pink bells. If you use Canterbury Bells take only white and lavender ones; and where bare spaces occur in the first year, sow seeds of the dark purple annual larkspur. Hardy

When one can have a garden approach to the house as is shown at the top of this page, formality is to be desired. Here the prim, low-clipped hedges of privet or box keep the garden in bounds and form a delightful contrast to the gaiety of the flowers. But not all places are well adapted to this sort of garden treatment. The long, well-balanced perennial border such as Mrs. King describes in this article is often the most effective planting scheme.

We have prepared for you a working drawing of this border showing where and how the plants should be set for the best effect. There is no charge for this service. Write, enclosing a two-cent stamp, to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

pinkies may stand at the very front edge; and *stachys lanata's* gray velvet leaves find a place below the salvia. At the front set two groups of three plants each of delphinium *belladonna*, without which no garden harmony is complete.



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Pear Blossoms

[Continued from page 69]

of black lacquer, and many lovely old pieces, distinguished in their somber beauty.

She went to the balconied window and gazed out across the city, a dark sprawling monster bespattered by myriad lights, its mighty bulk cleft by the river, but stretching unconcernedly beyond, as far as she could see, Lucetta felt little and alone, and frightened. Then she looked back at Haines, and her courage returned. "Love is a strange thing," she thought. "That we should love so much, and be so close together with our hearts and souls and spirits, yet so far apart with our minds. But, dear Haines, I'm going to be near to you with my mind, too. I've got to."

A long sigh shook her, and she turned away from the window. The first thing assuredly was to look the part. This little voile frock, she was already aware of its inadequacy, and it was as good as anything she had. It simply wouldn't do. Molly Dickson was coming. Somehow Lucetta had divined that Molly's opinion would be a test—a sort of first hurdle. If she could hold her own with Molly, she would have an enormous accession of courage.

It was not so difficult to buy clothes after all. Chance led Lucetta first to Harry Bollings, and the grand duchesses and royal princesses in attendance there did the rest. Miss Maisie revolved around her in ecstasy. "It's seldom we have a customer who really does our gowns justice," she confided. "Madame—in that organdy, you're—you're—oh, I wish Mr. Bollings could see you in it. He'd create something

special for you, I know. Let me call him."

Mr. Bollings, short, dark and dapper, with the corners of his mouth secretively tucked away from view, appeared and exclaimed his appreciation. "I will make you an evening dress that will be the talk of New York," he promised. "It shall be for you alone. All the women you know will want me to copy it for them, but I shall not do so. It shall be of blue—the blue of twilight—and silver—and rose-mauve."

"You can have the original models of the brown lace, and the white linen, today," replied Miss Maisie, beaming, "because they fit you with no alteration and are perfectly fresh. But the others must be copied for you. It will take a week."

They were in a welter of wedding presents that evening, with Martin and Mrs. Martin and Nora, the maid, all unpacking. Haines lending a steadying hand here and there, and Lucetta compiling the requisite lists, when a tinkle of the house telephone announced Mr. and Mrs. Dickson below. Lucetta thanked her prophetic soul that she had elected to dine in the new brown lace. She was still more thankful when the amazing figure of Molly Dickson in an emerald green gown up to her knees and down to her waist wrapped about in a black Spanish shawl, with a high gilt comb stuck rakishly in her mop of black curls, jade earrings four inches long dangling from her ears, appeared in the doorway and flung enthusiastic arms about Haines' neck.

"Haines, darling!" she exclaimed. "Maybe we're not furious with you for not letting us come [Turn to page 111]"

Devil's Dust

[Continued from page 59]

believed in her," he went on hesitatingly, uncertain whether she would accept the explanation. "Then for years, I brooded over not being able to believe in her. Yet I did nothing! I'm too like these stony fields, abandoned farms—the good soil has been exhausted."

YOU have stayed out of the real world," Nancy answered, "pushing aside unaesthetic necessities. You liked architecture because it was pleasant, artistic—cotton-wooling you away from commerce and its problems. You've let Barney get the upper hand." Nancy could not but smile as she thought of hard-fisted, successful Barney applying old methods to make his new fortune. "You didn't want to see the laboring people's struggle for existence, you hated the unfairness of it but you refused to play the adjuster! As long as you cut yourself away from it, you were satisfied. You did not have to stay and fight and struggle—you drew dividends."

"I suppose," he admitted with a bitter laugh, "only, I felt so unadapted to the game."

"That need not have mattered, Leslie has shown your same tendency—it is what is happening to all you Cabots." Nancy's eyes confronted him with warning. "You need fresh stock—the hills will bloom for East Side Jews or Slavs, the unwashed foreigner but not the decadent native who lacks that virgin ambition. It is well you have had no children."

"Perhaps," he said with another bitter laugh, "I did not mean to make you preach. I only wanted you to understand. I hope you have children, Nancy—sons! The girls would be too much like Hilary."

"I am marrying Hilary for two reasons only," she said quickly, "to give the world the benefit of his talent—and to save him from worse than despair. But about Daphne, what is your plan?"

"I have none," he admitted. "I

wanted to tell you first of all—there seemed a strange relief in doing so. I wanted you to know how glad I am that you will stay with us until Easter! I am growing into a selfish old man, perhaps. I actually begrudge Easter time. Hidden House is so different when you are there."

Nancy forced herself to look at her watch. It was after five. "We must go back," she urged gently.

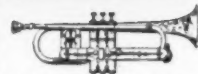
He rose with the carelessness of a casual acquaintance who fears he may have intruded. But Nancy's heart beat with absurd lightness, as they scuffled their way back through the crispy leaves. Peter needed her—and he acknowledged it! She was glad she was going to Hidden House—she, too, begrudged Easter time. Together, they would share Daphne's secret. In the sharing, Peter and Nancy were no longer parallel lines!

Leslie's pale tragedy over Hilary's engagement might have been detected by her refusal to buy winter frocks or go to visit Madge Morse at her Park avenue apartment. Daphne fumed over Leslie's monosyllabic refusals. "The girl is becoming more than eccentric," she complained to Peter, all unconscious that he knew her secret. "Is she turning miser as your aunt did—or is she ill? My word, if you had any sort of initiative, you would have married her off under your aunt's nose. See what I did for Madge," and she was thinking, "also for myself!"

It was one of Daphne's affable days. Formerly, Peter would have felt alternately encouraged and ashamed of his lack of response. Today, he told himself the drug had a soothing effect. Tomorrow, she might be weepy or maudlin or unreasonable in every demand. It was as easy to understand her moods as it had become to bear with them. The ominous thing was that he cared so little for her recovery.

"McGuire is getting the mills," Daphne insisted. [Turn to page 109]

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Remake Your Complexion

By
Mme. Maree

FACES are often a network of wrinkles, crow's-feet, enlarged pores, tiny hard lumps, rough, scaly coarseness and thin, purple lines. And yet the arms are as smooth and dainty as a little girl's. I am asked what to do for such a face and I unhesitatingly say: epitol. You can get two ounces of it at any drug store, mix with a tablespoon of glycerine and a pint of water. It thickens at once to a rich, heavy cream. Simply spread a thin coating around the eyes, temples and on the forehead, then over the cheeks; rub it in until absorbed.

Instantly it begins work on the pores, tightens them, the outer dead skin disappears, new skin comes at once, the lines, crow's feet, wrinkles fade out, the skin becomes smooth, looks plump and has the appearance of real, girlish health.

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Devil's Dust

(Continued from page 108)

"while Leslie has mooned over memories and let time pass her by. It is not too late for a marriage if she would patronize a good modiste and a beauty parlor. She could find some widower who would never regret his choice. Oh," at Peter's shrug of the shoulders, "you are always so obstinate whenever I try to advise. And when things do turn as I say," her voice rising to a shrill note of impatience, "you never give me the credit."

Peter paused at the door. Should he tell her now, make a great, noisy scene, call in a neurologist and nurses, transform this extravagant, untidy boudoir into a pseudo-reformatory? "You are a coward and a weakling," he was telling himself, as he hesitated, but he was also thinking of Nancy and wondering what she would have done!

"I shall tell you something else, whether you like it or not," Daphne screamed, her face flushed and unlovely. Without displeasure or pity, Peter noticed that the bodice of her gown was spotted and Daphne's hair turning dull gray at the temples. The back was in a snarl. In the same impersonal manner, he continued to look at his wife and realize how absurd was her flapper style of hair dressing, calling attention to the fat creases of her neck. How hard and bright were her brown eyes—burnt-out, dangerous eyes that seemed to have stared at everything in the world—and comprehended nothing!

Thank heaven, Nancy was in the study below. She was sitting for a portrait for Victor, true enough, removed from Peter a thousand ways: as Hilary's fiancée, Daphne's retainer, as well as by the difference of ages and backgrounds. But she was nearby! "You help me," was all he said, the day she came. Somehow, he felt she understood.

"I also tell you that Victor's insisting on doing Nancy's portrait and her eagerness to have him do it will result in a broken engagement," Daphne rambled on. "Nancy is too friendly with Victor. If she is to marry an uncertain daredevil like Hilary, why displease him by this persistent friendship with a commoner? I don't care what you say about Victor's ability—we know all about that. But sitting for this picture day after day, Hilary fuming and fretting for her!"

"I confess I can't see why Nancy should not sit for him; he is only here for the holidays, he has to make his time count."

Daphne slouched across the room.

"Very well—but he is a fool. And she would better be careful not to go too far. After all, they have nothing but what we give them." She drew herself up with an annoying air of authority.

Refreshed by the brainstorm, Daphne made him come and kiss her, promise to take her to New York for the opera—God knows what else she demanded and he idly promised. She would have forgotten by dinner time. At last, Peter was free to look in at Nancy. In a white dress, a great scarlet fan in her lap, she sat on an unceremonious modeling block in the big library. Every shade was rolled to the top; Victor was working away at his canvas.

"Greetings—to one not wanted," Victor sang out, as Peter's head looked around the door. "Ten minutes later, please—we are just getting it—oh, well, come in and sit in a corner like a meek host. Rather cheeky of us, isn't it? Seeing it is your own house and your own girl?"

Nancy's cheeks seemed to reflect the color of her fan. Her eyes changed from old to young blue. Presently, Victor threw down his brush. "You're all off the right expression," he complained pleasantly. "Better prance down and ring for tea. Is Mrs. Cabot coming in? There, how do we look?"

"Ripping," said Peter, hating himself for being an affected nonentity, yet not daring to say more.

"I seem a gaunt creature with hungry eyes," Nancy protested. "Heavens, Vic, don't make me quite like that. The fan seems to be the only joyous note."

"It is," said Victor, professionally careless of Nancy's reactions. "You see, you had a certain look typifying an odd sort of courage which only women can have, as if you dreaded something but felt it your duty to accept it with a high heart. I think I'll hear from this picture."

"For sale?" Peter was still writhing under his dude-nonsense complex.

"No, for the exhibition. Just 'Nancy.' Absorbed in work, Victor was unconscious of all else about him.

"Daphne won't be down," Peter was telling Nancy. "Will you pour? You look sort of heather princess, that fan and the way you've piled your black hair into an ebony tower."

"Daphne is coming for tea," announced that lady, who was in the doorway, her Pekinese under one arm. "How sweet to answer for me." She enjoyed their discomfort.

(Continued in June McCall's)

A Word About the Bible

(Continued from page 71)

demand for tearing up every classic in the libraries of the whole world. If it can be proved that this is necessary and the thing to do, then we must begin with every classic in the English language and rewrite it in the loose, careless forms used in this Goodspeed version of the New Testament, under the claim that such writing is "American."

We are supposed to be, and I think that inventions and discoveries, comforts of living, advances in art and in educational opportunities will prove that we are a progressive people. In line of progression I would like to see God raise up more men like Papini who believe to the utmost in ennobling and making the most of the words and the example of Jesus Christ. If any man can be found who can revise the Bible preserving the integrity of the historical data from which it is compiled and at the same time making it a bigger, better book, couched in finer language, advocating higher principles, opening the way to understanding of deeper love and broader charity, I am willing to stand for a revision of the Bible, but it must be distinctly understood that it is a revision upward, that it makes no change not consistent with

the rules for the best use of English.

There are some things in this world which I do not want changed. There is an old adage: "Let well enough alone." In a jewel I should be amply satisfied with the cutting of the head of Jesus on the emerald among the treasures of the Vatican; among paintings it would be difficult to surpass the color and the technique of a number of the old masters. The man should be permanently locked in an asylum who would degrade our classic music to the passion and vulgarity of "jazz." When it comes to the thought of changing the world's great masterpieces of prose and poetry, all my heart rises in hot rebellion. Men have given the best of their brains, the very blood of their beings to make masterpieces in which each word has been thought over and measured and turned until it fitted its place as does each piece of the pattern of an exquisite mosaic.

I have stood for a change in the Bible which will put its actual wording into accepted forms of poetry and prose. When it comes to changing the wording itself, I wish with all my heart that a law might be enacted providing that this thing shall not be done.



The food they serve at parties —
is it good for teeth and gums?

YOU ARE PROUD to place before your guests the daintiest foods that the cook's intriguing art can concoct. Naturally, too. For who goes to a party expecting a repast that will conform to a dietitian's ideal?

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to the wedding. Oh—and is this Lucetta—Lucetta, you don't mind my kissing Haines, do you? For I warn you I've always done it and always will."

It was impossible not to warm to her gaminish charm and speech. "I don't mind," said Lucetta, "provided you don't mind if I kiss him sometimes myself."

Molly stared at her from head to foot, not missing an item of her appearance. "I'm going to like you, I can feel it," she said. "No wonder Haines married you before he let any one know about you. It was the only safe way."

Howland Dickson, short, stout, red-faced and inclined to breathe a little heavily, greeted her warmly.

IT SEEMED to her, in the days that followed, that she was always evading. More of Haines' friends came to see them, and they were all much of the Dickson stripe. At some of their behavior and their remarks, Lucetta had great difficulty to keep her jaw from dropping and her eyes from popping out with amazement, yet she had to own that they were immensely diverting. They fell easily into the two distinct categories—men engaged in making money and women engaged in spending it. But what they all wanted was excitement. Boredom was their pet bogey. They were as restless as marionettes on a string, and to Lucetta almost as unreal. There must be something moving every minute—dinner, a summer show, supper, dancing, a long drive out to some roadhouse, more supper and more dancing, a long drive back and get home at half-past two in the morning—this was the favored summer night's entertainment, if they had to come into town for any reason.

Lucetta, waiting for her motor, loosened the sables at her throat and looked wistfully down the Avenue. There was a faint shimmer of green on the trees in the park, and she could see a clump of forsythia that had flung out its tiny golden banners as a defiance to any possibility of frosts to come. Something clutched her heart, dragged her will. She was due to go on to a concert, and then appear at the Richards' reception. She didn't want to go to the concert. She was even more certain that she didn't want to go to the Richards'. For a moment she hesitated while the chauffeur waited her order, but when she gave it the car did not turn south toward Carnegie Hall. It turned east toward the bridge, and Lucetta settled herself for a long ride. The little voices, so long stifled, clamored in her mind. There had been too much at that luncheon, too much food, too much futility. She could not stand any more of it.

The car had crossed the great bridge, had run through the dreariness of the factories and storehouses beyond, and passed the nearest and most pretentious suburban colonies, and had, at her bidding, turned off the main road and struck open country and the little old-time farming villages, of which a few have yet been spared untouched, even on Long Island. They were grateful to her eyes and to her heart. She passed a house that was in the full throes of spring cleaning, quilts flapping on the line, chairs and tables dragged out on the grass of the yard. A woman appeared with a whitewash pail and brush, looking as all women do in housecleaning, determined and weary. "That's the first gingham apron I've seen since I left Copleytown," thought Lucetta.

A memory of Mrs. Massey and of the little garden came to her, with the Simms' cat prowling maliciously near, and she felt a quick lump in her throat.

"Please turn—we'll go home now," she said.

HAINES CHASE frowned into the telephone. "Mrs. Chase isn't in, Martin? Please look in her engagement book and find out just where she is. I want very much to speak to her."

"Mrs. Chase went out quite early, not more than an hour after you did, Mr. Chase," came Martin's precise voice. "She didn't take the car—she was walking. There are no engagements in her book for today until evening, sir."

"Oh, yes. Very well. If Mrs. Chase comes in, ask her to call me up at once." He put the telephone down. This was the third time within ten days that the very same thing had occurred, and each time when he had asked her where she had been she had replied that she was "shopping." Besides, there had been something in her manner—a little awkwardness, embarrassment.

Lucetta, Lucetta! Undoubtedly the most wonderful woman in the world! How easily she had adjusted herself, how splendidly she had fulfilled all he'd dreamed of her and infinitely more.

He had thought today that it would be possible to cut the office and come uptown early. They would have tea together, look in at the exhibition of Spanish antiques, go home leisurely together. These little unexpected expeditions were an enormous pleasure to both of them. And now Lucetta was out. And he didn't feel like work. And—and—where the deuce could she be, anyway? He called Martin at hourly intervals, but failed to get in touch with her. He came uptown disappointed, slightly disgruntled, only to discover that she had not yet come in.

Indeed, as the time for dressing for the Greens' dinner came nearer and nearer, he began to get a little uneasy. He sat in the library and pretended to read. Could anything have happened to her? His imagination leaped to accidents, and he was gripped by anxiety. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he heard her voice in the hall below, and then her quick step on the stairs.

"Of all the naughty girls! Dear, where have you been? I was so worried about you. I wanted to come

Pear Blossoms

[Continued from page 108]

uptown early and have tea with you." He stopped, struck by the unusual radiance in her look. She was in rough homespun, the plainest of little hats on her blown hair, and her cheeks fairly blazed with color. It was evident that Lucetta had been hurrying.

Oh, Haines, I am so sorry. It was such a gorgeous day that I ran off to the country. I've walked miles—and I'm so muddy and so blown about—and I shall have to rush so to get ready. Do kiss me and forgive me. If you'd only told me—

"But why didn't you take the car, dear? It isn't safe for you to go walking in the country alone. I don't like it. And why didn't you let Martin know?"

"I didn't know myself. I was going to walk in the Park, and then—I just had to get out. And I went a lot further than I intended, and missed the train back, and had to wait. It was awfully thoughtless—Haines, if you stand there looking so abused I shall begin to cry. Stop it."

"But I am abused. I've missed an afternoon with you."

Later, at the Greens' dinner, he made a funny story of the whole thing—Lucetta's disappearance, his waiting and anxiety, and her utter impotence. Janie Lansdowne, across the table, was listening. Presently she struck in, mockingly. "You say she went alone, Haines? Now what makes you think that? Hal Sturges was out in the country, too, all day—I just heard him say so."

Haines glanced down the table. Lucetta was sitting beside Hal, and they were laughing, together, with, it seemed to Haines, a quite unnecessary air of familiarity and understanding. But what a little cat Janie Lansdowne was—he wasn't going to let her sharpen her claws on Lucetta. Ridicule, he knew, was the most effective silencer of malice. So he leaned across the table and affected a hoarse and tragic whisper. "Hist, Janie!" he said. "I suspect the worst!"

There is double distress in suspicion when one is unwilling to suspect, to fear, and yet to feel that such fear is unworthy. If Lucetta had not told him so openly that she had been walking in the country alone—and yet—had she said she was alone? At least she had let him assume that she was. It would seem childish to question her further. As for Hal, Haines Chase knew his volatile and susceptible nature, knew his admiration for Lucetta. Not that he believed—but with a tongue like Janie Lansdowne's loosed on them the most innocent act might be made a reproach, a titillation. He had never been so undecided, so strangely disquieted. Why hadn't she spoken again of her walk in the country? Usually she was an eager sharer of her enjoyments, but of this one she said nothing more, and he could not for the life of him tell whether the avoidance was intentional or accidental. But after a day or two of this his fears died down. He could not harbor them against a nature like Lucetta's. If there was a secret, it must be a harmless one.

He was almost ready to smile at the storm that Janie Lansdowne had raised in him when another postponed board meeting gave him an hour of freedom, and he discovered that Lucetta was again missing from the house, with no apparent engagements, and with no word left as to the time of her return. With a sudden determination he telephoned to Hal Sturges' office only to be told that Mr. Sturges had gone to Boston, but would be back tomorrow.

"I'll verify that later," thought Haines grimly. He left his office restlessly and walked the four miles uptown.

Was he to watch his wife's comings and goings like a husband in a French farce? Never in a thousand years!

And yet—reason warned him—Lucetta was very young. She was very inexperienced. She did not comprehend half of what went on among the people about them that he knew. The little sudden affairs, the shifts, the men who made love lightly, as a matter of course, the women who received it as lightly. But here he brought himself up with a round turn. Hang it all, Lucetta loved him, himself. He knew it.

He determined that he would ask her nothing when she came home, would appear as if he knew or surmised nothing—it would not be difficult to do the former at least, he reminded himself grimly—and would receive without remark anything she might wish to tell him.

But when he arrived he found Lucetta there before him, and two or three people had come in for tea. There was nothing in the least out of the ordinary in her greeting, only she wore again that look of radiant happiness that she had brought with her on the other day when she had reported the "country walk." And she had never looked so well, so lovely. He sat back and watched her, wondering, hoping, fearing.

Conviction grew on him that there must be another man concerned, even though he could not conceive of Lucetta joining willingly in any intrigue. But there grew in him a devastating fear, the fear that, after all, he could not command her love. He justified himself with the thought that if he knew the truth—all of it first of all, he would be able to protect Lucetta from any dire consequences that might follow her indiscretion. There was just enough truth in this to keep him from

utter mental nausea when he employed the services of a "paid investigator."

"You are only to find out where Mrs. Chase goes; you are not to stay and spy upon her," was his order. And the report, when it came, was exceedingly simple, but left him even more mystified than before.

It appeared that it was Mrs. Chase's custom, once or twice a week, to take a suburban train and go out to an obscure little village on Long Island. She walked to a house on the outskirts of the village and went in. She returned, also by train, late in the afternoon.

It was in a state bordering delirium that Haines prepared to follow her. He did not go by train, but drove alone, in his small car, the very one in which they had gone their honeymoon pilgrimage. He was in such agony of mind that he missed the road twice, and did not reach the place until after eleven. An instinct of caution made him leave his car a little way from the house and walk up to it. Arrived at the door, he could hardly command himself to raise the knocker. It was an old house, a friendly house, white, with green shutters—but he did not see any of this. He knocked, and could hear his own heart, knocking as loud. He waited, he heard a quick step, and Lucetta herself flung open the door. Her face changed from amazement at the sight of him to utter consternation at his expression.

"Why, Haines," she cried, "Haines—what is the matter?"

"What are you doing here? What is this place?" he managed to ask.

She put her head on one side, in the way he knew so well, and shrugged her shoulders in whimsical despair. "Come in," she said. "I may as well tell you." And as he followed her into a low, homely sitting-room she added: "How did you find out?"

This was more than he could bear. "Find out what, Lucetta—that's it. What is all this? Tell me for God's sake—or I think I shall go crazy. What are you doing here? Who's with you?"

She did not seem to understand the significance of this last, and later he was thankful that she did not. "Oh, Haines," she began. "I'm a failure, that's all. I liked it all at first, Molly and her crowd, and the clothes and the dancing and the going somewhere every second, and seeing everything, and doing everything. I worked so hard to be like them. It isn't hard to be like them, if you want to be and you've got a good dressmaker, and listen to them talk and imitate it—no, it isn't hard to look like them and talk like them, but—but I'm not like them. Haines, I'm not, and I can't be. And so, finally, I—I couldn't stand it. It was the spring coming. I think—and well, it wasn't any use. I couldn't—I couldn't stand it any longer," she repeated.

"But—but—what's that—got to do with this?" demanded Haines.

"Look at me. Do you see this old dress? It's one of my Copleytown dresses. I made it, every stitch. I don't suppose Mrs. Martin would have it for a gift. Look about you, Haines. I waxed the floor, I bought these little chairs and tables, I made those curtains and put them up. I brought those books out here. I rented this place from the old lady who owns it—she lives in it, too—I just got part of it, because I wanted a place that I could come to and be my real self, where I could sew, where I could read, where I could do things with my hands, and think a little. And I'm having all the children in the neighborhood in for a party this afternoon, and after that I'm going to tell them stories. I'm going to lend them books. There isn't any library in this town—I'm going to make one here. Haines, don't you understand? You have your work, and you have big things to think about all day. In the evening you're ready for amusement, for lighter things. I have nothing but the light things—all day, all evening, always. I can't endure it any longer. I can't live like that. Understand—please try to understand," she sobbed.

"Lucetta," he cried in an agony of self-reproach, "I do understand! I do! How could you think I wouldn't? Why didn't you tell me before? Oh, my poor little girl—"

"They were your friends—it was the life you liked," she persisted, still sobbing. "If I said I hated it I was afraid—I was afraid it would divide me from you. And, oh, Haines, I'll do anything, I'll live any way you like rather than be divided from you, I love you—I love you. How could I tell you?"

It was the matter of an hour before everything could be told and all could be cleared up.

"Oh, Haines," said Lucetta at last, "I never felt so married to you before. I thought I was happy at first, but it was nothing to this. And you do forgive me for being such a silly as not to tell you?"

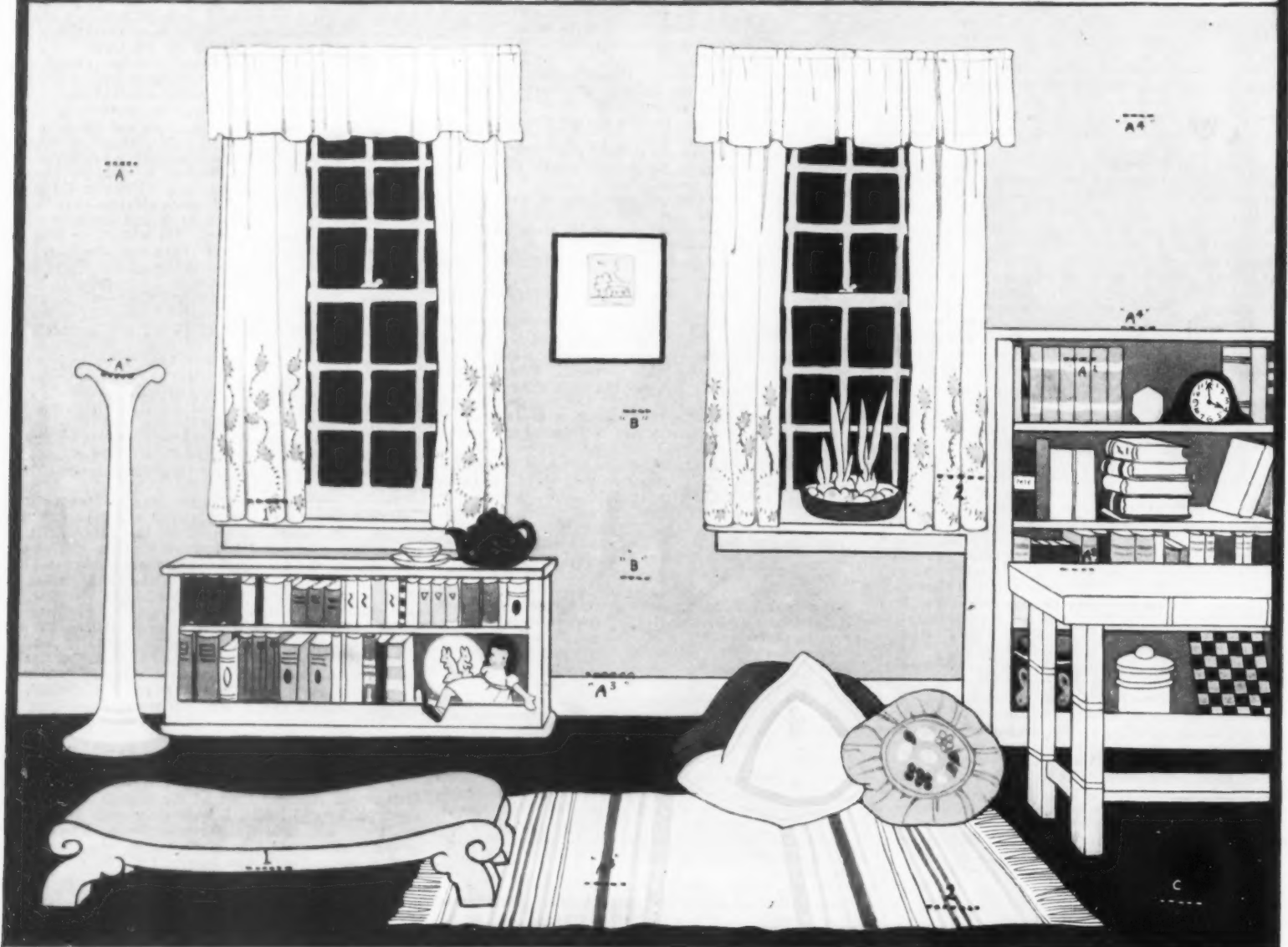
"I was silly, too, not to see that you couldn't be a Nora in a doll's house. We'll plan things differently after this. There are heaps of things you can do where you can use your brains and your hands both, and not in a little hole and corner like this. We'll do them together."

Hand in hand they passed through the door at the back and came into a little garden where seedling plants were beginning to show their tender greenness. "This is my garden," said Lucetta, "and there—"

The breeze shook down frail white petals on them and flung over them waves of a keen and heady fragrance. He looked up, and was shaken by poignant, compelling memories. "Dear Lucetta," he said, his arms about her, "it was you who found me under the pear blossoms last year. Now—I have found you."

The Living-Room of Sunshine Cottage

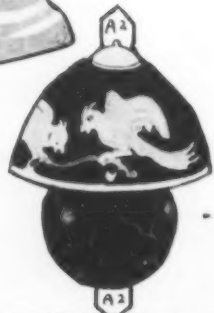
By Berta and Elmer Hader



THE HAPPY-HOUSE SERIES

YOU remember that last month we showed the outside of Sunshine Cottage? Well, here is the living-room and the children are shown with their books and toys. Be sure to save the cut out every month, and you will find that the figures can be used over and over again.

Cut around the living-room carefully. Then cut out the rest of the figures on the page, paying particular attention NOT to cut off the lettered tabs. Cut the slots marked with the dotted lines and slip the tabs marked with corresponding letters into them. See how interested Gertrude and Toby are in their new books! The page will be stronger if mounted on another sheet of paper before cutting it out.



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Elmer Stanley Hader
Patent Pending

Waist and Hips Reduced Quickly With New Kind of Girdle

The Moment You Put on This New Kind of Girdle Your Waist and Hips Look Inches Thinner—and You Get Thin While Looking Thin, for This New Invention Produces the Same Results As An Expert Masseur. Makes Fat Vanish With Surprising Rapidity While You Walk, Play, Work or Sleep, Yet Does It So Gently That You Hardly Know It Is There. No More Heart-straining Exercises—No More Disagreeable Starving Diets—No More Harmful Medicines—No More Bitter Self-Denials.

AT LAST! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waist-line lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

Look More Slender At Once!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines!

Actually Reduces Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim, it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

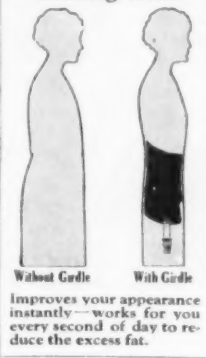
The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed

that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue.

Look Thin While Getting Thin



Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc.
Dept. G-1225, 404 Fourth Ave., New York



The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger. The patented open-front insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing makes belt easy to adjust as you become more slender.

THE THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. G-1225
404 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name
Address
City State



Somebody Else Needs Mother

Scientists Demand Her Help in Their Work of Building a Better Race

ONE of the sayings of the father of Louisa M. Alcott which has been preserved in the nation's permanent literature is, "Where there is a mother in the house, matters speed well." Many of the world's greatest thinkers and greatest doers of deeds have at some time in their lives, full of great experience, paid tribute to the world's motherhood.

Most of us would agree with George Herbert that "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters."

Being a mother is a profession whose code of ethics is higher than those which guide the physician, the minister, the teacher or the lawyer. It is an unwritten code—one which *never* can be written—for to realize its fulfillment requires something which cannot be put into words. It is the profession which is of greater worth to society than any other. The solution of the world's problems lies in being able to place the work of the minister, the physician, the scientist, the dentist, and the teacher upon the firm foundation laid by the mother. Without her part well done, all other efforts must, in a great measure, fail.

These expressions of belief in the power of the mothers to shape the future of a nation are based on an understanding of the value of home influence in moulding the character of children. They go into the world with the stamp of the home on them. The spirit and tone of the home, if they are right, exert a subtle force upon the growing minds of the young, establishing convictions and shaping ideals which no unfavorable surroundings in later life can undermine.

THE atmosphere in which a child's consciousness little by little unfolds is created by his mother. Her lullabies to the baby as it falls asleep should unseal the fountain of its love, and nourish the expanding germ of affection in its heart. The stories which she reads or tells at bed time should awaken the generous and noble impulses of the expanding little mind. Her sympathetic understanding and patient help in solving many of the problems of adolescence—so weighty at the time, so trivial a few years later; the affection which inspires and keeps good the young man and woman even after they have gone out to independence, are mountain-moving forces in character building.

But along with the moulding of the spiritual and moral attributes of the mind goes the duty of the mother

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds
Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

to safeguard the physical health of her children. For health is the most precious of all possessions. The fact that a few heroic souls have kept their eyes fixed on the stars of noble ambition, and have achieved great things in spite of the handicap of bodily weakness or suffering does not mean that everyone can do so.

There is an old Arabian proverb which says, "He that has health has hope, and he that has hope has everything." When we have health we see everything with a rose tint. Its possessor soon finishes his task. The landscape looks attractive and the distant mountain looks inviting to him who has health. To the physically strong and mentally healthy the grass, the birds, the trees and the flowers along the highway are a source of interest and pleasure, while the tired and physically weak passes them unnoticed because his mind is turned inward contemplating his own misery. The physically well can easily bear a burden of responsibility and care which would crush his feebler brothers.

When a scientist discusses with weighty words the nutritive needs of the body in terms of proteins, fats, carbohydrates and vitamins; and describes the peculiar dietary properties of this or that food; and shows what combinations and proportions will bring good results, he is telling only half the story of human nutrition. Listening to the language of scientific nutrition reminds one of taking a distasteful medicine which is good for one. Nobody wants to eat for calories or for proteins or for vitamins. At the table we want to forget these things and eat for pleasure while we enjoy good company.

To practice conscientiously at the table the precepts of scientific nutrition is as irksome as sitting through a three-hour sermon on a Puritan Sabbath. The wise mother will make the family table and food attractive, yet everything will be so managed that proper nutrition

will be insured. She will use the same degree of intuition in the feeding of her family that she does in molding the character of her children.

The problems of society are more complex and difficult today than they ever have been before. The question of fitting the young to solve these problems is more perplexing than hitherto it has been. Unfortunately, at this juncture, there has arisen a strong tendency in girls and young women to believe that the greatest opportunity lies outside the home rather than in it. This idea exists because girls have not been properly trained. They are looking for the easiest way of life rather than the noblest.

They do not realize that the most successful minister, doctor, lawyer or teacher is not the one who has the finest church and gets the highest salary; who sees the most patients and gets the biggest fees; who extracts from the pockets of his clients the greatest amounts of this world's goods; who holds the most attractive professorship. He is greatest who gives the most to society and who reaps the high regard and esteem of those he has served. Without doubt there are far more in the profession of motherhood who are achieving these ideals than in any other profession. But the world is sick unto death for more of the highest type of mothers.

THERE is a tremendous need for training in the principles of motherhood and homemaking; for training is just as essential to success in the profession of motherhood as it is in any other profession.

While we observe Mother's Day, don't let us be content to express our veneration for mother in words alone. There are many little things which children can do to make life easier for mother, to protect her health and to augment her happiness. Older children can see that she has certain conveniences in the home which will save her much unnecessary fatigue. Younger ones can make resolutions, and keep them; to stop asking mother a dozen times a day where a hat, or mittens, or pencil is which should have a place and be kept in it when not in use. We should all remember, too, that mother needs rest and recreation as well as the children. A little more care in making it possible for her to live as she should will make her health better, increase her happiness, and prolong her life. Mother lives for us, her children. Let us acknowledge our debt to her, and do what we can to repay her.





The Secret of Clearer skin · Easier digestion · Regular elimination Better Health · ·



"WHEN all the other girls were wearing their first low-necked dresses, I was staying at home—all on account of a breaking-out on my back that I simply couldn't get rid of. Dad is a druggist so I tried all the medicated soaps and creams that he had in stock, but finally gave up. It was awful. One day my chum told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and urged me to take it. I took half a cake dissolved in water before every meal—it is not only easy to take but delightful—and in two weeks every trace of the eruption had disappeared. It worked like magic, really, and made me feel like a different person."

(A letter from Miss Esther Shaw of Sanford, Calif.)

"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. My complexion looked the color of bread dough and I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Gendemann of 1022 Tench Avenue, Brooklyn)



"CAME a period of real worry; of haphazard living; of irregular sleep and diet. The result . . . a distressing case of nerves . . . misery from my digestive system, a rough and unclear skin. When someone suggested yeast I laughed. . . . Secretly I tried it, and now, knowing how simple the remedy, I laugh at nerves, scorn a skin that is not smooth and clear, and find my digestive system a thing to be ignored."

(Mrs. Betty Knight of Los Angeles, Calif.)

"THIS is what the doctor told me, 'Your husband is run down; . . . he has overworked and eaten so irregularly, and taken so little notice of his physical condition that now he is a very sick man.' . . . At the end of the second week's yeast treatment digestion was improved, and constipation relieved. For six months he ate three cakes each day, and no doubt he owes his complete recovery to the fact that he was so steadfast in following this treatment."

(Mrs. St. Chrisman of Richmond, Indiana)

"AT the age of forty, when I had most at stake, I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some."

"A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)



Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)


—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit


juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep as well in your ice box

as in the grocer's. Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. F-4, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women



THE old is not necessarily wrong as youth often thinks, nor are all new ways undesirable as age frequently suggests. Even today's sophisticates can get a thrill from the Victorian poem which ends:

"Beyond the night,
across the day,
Thro' all the world she
follow'd him."

But sophisticates will pounce upon the flaw in the amber.

"She follow'd!" The husband in front filled the girl's vision. All that can be said for that ancient order of precedence for the married is that they kept in one path!

Today's wife is a pal, a good sport or business partner. She walks hand-in-hand and side by side with her mate. From her new vantage of equal sex-rights, a girl can see, as soon as her man does, an approaching free booter in love; also she can distinguish the devious and flowery alleys diverging from the straight and narrow road of monogamy.

Thus inevitably arises a new riddle:

"Can a woman love two men equally at the same time?"

"Impossible!" chorus the idealists and the moralists.

Not until I had read a score of confessions was I convinced that some girls actually expect a sympathetic reply to the above question.

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I can't understand myself. Two men of the same type love me and I love them both!

I would be perfectly happy with either, but I cannot choose between them. Both are jealous. Each asks if I am treating him fairly, but what can I say when I think just as much of one as of the other?

Please counsel me; but do not tell me to send either man away. That is impossible.—Dolly N. E.

"I cannot choose!" says the girl; she means that she will not choose.

Once upon a time this girl would have been educated to know that she must take one or the other suitor and abide for better, for worse, by her selection.

But according to an easy cult of today, inclination is mistaken for instinct and followed as a reliable guide to conduct.

Some persons are inclined to be greedy. Love is a wonderful thing and good to possess, but no one of average sense claims that gluttony should be indulged, even in love. One cannot have one's cake and eat it too.

"Greed" is the psychological explanation of this girl's unwillingness to part with either man. Greed is not a peculiarly modern quality. People used to be ashamed of it. But now it parades in many disguises, and is at its worst in our emotional life.

"We cannot love too much" is its favorite masquerade. And Donna Juanita does not care to know that to love two men equally is to divide love, not to double it.

Choice means taste, discrimination, exclusiveness. Choice as opposed to greed is the secret of long and happy living. It is the only help for the wife who writes this:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

What ails me? Am I a plain fool?

Nine years ago I married a handsome man of twice my years. Among our intimate friends are a husband and wife about my age.

From our introduction this man and I instinctively appealed to each other. We concealed our liking until last winter, when we were forced by circumstances to be alone together several hours. Our secret was divulged.

He adores his wife. I love my husband, who is the better man in every respect.

I am appalled. I am disgusted. But I must be honest with myself; I am in love with both men!

Am I the victim of some erotic epidemic?—M. B. L.

An epidemic of eroticism there may be, otherwise how can we account for the girls who trespass upon man's double moral preserves? Or for the wives who hunt excuses for emotional adventures?

As modernists, they call a spade a spade. Using their preferred vocabulary, there's but one word to apply to the feeling outlined above: Passion it is—not love.

The trouble with many who fall back upon instinct as authority for unconventional conduct is this: They do not go back far enough in nature.

You can find almost anything in nature and prove almost anything by it. This makes it possible for the instinct worshippers to stop when they find not the ultimate fact, but the thing they want to find.

Let the girl who asserts that she loves two men at a time delve deep into primitive instincts and she will discover her mistake. She will find that maternity has made woman exclusive in her loving. The rearing of offspring absorbs woman in such a way that it inhibits her wish to attract two men at once.

The idealists and moralists are scientifically as right as arithmetic when they protest that, although a woman may love several men in succession, she cannot, if normal, love two men at a time.

Now comes an interesting story of woman's awakening from ancient day-dreaming. The tale told below doubtless is the oldest tragedy in woman's love history. Eve had her Lillith.

But the plot never seems antiquated; it was the theme of one of last year's dramatic successes. It carries the idea that a man with a tarnished past can be polished up again so that a nice girl may marry him and never know the difference.

A girl who positively objects to doing such polishing writes:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

Some months ago I found that the man I had promised to marry was running around with other women. I had heard hints of his disloyalty but I trusted him. When I discovered for myself that the worst was true, it was as if a knife had been thrust into me; actually I bent double with sudden, acute physical agony.



TO THE trial of old ways by new wisdom this page is devoted. Your opinion, experience or observation of woman's emotional dilemmas will help to determine the best ways of solving old puzzles. Personal replies will be sent if stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Mail your ideas to Winona Wilcox, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

That night at the Club, I drank and smoked and danced and behaved like a heathen. That is not unusual in our Club, but my man never had seen me drink in public. All evening he watched me in amazement, but I would not let him come near me. Going home, he demanded an explanation. I laughed, handed him his ring and told him I was "going wild" for a while.

Before morning I became very ill and was unconscious for two days. My best friend came to help nurse me, and she reports that I kept saying, "He told me he loved me! I believed him! Isn't it funny? I believed him!" Then I would laugh uncontrollably, and finally relapse into a stupor.

My mind was a blank for two weeks. After memory returned, I regarded my tragedy calmly, to my own astonishment.

During the time I was sick, the man called to inquire two or three times a day and kept my room filled with exquisite flowers. Even now big, yellow, lovely roses continue to come. But the man never calls. My chum has told him why I went "wild."

I do not love him any more; neither do I hate him. I have no feeling toward him at all!

Funny, isn't it, how one can lose one's love for a person and not even care that it is lost? —P. W.

No, it is not funny; it is sane and quite possible to a girl endowed with mental integrity.

Admitting that the girl in this case was an hysteric in her hour of agony, we must accept her testimony as to her present complete indifference to the man. Her reaction is worthy of the attention of many sensitive, sentimental girls.

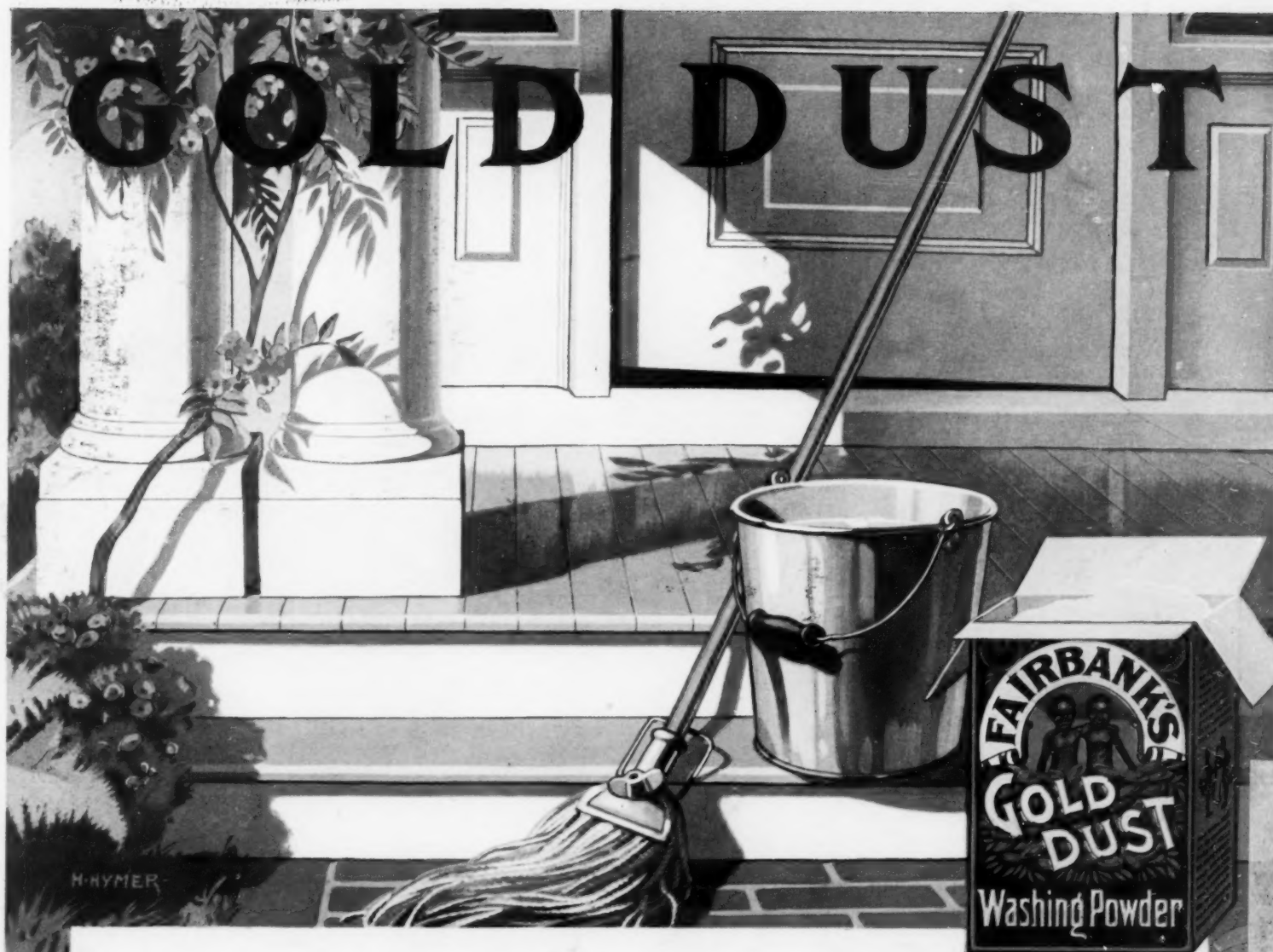
Everyone knows that formerly young women were expert at polishing off future husbands. Their alternative was to sacrifice themselves to heart-break; anciently they went into convents, later into business.

But the heart of the girl who writes the above letter is not broken! Certainly the new lamp is better than the old.

The girl's indifference fits with certain laws which govern thinking.

Any student of the mind will assert that the man who is disloyal to his fiancée will deceive his wife. Character is cumulative and character persists and the marriage service works no miracle in any man's will power. For thinking straight there is always recompense.





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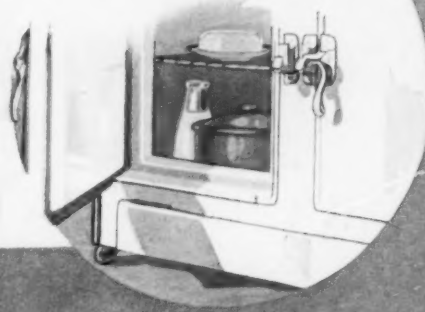
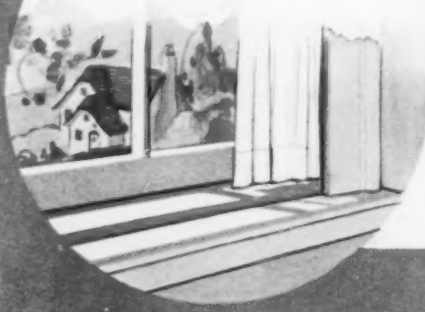
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